

The background of the poster features a dynamic, abstract composition of thick, expressive brushstrokes. The colors transition from deep orange and red at the top left to bright yellow and gold in the center, and finally to a cool blue and teal at the top right. These colors are overlaid on a darker, more textured layer of paint, creating a sense of depth and movement.

PĒTERIS PLAKIDIS

ETERNITY

LATVIAN RADIO CHOIR
SIGVARDS KĻAVA

SKANT Latvian
composers

1. Teiksma / Legend (Jānis Rainis)	5:07
2. Zvana vārdi / Words of the Bell (Vizma Belševica)	1:48
3. Izkaps ābelē / Scythe in the Apple Tree (Māris Čaklais)	1:36
4. Mūžība / Eternity (Jānis Jaunsudrabiņš)	5:59
5. Papardes zieds / Fern Blossom (Jānis Peters)	2:03

Div' buramdziesmas / Two Magic Songs (Jānis Peters)

6. Mana galva sastipota / My Head Is Bound	3:04
7. Dod mums, Māriņ, to ūidentiņu / Give Us Water, Dear Māra	4:08
8. Maizes dziesma / Song of Bread (Knuts Skujenieks)	2:27

Divi dziedājumi no Vecās Derības / Two Chants from the Old Testament

9. Verti me ad alia... / Again I Looked...	3:46
10. Et cognovi... / I Know...	3:15

11. Kurzemes krasts, Vidzemes krasts / Coast of Kurzeme, Coast of Vidzeme (Vitauts Lūdēns) 5:21

Fatamorgāna / Fata Morgana (Jānis Rainis)

12. Tuksnešu karstos putekļos / In the Hot Dust of the Desert	2:52
13. Kas kaitēja nedzīvot / What Better Place to Sing	0:48
14. Meža vīriņš / The Little Man of the Forest	2:26
15. Rudenī / In Autumn (Zinaīda Lazda)	2:49
16. Saulīt, mīlā māmulīt / Dear mother, the Sun (Latviešu tautasdziesma / Latvian folk song)	3:00
17. Mūža aina / A Life (Zinaīda Lazda)	3:29
18. Ausmas stundā / Daybreak (Egils Plaudis)	2:54
19. Jāņa bērnām / To the Midsummer Child (Vitauts Lūdēns)	1:34
20. In memoriam / In Memoriam (Briņislava Martuževa)	4:19
21. Tavas saknes tavā zemē / Your Roots in Your Land (Vizma Belševica)	3:47

TT 66:42

Recorded at: St. John's Church, Riga, March 22–26, 2021
 Booklet photos: Jānis Poričis, Jānis Deinats, Daina Geidmane
 Booklet text: Jānis Torgāns
 English translation: Amanda Zaeska
 Design: Gundega Kalendra, raugs.eu
 Executive producer: Egils Šēfers
 © LMIC/SKANI & Latvijas Koncerti
 © LMIC/SKANI 123, 2021

skani.lv





PĒTERIS PLAKIDIS. ETERNITY

Stay calm. Have faith. Know. –
Your land will remain.
(Vizma Belševica)

Pēteris Plakidis (1947–2017) is – and will remain – one of the most significant Latvian composers. He observed life with a keen, sharp gaze and echoed it in his music firmly, strictly, actively. He tread quietly and imperceptibly yet resolutely and decisively in the realm of the nation's spirit (in composition, pedagogy, performance art, theatre and cinema). He persisted and has endured.

At first glance (or listen), Plakidis was a true instrumentalist, creating everything from miniatures to ambitious, voluminous works. In addition, an opus sparkling in unchecked humour would often swirl up next to his ever-substantial, frequently tense, contradictory works. While these pieces were invitations to repose from the usual chain of ideas and intonations, in fact they usually served as supplements, escapades, a spark of fantasy. But quite soon a clear turn, or even push, towards vocal chamber music appeared. The solo song, which had long lived in the vitality of enthusiastic lyrics, suddenly lit up with a completely different, tense and polemically intense character.

And, initially quite cautiously, as if feeling its way forward, the genre of choral music so traditional to Latvian music appeared in Plakidis' oeuvre. This also led – both knowingly and half-unknowingly – to the Song Festival stage, although that path was not as smooth or straight as one might imagine. Often, this was due to circumstances independent of the composer himself. But perhaps also because Plakidis did not feel completely comfortable with the accepted model of Song Festival repertoire, sensing a certain risk in meeting the massed choir as well as the potential lack of understanding or even rejection on the part of listeners. Because it is not easy for anyone (composer, conductor, choir, audience) to harmoniously combine the traditional lyric-poetic form of the choral genre with a more contemporary, rhythmically stronger and generally more active expression. On this album one cannot, and must not, seek Plakidis' entire contribution to choral music; that is simply impossible, nor is it necessary. There is, after all, the recording of his choral symphony "Destiny" (1985, lyrics by Ojārs Vācietis) and also recordings of many other songs and song cycles. And this album does not even touch upon his repertoire for other types of choirs; for instance, he wrote quite prolifically for women's and men's choirs.

Yes, Plakidis experimented in approaching the field of choral music from different directions, from a purely technical aspect (for example, composing for boys' choir, children's choir, men's choir, women's choir, mixed choir, a cappella and with instrumental accompaniment) and also in terms of imagery and choice of texts. Texts are a topic in itself, but his compositions are all characterised by the selection of high-quality authors and lyrics: Latvian folk texts, Ojārs Vācietis, Vizma Belševica, Imants Ziedonis, Jānis Peters, Knuts Skujenieks and others. Importantly, he developed a close connection with the work of Latvian authors living in exile, especially Zinaida Lazda, whose poetry contains a certain tension and socio-historical aspect. Already his early songs show these qualities, such as "Stones on the Beach of Vidzeme" (lyrics by Jānis Peters), "The Red" (lyrics by Ojārs Vācietis) and "Your Roots in Your Land" (lyrics by Vizma Belševica).

"With a Song in Life" (1979, lyrics by Jānis Peters), for its part, marked a kind of turning point. In 1980, the song appeared on the open-air stage of the Song Festival, but that was chronologically already a different period and, in terms of society, a different political situation. From then on, Plakidis' oeuvre seemed to have reached an equilibrium of sorts, a balancing of diverse genres, and every now and then a new choir song appeared. It is no coincidence that we find certain "powerful words" and anchors of content (life, death, dying, the sun, the heart, white, light, gold...) migrating from one song to the next.

Plakidis' music has been recorded relatively frequently, initially abroad and slightly later at home in Latvia as well. Here, a few circumstances that also apply to the present day came together: the positive globalisation of the choral-music movement on the one hand, and the interest and recognition of a broad range of music lovers on the other hand. And, as always, new and varied opportunities for interpretation as well as literally new, previously unheard music. In our case, this applies most directly to "Scythe in the Apple Tree" (set to a poem by Māris Čaklais written in 1968) – a miniature manifesting as a short, black flash, a bundle of expression, the impossibility of a solution. The song lay in the composer's drawer for many years (the year of its composition is unknown), him knowing full well that, were he to release it (if such a thing were even possible), the choirs and choir directors performing it as well as the organisers of events including the song would suffer consequences. They would not have been vigilant enough and would not have recognised the song's true message – a kernel of resistance that had for years quietly smouldered in the people's souls under a bright yet empty shell. In terms of content, a parallel easily comes to mind: the chilling and ultimately prophetic sonnet "Dangerous Summer" by Edvarts Virza (1939). Except that in the summer's case it was like a premonition or foreknowledge, whereas with the scythe it was horrifying reality. Next to these I would place the conviction, stubborn faith, integrity and light of "Your Roots in Your Land" (Vizma Belševica, 1970). I believe this song also embodies the typical, characteristic stylistic elements found in many of the choir songs composed by Plakidis: an unobtrusive, slightly harsh folk-like quality at the intonative level, and the restless twining of diatonic lines against a foundation or lattice (in fact, local harmonic pedals) of longer background voices. Overall, a small poem but big music. I find "In Memoriam" (Bronislava Martuzeva, 1990) to be the most closely related piece. Yes, it is a small requiem, a testimony to commemoration. Heartfelt, poetic, pale-grey folk dress, selected and tried on with gentle amazement. The melodic substance is even more pronounced in the texture – an apparent main voice that is from time to time enlivened by warbling jubilation-like formulas but is supported by the tonic-dominant swaying in the basses. The heavens, flowers, peace, a bird, a cross. One must keep in mind that there are always two potentially equal authors here; the text, the verbal expression, would have no meaning if it did not resonate with the music.

Plakidis composed several small two- and three-movement cycles – free but also paradoxically summed up each in its entirety. For example, "Fata Morgana" (1980, lyrics by Jānis Rainis), which features contrasts that seem extreme even for this poet. The sweltering dust of the desert, the sudden pale-blue vision against the northern sky, the flaxen-haired boy – that is the collision in the first song, "In the Hot Dust of the Desert", in which "brothers who love shall fight each other no more". "What Better Place to Sing" follows with girlish mischief, playful joy and a direct, undisguised folk text. The dance-like quality is only sketched out in the music, almost like a message but nevertheless free, easy-going and genuine. And to conclude, "The Little Man of the Forest" presents another distinct contrast: the poetic sprite of fairy tales living a sovereign life in the forest, and the perception of a saturated moss-green tone. Again, infused with easy, unrestrained vocal impressions effortlessly layered upon the main text: fantasy, fable, illusion, whim...

Two dissimilar micro-cycles set the album's mood. In Two Magic Songs (1980, with lyrics by Jānis Peters), "My Head Is Bound" is characterised by the soporific effect of its recitative incantations, which is then shattered by the sharp, independent, expressive textual and musical calls featuring octave leaps. The unique, archaic sound of parallel fifths also features very prominently, but in combination with tension, activity and even severity. "Give Us Water, Dear Māra", for its part, seems to style the motif of the archaic recitative song, but with unique canon-like solutions staggered by the length of a measure. The second micro-cycle, also tonally intense and dynamic in its own way, is the small diptych from the Old Testament (Ecclesiastes 3; 4).

And several relatively longer compositions – also substantial in terms of content, with philosophical roots and unusual depth. More specifically, this applies in particular to Legend (1988), whose text (slightly abridged) is from the prologue to the drama "Fire and Night" by Jānis Rainis. It reflects the eternal contrast, from the poetic and paradoxical opposition of life and death embraced by the glow of moonbeams to the almost graphic ("spears and glinting armour") intensity of battle portrayed in sudden, even shrill chains of sound. The epic curve leads to a determined, if illusory, solution: "The bridge of golden moonbeams' glow / To people new the way will show, / To end the spirits' age-long quest." This is an ambitious, sweeping, resounding work, but how credible is it? This rhetorical question, however, lies beyond the realm of music... Two other, related compositions are similarly

epic in content but smoother, more level, more serene in their expression. Here I mean “Coast of Kurzeme, Coast of Vidzeme” (lyrics by Vitauts Lüdēns) and especially “Eternity” (1988, lyrics by Jānis Jaunsudrabiņš). It pulls the listener in with its free and grand quality, its sweeping message and its use of a classical choral arrangement; however,

in place of a time-tested and gentle chordal exposition one encounters unexpected, albeit mild, contours of fourths-fifths and seconds-sevenths. And this entire “chorus” set against the contrast of something like the rustling leaves of a tree.

To sum up. The technical arsenal of this music is clear, secure, paradoxical, convincing. The diatonic dominates unequivocally: polished, refined, rooted deeply in folk motifs. But it is a tonal dictionary that is fresh and pristine, one could even say unsullied. For example, the consistent use of an unencumbered diatonic tonal structure as ornamentation but also as a kind of network (in the main layout, the rhythmic expansion and the twofold expansion all at once!) is unexpected and surprising. The result is a vibrating diatonic cluster – a seemingly neutral but potentially very active accumulation of sound. The diatonic is the main meloharmonic choice here. It may be coloured in an infinite variety of nuance yet not lose its link to the primordial foundation. But this is all merely material for the composer’s imagination, thoughts, feelings, attitude and world-view. In short, Plakidis was able to express himself in the genre of choral music precisely in this way, and only in this way.

Jānis Torgāns

LATVIAN RADIO CHOIR SIGVARDS KŁAVA

The Latvian Radio Choir is a unique, award-winning ensemble of professional singers that offers its audiences an extraordinary variety of repertoire ranging from early music to the most sophisticated of contemporary compositions. The choir is like a creative lab, regularly encouraging composers to write new music that reaches beyond the classical boundaries of the human voice. Over the past twenty years, the ensemble has developed into a new kind of choir, one in which each singer has an individual task and provides his or her unique contribution, thus forming the choir’s unique blend of timbral qualities.

The Latvian Radio Choir participated in the recording of the Grammy Award-winning album Adam’s Lament (ECM), composed by Arvo Pärt and conducted by Tõnu Kaljuste. The choir has won the Latvian Grand Music Award (the highest national award for professional achievement in music) several times and has also received the Latvian Cabinet of Ministers Award. The choir’s recording of Sergei Rachmaninov’s All-Night Vigil was praised by Gramophone as the best recording of February 2013 and ranked among the twenty-five best albums of the year by the American radio station NPR. The Latvian Radio Choir has performed at many of the world’s most renowned concert halls, including the Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw in the Netherlands; the Elbphilharmonie in Germany; the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées and Cité de la Musique-Philharmonie de Paris in France; and Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center and the Walt Disney Concert Hall in the United States. The choir also regularly performs at leading musical events, such as the BBC Proms in the United Kingdom, the Salzburg and Klangspuren festivals in Austria, the Lucerne Festival in Switzerland, the Festival Radio France in Montpellier (France), the Baltic Sea Festival in Sweden and elsewhere. Since 1992, the choir has been directed by two conductors: artistic director and principal conductor Sigvars Kłava and conductor Kaspars Putnīš.

As a result of Sigvars Kłava’s focused efforts, the Latvian Radio Choir has become an internationally recognised, vocally distinctive music group and welcome guest at top music festivals, frequently being invited to collaborate with the most outstanding composers and conductors. His projects with the choir are always carefully nurtured narratives and musical expeditions that explore the phenomenon of singing and the human voice; they seek to build bridges between the archaic and contemporary and ponder the eternal through revelations provided by thematic concert programmes. Kłava has initiated projects involving the Latvian Radio Choir and representatives of various traditional and non-academic music genres, the clergy and contemporary musicians, thus merging experiments in contemporary music with cultural heritage and broadening views regarding the possibilities of the human voice.

In 2014 Kłava launched the “Bach. Passion. Riga” project, through which Johann Sebastian Bach’s passions were performed in the churches of Riga by the Latvian Radio Choir along with world-renowned interpreters of Baroque music from Latvia and abroad.

Under Kłava’s guidance, the choir has engaged in creative collaboration with the most notable contemporary Latvian composers – Maija Einfelde, Ēriks Ešenvalds, Arturs Maskats, Andris Dzenītis, Kristaps Pētersons, Santa Ratniece, Juris Karlsons, Andrejs Selickis, Pēteris Vasks – as well as composers from abroad, resulting in countless premieres and recordings. Kłava has received the Latvian Grand Music Award several times. He is also a recipient of the Latvian Cabinet of Ministers Award and the Order of the Three Stars. He has been a principal conductor of the Latvian Song Festival since 1990. Kłava has conducted in the world’s most prestigious concert halls and festivals, including Royal Albert Hall in London, the Elbphilharmonie in Hamburg, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam and the Philharmonie in Berlin. He has served as a jury member at international competitions and participated in various educational projects. As a guest conductor, Kłava has performed with the Netherlands Radio and Opera Choir, the Netherlands Chamber Choir, Cappella Amsterdam, the RIAS Chamber Choir, the MDR Leipzig Radio Choir and many other fine ensembles.



PĒTERIS PLAKIDIS. MŪŽĪBA

Esi mierīgs. Tici. Zini. –
Tava zeme paliks
(Vizma Belševica)

Pēteris Plakidis (1947–2017) ir – un būs – viens no latviešu kultūrai pašiem būtiskākajiem komponistiem. Viņš lūko dzīvi ar asu, redzīgu skatu, atbalso mūzikā tvirti, strikti, aktīvi, iemīt tautas gara jomā (kompozīcijā, pedagoģijā, atskanotājmäkslā, teātri un kino) šķietami paklusī, nemanāmi, tak stingri un nepārsūdzami. Uz palikšanu.

Pirmajā acu (ausul) uzmetienā – īsts instrumentālists, no miniatūrām līdz vērienīgiem, apjomīgiem sacerējumiem. Turklat blakus allaž saturiski noslogotiem, nereti it spriegiem, pretemtīgiem darbiem uzvīrpuļo kāds neslepti humorā dzirkstošs, ideju un intonāciju sakēdējumā uz atslodzi velkošs opuss. Taču visbiežāk – tieši kā papildinājums, sānļieciens, fantazijas dzirksts. Tomēr pavismān drīz sazdirdams skaidri izteikts pāvērsiens vai pat grūdiens arī uz vokālās kamermūzikas pusī. Ilgus gadus jūsmīgas līrikas veldzē dzīvojusi solodziesma pēkšņi iegaismojas arī pavismān citādākās, nospriegotās, polemiski saasinātās intonācijās.

Un jaunrades kopumā sākotnēji pavismān uzmanīgi, kā taustoties ejot, latviešu mūzikai tradicionālā kora joma. Tostarp ceļj uz dziesmusvētku estrādi – gan pusapzināts, gan apzināts – arī nepavismān nav gluds un taisns. Nereti – no paša komponista neatkarīgu apstākļu dēļ. Bet, iespējams, arī tādēļ, ka Plakidis dziesmusvētku dziesmas aprobēto modeli neizjūt kā savējo, saklausot zināmu risku sastapties ar koristu masu un arī klausītāju neizpratni vai pat atgrūšanos. Jo nevienam (autoram, dirigentam, korim, publikai) nav viegli saskanīgi salāgot kora novadam tradicionālo līriski poētiski veidolu ar laikmetiskāku, ritmos asāku, kopveidā aktīvāku izteiksmi. Nevar un nedrīkst meklēt šajā tvarītā visu komponista devumu korim – tas vienkārši nav iespējams un nav arī vajadzīgs: ir taču ieskanota arī kora simfonija "Nolemtība" (O. Vācietis, 1985), ir daudz atsevišķi fiksētu dziesmu vai dziesmu kopu, savukārt še nemaz nav skarts citu kora sastāvu repertuārs (tas ir bagāts gan sieviešu, gan vīru korim).

Jā, kora joma tiek iemēģināta arī dažādos rakursos gan tīri tehniski – sastāva ziņā (zēnu koris, bērnu koris, vīru koris, sieviešu koris, jauktais koris, a cappella vai ar instrumentālu partiju), gan arī tēlainības, tekstu izvēles ziņā. Tas ir atsevišķs temats, bet raksturīga poētiski augstas raudzes autoru un tekstu izvēle: latviešu tautasdziezma, Ojārs Vācietis, Vizma Belševica, Imants Ziedonis, Jānis Peters, Knuts Skujenieks un laika gaitā, protams, vēl citi; svārīgi arī, ka atklājas tieša sadarbe ar trimdas autoru devumu – īpaši izzīmējās Zinaida Lazda. Dzeja, ja tā var teikt, ar zināmu spriegumu, problēmiku, arī vēsturiski sabiedrisko šķautni. Jau agrīnajās dziesmās – tādās kā "Akmeni Vidzemes jūrmalā" (J. Peters), "Sarkāna" (O. Vācietis), "Tavas saknes tavā zemē" (V. Belševica) – šīs kvalitātes skaidri uztveramas. Tad zināmu robežķirtni izzīmē "Ar dziesmu dzīvībā" (J. Peters, 1979), kas 1980. gadā uzkāpj Dziesmusvētku estrādē, bet tas hronologiski jau cits laikposms un sabiedriski politiskā situācija. Un turpmāk komponista dailīradē izlīdzvarojas, saskanjojas visdažādākie žanri, ik pa laikspārīdim ieskanoties arī jaunām kordziesmām. Nav nejaušība, ka no dziesmas uz dziesmu pārkāpj atsevišķi spēka vārdi, saturiski enkuri (dzīvība, nāve, mirt, saule, sirds, balts, gaisma, zelts...).

Plakida mūzika samērā daudz ierakstīta skanu nesējosei: gan – paradoksāli – ārpus Latvijas, gan nedaudz vēlāk arī mūsmājās. Te laimīgi sakrīt vairāki arī mūsdienās vērojami apstākļi: koru kustības pozitīvā globalizācija, no vienas puses, plaša mūzikas baudītāju interese un atzinība – no otras. Turklat – kā allaž – atrodas gan jaunas, atšķirīgas interpretācijas iespējas, gan burtiski jaunas, agrāk nezināmas mūzikas. Mūsu gadījumā tas visvairāk un vistiešāk attiecināms uz miniatūru "Izkaps tās ābelē" (M. Čaklais, dzējolis 1968) – iss, melns zībsinis, ekspressijas kamols, atrisinājuma neiespējamība. Ilgus gadus (dziesmas sacerēšanas laiks nav zināms) gulējusi autora atvilktnē, viņam labi apzinoties, ka, laižot to tautās (pat ja tas reāli būtu iespējams), zem sitiena nonākusi gan paši

koru un to vadītāji, gan, protams, kultūras dzīves veidotāji. Viņi nebūtu bijuši pietiekoti modri un nesaskatījuši dziesmas īsto vēstījumu – to pašu, kas tautas gara dzīvē gadiem kļusi gruzdējis zem spožas, bet tukšas čaulas. Pati prātā nāk saturiska paralele ar Edvarta Virzas biedigo, potenciāli pravietisko sonetu "Baiga vasara" (1939) – tikai šajā gadījumā kā nojauta, paredzējums, otrajā versijā – kā briesmīga īstenība. Blakus es liktu "Tavas saknes tavā zemē" (V. Belševica, 1970; še un turpmāk – dziesmas sacerēšanas datējums, ja zināms) – pārliecība, spītīga ticība, balts gaišums. Šī dziesma, manuprāt, iemieso arī lielai Plakida kordziesmu daļai tipiskās, raksturīgās stila zīmes: neuzbāzīgs, paskarbs tautiskums intonācijā slāni, diatonisko līniju nemierīgais vījums uz garāku fona balsu pamata, režga (būtībā lokāli harmoniskie pedāji). Kopumā – nelielā poēma, liela mūzika. Visradniecīgākā man izklausās *In memoriam* (B. Martuzeva, 1990). Jā, tas ir mazs rekviēms, piemīnas apliecinājums. Sirsngā, poētiskā, pališ pelēkā tautiska drāna, ar izbrīnītu gaišumu raudzīta. Faktūras risinājumā vēl izteiktākā melodiskā substance – nosacīti galvenā balss, ko reizumis atdzīvina vidzinošas it kā jubilāciju formulas, bet balsta basu tonikas-dominantes šūpojums. Debesis, ziedi, miers, putniņš, krusts. Jāņem vērā, ka šajā novadā viscauri ir divi, potenciāli līdzvērtīgi autori – arī teksts, vārdiskā izteiksme, kurai nebūtu jēgas, ja tā nerezonētu ar mūziku.

Ir vairāki nelielī div-, trijdaļīgi ciklini – bīri, pat paradoksāli apkopoti katrs savā veselumā. Nu, piemēram, "Fatamorgāna" (J. Rainis, 1980). Jau dzejniekam te gandrīz galēji kontrasti: tuksnešu svelmainie puteklī un pēkšnā bāzīlā ziemelju debesu vīžija un pūsēns – līnmatis. Tā ir pirmās dziesmas "Tuksnešu karstos putekļos" kolīzija – brāji, kas mil, ne viens otrs vairs gainās. Otrā dziesma "Kas kaitēja man dziedāt" ar meitenīgu nebēdnību, bīru rotājas prieku un tiešu, nesleptu teksta burtisko tautiskumu. Mūzikā dejisks tiks ieskicēta, ar vēstījuma piekrāsu, taču arī bīrvs, atraisīts, īsts. Un noslēgumā vēlreiz krass kontrasts – Meža vīriņš, poētiskais, svētīgā meža bīrvībā dzīvojojais teiksmu garīnš un – iedomās – piesātināts sūnjais tonējums. Visās daļās atkal atraisītas vokalizējošas impresijas, kas bīri slānojas mūzikas pamattekstam virsū: fantastika, fantāzija, iedoma, iegriba...

Divi atšķirīgi mikrocikli rezonē visai albuma pamatnoskapai. Divā buramdziesmas (J. Peters, 1980). Mana galva sastipota iezīmējās ar savu rečitējošas buršanās iemidzinošo iedarbi, kuru uzspīrdzina gan tekstuāli, gan muzikāli ekspresīvī, ārpus tiešā vārsmojuma dzīvojošie krasie izsaucieni ar oktāvu lēcieniem. Te arī daudz, pat ļoti daudz paralēlu kvintu savdabīgās senatnīgās fonikas, taču apvienojumā ar spriegumu un darbīgumu, pat bardīzību. Savukārt Dod mums, Māriņ, to ūdenītu it kā stilizē seno teicamdziesmu melos, bet ar īpatnējiem kanoniskiem risinājumiem vienas takti atstatumā. Otrs šāds mikrocikls ir mazs diptihs no Vecās Derības (Liber ecclesiastes 3; 4). Arī tas ir intonatīvi spriegs, savā veidā dinamisks.

Un vairākas relatiivu izvērstas, apjomīgas kompozīcijas – arī saturiski pamatīgas, ar filozofisku sakni, neikdienīšķu iegremdi. Pavismā tieši tas attiecas uz Teiksmu (1988), kuras teksts (nedaudz īsnāts) nemeta no J. Raiņa Uguns un naktis prologa. Tā ir mūžīga pretemtība – poētiskā un paradoksālā mēnessstaru vīzmojuma apņemtā dzīves un nāves pretstāvē līdz gandrīz ilustratīvai (šķēps un brunu zvīņas) kaujas, sadursmes kvēlei krasās, pat griezīgās intonāciju kēdēs. Episki vēstošā līkne ved uz apnēmīgo, kaut iluzoro atrisinājumu: Mēness staru tilti / Ved uz jaunu cilti, / Kas to cīnu vedīs galā. Tas ir vērienīgs, skanīgs, bet cik ticams? – Jautājums retorisks, jau ārpus mūzikas jomas... Radniecīgas, kaut it kā līdenākās, izteiksmē mierīgākas divas citas poēmas tipa kompozīcijas. Te domāju Kurzemes krasts, Vidzemes krasts (V. Lūdēns) un tā ipāši Mūžiba (J. Jaunsudrabījs, 1988). Tājā pievērk svabads episkums, vēstījuma atvēzīns, arī klasiskas kordziesmas salikumu izmantošana, tikai aprobēta lēnīga akordiska izklāsta vietā visbiežāk negaidītas, kaut mierīgas kvartu-kvintu un sekundu-septīmu kontūras. Un viss šīs koris uz cita – it kā šalcošas lapotnes antifona premeta.

Kopsavelkot. Visa kopuma tehniskais arsenāls – skaidrs, drošs, paradoksāls, pārliecinošs. Pilnīgi noteikti dominē diatonika – noslīpēta, izkopta, tautas melosā dzīļi saknota. Bet svaiga, nenolietota, gandrīz jāteic nenovāzāta intonatīvā vārdnīca. Negaidīts, pārsteidzošs, piemēram, ir bīri diatonisku intonāciju it kā rotājuma, it kā dzīslojuma konsekvents izmantojums – vienlaikus pamatveidā, ritma paplašinājumā un dubultā paplašinājumā! Iznākumā rodas vibrējošs diatonisks klasters – it kā neitrāls, bet potenciāli ļoti aktīvs skanu blīvējums. Diatonika vispār ir galvenā meloharmoniskā izvēle. Tā var iekrāsoties nianšu bezgalībā, nezaudējot saikni ar pirmspamatu. Taču tas ir tikai materiāls skanražā domai, jūtām, attieksmei, pasaules redzējumam. Kopumā – tieši tā un tikai tā komponists varēja sevi izteikt kora jomā.

Jānis Torgāns

LATVIJAS RADIO KORIS SIGVARDS KŁAVA

Latvijas Radio koris ir unikāla, godalgota profesionālu dziedātāju apvienība, kas saviem klausītājiem piedāvā nepieredzēti plašu repertuāru - no senās mūzikas līdz viizzarežītākajām mūsdienu komponistu partitūrām. Latvijas Radio koris ir kā radošā laboratorija; tas regulāri mudina komponistus rakstīt mūziku, kas sniedzas pāri klasiskā vokāla robežām. Pēdējo 20 gadu laikā ansamblis ir izveidojis jaunu izpratni par kori - katram dalīniekiem ir sava uzdevums, ktrs sniedz savu personīgo piennesumu, veidojot korim raksturīgo, unikālo tembrālo apvienojumu.

Koris i piedalījies *Grammy* balvu ieguvušā Arvo Perta mūzikas albuma *Adam's Lament* (ECM) ierakstā, dirigenta Tenu Kaljustes vadībā. Tas ir vairākkārtējs Latvijas Lielās mūzikas balvas - valsts augstākā apbalvojuma par sasniegumiem profesionālajā mūzikā - ieguvējs, kā arī LR Ministru kabineta balvas laureāts. Kora veikto Sergeja Rahmaninova "Vesperes" ieskanojumu *Gramophone* atzīna par 2013. gada februāra labāko ierakstu, un Amerikas radio stacija "NRP" to ievietoja 25 gada labāko albumu sarakstā. Latvijas Radio koris ir uzstājies vairākās no ievērojamākajām koncertzālēm pasaulei, tostarp, *Concertgebouw* un *Muziekgebouw Niederland*, Elbas filharmonijā Vācijā, Elizejas lauku teātrī un Parīzes filharmonijas Mūzikas pilsētā Francijā, Linkolna centrā, Kenedija centrā, Volta Disneja koncertzālē un citur. Koris regulāri koncertē pasaules vadošajos mūzikas notikumos, ieskaitot *BBC Proms* Lielbritānijā, Zalcburgas festivālu un *Klangspuren* festivālu Austrijā, Lucernas festivālu Šveicē, Francijas Radio festivālu Monpeljē, Francijā, Baltijas jūras festivālu Zviedrijā un citviet. Kopš 1992. gada kori vada divi dirigenti: mākslinieciskais vadītājs un galvenais dirigents Sigwards Kļava un dirigents Kaspars Putniņš.

Sigvarda Kļavas mērķtiecīgā darba rezultātā Latvijas Radio koris izveidojies par starptautiski atpazīstamu, vokāli spilgtu vienību, kuru vēlas dzirdēt slavenākajos festivālos un kuru uz sadarbību aicina pasaules izcilākie mūzikā. Sigvarda Kļavas veidotie Latvijas Radio kora projekti allaž ir rūpīgi izaukļēti vēstījumi, muzikālās ekspedīcijas, pētot dziedāšanas un balss fenomenu, meklējot tiltus starp arhaisko un mūsdienīgo, apcerot pārlaicīgo caur tematisku koncertprogrammu atklāsmju celu. Pēc Sigvarda Kļavas ierosinājuma Radio koris veidojis kopīgus projektus gan ar tradicionālās un neakadēmiskās mūzikas spilgtiem pārstāvjiem, gan garīdzniekiem un mūsdienu skaņražiem, sintezejot laikmetīgās mākslas eksperimentus ar kultūras mantojumu un paplašinot redzējumu uz cilvēka balss iespējām.

Pēc Sigvarda Kļavas iniciatīvas 2014. gadā īstenojās projekts "Babs. Pasija. Rīga", kad pirmslieldienu laikā Rīgas dievnamos tika atskanotas Johana Sebastiāna Baha pasijas - kopā ar Latvijas Radio kori uzstājās latviešu un ārziemju mūzikā, izcili baroka interpreti ar pasaules mēroga vārdu.

Vīna vadībā korim izveidojusies radoša sadarbība ar ievērojamākajiem mūsdienu latviešu komponistiem - Maiju Einfeldi, Ēriku Ešenvaldu, Andri Dzenīti, Arturu Maskatu, Kristapu Pētersonu, Santu Ratnieci, Juri Karlsonu, Andreju Selicki, Pēteri Vasku, kā arī daudziem ārvalstu komponistiem, kas vainagojusies neskaitāmos pirmskanojumos un ierakstos. Sigwards Kļava ir vairākkārtējs Lielās mūzikas balvas laureāts, Latvijas Republikas Ministru kabineta balvas ieguvējs un Trīju zvaigžņu ordena kavalieris. Kopš 1990. gada - dziesmusvētku virsdirigents. Dirigējis nozīmīgākajās koncertzālēs un festivālos visā pasaulei, tai skaitā Londonas Karaliskajā Albertā zālē, Elbas filharmonijā, Amsterdamas *Concertgebouw*, Berlīnes filharmonijā u. c. Piedalījies starptautisku žūriju darbā un izglītības projektos. Kā viesdirigents uzstājies ar Niderlandes Radio un operas kori, Niderlandes kamerkori, *Cappella Amsterdam*, RIAS kamerkori, Leipcīgas MDR kori un daudziem citiem izcilīem kolektīviem.



TEIKSMA / Legend

Jānis Rainis (1865–1929)

Pāri upēi mēness meta
Tilti zelta stariem:
Pārnākt sapņu gariem
Mīglai līdz no tumšiem mežiem.

Staru tilts, no liegiem soļiem
Lēni trīsot, zvīgo,
Dzirkstēs vilnī līgo,
Zvaigznes mīrgas met kā zivis.

Balsis izšķiras iz tumsas
Neskaidras un baigas:
Dziesmas, vāidi, klaigas,
Saldas skaņas, kara troksnis.

Lēni atnāk sapņu gari
Baltos miglas svārkos:
Mēlnos ēnu zārkos
Atnes senos varonēlus.

Nespēj nāves miegu dusēt
Karā kautie tēli,
Pusnakts laikā vēli
Ilgas dzen tos nākt iz tumsas.

Nepabeigtas senās cīnas,
Uzvara nav gūta,
Atkal, atkal sūta
Nikums kareivjus iz kapā.

Katru nakti nāk tie laukā
Pusnakts laikā vēli,
Modrās ausīs želi
Noskan mūža cīnas atbalss.

Nāk iz tumsas, kāpj iz zārkiem
Karot garās cīnas:
Šķēps un bruņu zvīnas
Mēness gaismā auksti spīgo.

Kopš pret nakti uguns cīnās,
Vērās naida plaisma:
Nakti tapa gaisma,
Dzīve izlēca iz nāves.

Reizi miers tiem gariem solīts;
Mēness staru tilti
Ved uz jaunu cīti,
Kas to cīnu vedīs galā.

The moon's rays span the stream and mark
A golden bridge of moonbeams' glow,
And forth the path dream spirits show
From out the wood's deep misty dark.

The moonbeam bridge, though light their tread,
Soft quivers as they come in sight;
The shimmering waters ripple bright,
Like leaping fish by starlight led.

Out from the dark the hoarse cries pour,
The fearsome sound of shout and groan.
Mixed in with songs in sweetest tone,
Comes warfare's horrid, strident roar.

The slow dream spirits' column nears,
Pale white the robes of mist they wear;
And in black coffins souls they bear
Of heroes' forms from bygone years.

They find in death no peace or rest,
The shades of those who fell in war;
And at the witching hour once more,
A need from darkness drives their quest.

The ancient battles never cease,
No victory won their struggle ends;
Again, again their fury sends
The warriors from the grave's cold peace.

And forth they venture every night,
And at the witching hour once more,
In listening ears a piteous roar,
Ring echoes of the endless fight.

From darkness come, climbed from the tomb,
In never-ending war to fight;
Their spears and armour glinting bright
Shine coldly in the moon-bathed gloom.

When fire against the dark night fought,
A gulf of hatred opened wide:
Yet light came forth, and at its side,
New life sprang up and freedom sought.

One day these spirits will know rest;
The bridge of golden moonbeams' glow
To people new the way will show,
To end the spirits' age-long quest.

[Translated by Arthur Cropley]

ZVANA VĀRDI / Words of the Bell

Vizma Belševica (1931–2005)

Duni, skani, Kurzeme,
Tev zvana vārdi.
Embūte, Alsunga,
Kandava, Bārta.

Zāļu mežu sienas,
Zila mēle Venta.
Nograndi, Nigrande!
Atdimdi, Renda!

Jūra zvanu šūpo
No abi malām.
Aizduna Dundaga
Sventājas galā.

Kazdanga, Tērande,
Īvande, Skrunda,
Embūte, Alsunga,
Kandava, Bārta.

The sea swings the bell
From both ends.
Dundaga booms
All the way to Sventāja

Nograndi Nigrande!
Atdimdi Renda!
Duni, zvani, Bandava,
Rits tava stunda!

Boom and resound, Kurzeme,
Your words are like bells.
Embūte, Alsunga,
Kandava, Bārta.

Through walls of green forests,
The Venta flows like a tongue of blue.
Thunder, Nigrande!
Ring out, Renda!

And now the stork no longer wants to come,
and the swallows flee to far-off lands.
Red currants fall like beads from a chain,
but the scythe is still lodged in the apple tree.

Kazdanga, Tērande,
Īvande, Skrunda,
Embūte, Alsunga,
Kandava, Bārta.

Thunder, Nigrande!
Ring out, Renda!
Boom and ring, Bandava,
Morning is your hour!

IZKAPTS ĀBELĒ / Scythe in the Apple Tree

Māris Čaklais (1940–2003)

Un suni rēja, un dūmi kāpa,
un uguns ziedi, un bērni kledza,
un svešā mēlē tiem virsū blāva,
un izkaps palika ābelē.

Un tagad stārkis še negrib mesties,
un bezdeļīgas projām bēg.
Kā sārtas krelles birst jānogas,
bet izkaps turas vēl ābelē.

And the dogs barked, and the smoke rose,

no sulas rūsains, bet rūsa repē.
Tā dzīvība ar nāvi kopā
uz laiku laikiem ir saaugusi.

and the fire danced, and the children shrieked,
and someone yelled at them in a foreign tongue,
and the scythe remained in the apple tree.

And the blade grows deeper into the living flesh,
the sap flows rusty, but rust forms a scar.

Thus life has grown together with death,
Together for eternity.

MŪŽĪBA / Eternity

Jānis Jaunsudrabiņš (1877–1962)

Reiz likās, – tās ir ilgas,
kas sirdī kvēlo tā.
Nu zinu īsto vārdu:
tā baltā mūžība.

Ar sauli vaigu vaigā
kad dienu runājos,
Tā vizēdama ienāk
man siržu kambaros.

Un naktī, liečas bēdās,
kad vēlos mirt un gaist,
Tad jūtu – manā sirdī
tā klusus smeldz un kaist.

Reiz likās, – tās ir ilgas,
kas sirdī kvēlo tā.
Nu zinu īsto vārdu:
tā baltā mūžība.

I once thought it was longing
that burned in the heart so ardently.
Now I know its true face:
its name is white eternity.

When in daytime, cheek to cheek,
I speak so fondly with the sun,
Into the chambers of my heart
gleaming and glinting it comes.

And at night, in great sorrow,
when I wish to die and fade away,
I feel it ache and burn
still there inside my breast.

I once thought it was longing
that burned in the heart so ardently.
Now I know its true face:
its name is white eternity.

PAPARDES ZIEDS / Fern Blossom

Jānis Peters (1939)

Ilej mēnesi krūzē
Un noliec svīnigi to
Uz galda ar citām krūzēm,
Kur medalus dzirksteļo.

Un klausies, kā dziesma pludo,
No mutes uz muti tā iet.
Un dūdo tavs dēlinš, dūdo,
Un apkārt ap krūzi iet.

Pour the moon into a cup
And place it on the table with honour,
Together with the other cups
Full of sparkling mead.

And listen to the songs freely flow,
From mouth to mouth they go.
And your son coos along, he coos
And circles around the cup.

Go round and sing and sway to the cup.
Break the cup that's full of the moon.
It will rain down and bloom like Light,
You shall be my Little Jānis.
My fern blossom.

DIV' BURAMDZIESMAS / Two Magic Songs

Jānis Peters (1939)

Mana galva sastīpota
Lai zūd, ja zūd, man gana grūt'.
Manas rokas, manas kājas
Kā ar naglām sasistas,

Mana galva sastīpota
Ar zaļa vara stīpām.
Tādi vārdi, stipri vārdi
Tur, aiz laikiem, tur, aiz jūrām,
Tur, zem saules, tur aiz sāpes
Senas sievas mutē kūrās.
Un tu eji, un tu jūti
Savas rokas savāžotas,
Savas kājas sanaglotas,
Savu galvu sastīpotu.
Nu tu pārnāc, nu tu esi
Pāri laukiem, pāri jūrām
Dzīslas kvelde vārdi, kuri
Senas mātes mutē kurās kūrās:
Lai zūd, ja zūd, man gana grūt (..)

Dod mums, Māriņ, to ūdentīņu!
Kad es gāju augstā kalnā,
Tad es svīdu ūdeni.
Kad es nesu saltu krustu,
Tad es svīdu asini.

Vai mums tāda gaita, Māriņ,
Ir uz mūžiem nolemta?
Kalnus, mežus izsvīduši,
Svīstam savu asini.

Tēvu zemi izsvīduši,
Cēlam kalnā dvēseli.
Cērtam savus buramvārdus
Uz dzīvību dziedādam!

Cēlam savu saltu krustu
Pār atvaru Daugavā,
Lai tie vārdi, sūrie vārdi
Caur atvaru aizgriezās.

Kas man netiek grūtām mokām,
Grūts krusts galvā, grūts mugurā (...).
Dod mums, Māriņ, to ūdentīņu
Ik rītiņu nodzerties...

My Head Is Bound
May it go, if it goes, I've suffered enough.
My hands, my feet

As if nailed together,
My head is bound
With copper hoops.
Powerful words, potent words
Beyond time, beyond the seas,
Beyond the sun, beyond the pain
Burning on the ancient woman's tongue.
And you go, and you feel
Your hands chained,
Your feet nailed,
Your head bound.
Now you return, now you're here

From across the fields, across the seas,
Veins seared by the words that
Burn on the ancient woman's tongue:
If it goes, may it go, I've suffered enough.

Give Us Water, Dear Māra

As I climbed the high mountain,
I was wet with a sweat of water.
As I carried the cold cross,
I was wet with a sweat of blood.

Dear Māra, are we destined
To such a pace for eternity?
Overcoming mountains and forests
Wet with our sweat of blood.

With the sweat of our fatherland,
We carry our soul to the summit.
We hew our magic sayings
Singing and toasting to life!

We raise our cold cross
Past the eddy in the river of fate,
So the words, the bitter words,
Spin shut and swirl away.

For my sorrows and suffering I receive
A heavy cross on my head and on my back (...).
Give us each morning, dear Māra,
A drink of that sacred water...

MAIZES DZIESMA / Song of Bread

Knuts Skujiens (1936)

Austra sauli ritināja,
Kviesis zeltu kvitnāja,
Kvitnāja, spindināja,
Maizes dziesmu šķindināja.

Lai nāk, lai nāk, izkapšu graize,
Kas namam pamats, tas cilvēkam maize.
Lai majas, lai cepas brūna un balta
Kā varā griezta, kā sudrabā kalta.

Ja nevis vējam
Kalstu un birstu,
Lai nāk, lai nāk,
Es priečigs mirstu.

The dawn swirling the sun,
The wheat sparkling gold,
Sparkling, shining,
Clanging the song of bread.

The result of the scythe arrives,
Bread to people as footing to a house.
Milled, baked, brown and white,
Sliced in power, forged in silver.

If I do not wither nor do I fall
To please the wind,
Let it come, let it come,
I shall die content.

KURZEMES KRASTS, VIDZEMES KRASTS

Coast of Kurzeme, Coast of Vidzeme

Vitaus Lüdēns (1937–2010)

Kurzemes krasts, Vidzemes krasts.
Manai tautai un jūrai,
Kurzemes krasts, Vidzemes krasts.
Pāri ik nestundai sūrai.

Likteņa sarkanos dzīļumos rasts,
Kūpoša ceļa galā.
Tev ir jācēl augstāks šīs krasts
Jūras un dvēseles malā.

Lemess un laiva, ozols un masts,
Mūžibas šūpolis diena.
Kurzemes krasts, Vidzemes krasts
Jāņu vainagā vienā.

The coast of Kurzeme, the coast of Vidzeme.
For my people and the sea,
The coast of Kurzeme, the coast of Vidzeme,
Stand in the dark hour of difficulty.

Found in the red depths of fate,
At the end of a smoky road.
At the edge of the sea and the soul,
This coast, you must lift it higher.

The ploughshare and the boat, the oak
and the mast,
A day as the cradle of eternity.
The coast of Kurzeme, the coast of Vidzeme,
Twined together in the Midsummer wreath.

DIVI DZIEDĀJUMI NO VECĀS DERĪBAS

Two Chants from the Old Testament

Liber ecclesiastes 3; 4 / Ecclesiastes 3; 4

Verti me ad alia
Verti me ad alia, et vidi calumnias
quae sub sole geruntur,
et lacrimas innocentium,
et neminem consolatorem,
nec posse resistere eorum violentiae,
cunctorum auxilio destitutos,
et laudavi magis mortuos quam viventes;
et feliciorum utroque judicavi
qui necdum natus est,
nec vidit mala quae sub sole fuit.

Et cognovi
Et cognovi quod non esset melius nisi
laetari, et facere bene in vita sua; omnis
enim homo qui comedit et bibit, et
videt bonum de labore suo, hoc donum
Dei est.
Didici quod omnia opera quae fecit
Deus perseverent in perpetuum.

Again I Looked
Again I looked and saw all the
oppression that was taking place under
the sun:
I saw the tears of the oppressed – and
they have no comforter;
power was on the side of their
oppressors – and they have no
comforter.
And I declared that the dead, who had
already died, are happier than the living,
who are still alive.
But better than both is the one who has
never been born,
who has not seen the evil that is done
under the sun.

I Know
I know that there is nothing better for
people than to be happy and to do good
while they live.
That each of them may eat and drink, and
find satisfaction in all their toil – this is the
gift of God.
I know that everything God does will
endure forever.

The Holy Bible: New International Version

FATAMORGĀNA / Fata Morgana

Jānis Rainis (1865–1929)

Tuksnešu karstos putekļos
Tuksnešu karstos putekļos piepešā
ainā raudžijos.
Bāzilas ziemelū debesis.
Mazs bērnu dienu mirklītis, mīļš latvju
dzimums, limbatis
Un maigas senas un nākamas ainas:
Brāji, kas mīl, ne viens otra vairs gainās.

Kas kaitēja man dziedāt (Latviesu
tautasdziesma)
Kas kaitēja man dziedāt
Apalā kalnīnā?
Visapkārt saule tek
Sudrabiņu sījādama.

Meža vīrinjē
Ienāc manā sētinā
Zājas valjs aploķā,
Es tev došu meldru krēslu,

Pūpēdišu spilventiņu,
Es tev slāpes dzesīnāšu
Medus rasas bikerīšiem,
Segšu tevīm pavēnīti
Zala zelta lapinām,
Sūnās klāšu atdusēt
Magonišu paladziņu,
Spārīts glāžu spārnīniet
Vēdinās vieglu vēju.

In the Hot Dust of the Desert
In the hot dust of the desert I came
upon a sudden scene.
A pale-blue northern sky.
A mere childhood moment, a dear
instant from home,
A towthead and tender scenes from the
past and to come:
Brothers who love shall fight each
other no more.

What Better Place to Sing (Latvian folk song)
What better place to sing
Than on this rounded hill?
The sun shines all around,
Spreading about her silver.

The Little Man of the Forest
Come into my courtyard,
The pasture of green leisure,
I'll give you a seat made of rushes
And a puffball for a pillow.
I will quench your thirst
With a goblet of honeydew,
Cover you with the shade
of golden-green leaves,
Soft mosses underneath
And a bedsheet of poppies,
The dragonfly will make a breeze
Gently with its glass-like wings.

RUDENĪ / In Autumn

Zinaida Lazda (1902–1957)

Vai tas rudens vējš, kas sauc un sāp,
Vai tā tumsa nakti nolauž kokus?
Vai no mūža kalna dzīve kāpī?
Vai varbūt es nesaprotu jokus?

Liekas man, aiz ūdeniem kāds mirst.
Aizsalst krūtis, izkrīt acu stikli.
Ai, cik grūti jaunu namu cirst.
Ai, no mokām matu gali mikli.

Sārto saules bērnu apriņ vilks...
Kaut vēl dzirdēt medinieka ragu!
Bēdu laiks nāk pretī smags un ilgs
Aizber dienas plato zelta vagu.

Is it the autumn wind that calls and hurts,
Is it the nighttime darkness that fells the trees?
Does existence ascend from the summit of life?
Or maybe it's me who doesn't recognise a joke?

Someone perished beyond the waters, so it seems to me.
The breath freezes, the glass of the eyes falls out.
Oh, how difficult to build a new house.
Oh, how damp the hair from torment.

The wolf swallows the rosy child of the sun...
Oh, to once more hear the hunter's horn!
Sorrows approach both heavy and long,
Filling the day's wide, golden furrow.

MŪŽA AINA / A Life

Zinaida Lazda (1902–1957)

Asa zāle, akmens melns.
Vēji laižas, tāli gaisi,
Atsīt mūža ainu bāsi
Asa zāle, akmens melns.

Asa zāle, akmens melns.
Purvī, purvī vien un klāni –
Kur tu mani vil un māni.
Asa zāle, akmens melns.

Asa zāle, akmens melns.
Šķeljas smagi putna spārni,
Dvēšļi atlaizu kā gārni.
Asa zāle, akmens melns.

Asa zāle, akmens melns.
Sāpju rīkstes, domu domas...
Cik vien redzu – tālas jomas,
Asa zāle, akmens melns.

Sharp grass, black rock.
The winds blow, the air is high,
Reflecting dreadfully a life,
Sharp grass, black rock.

Sharp grass, black rock.
Bogs, bogs and marshy meadows
Deceiving me and leading astray.
Sharp grass, black rock.

Sharp grass, black rock.
The bird's wings beat heavy,
I release my soul like a heron.
Sharp grass, black rock.

Sharp grass, black rock.
Rods of pain, countless thoughts,
Distant domains as far as I see.
Sharp grass, black rock.

SAULĪT, MĪLĀ MĀMULĪT / Dear Mother, the Sun

Latviešu tautasdziesma / Latvian folk song

Saulīt, mīlā māmulīt,
Parādiesi ganiņam!
Ganiņiem gara diena,
Kad saulīti nerēdzēj'.

Lai bij' grūti, kam bij grūt',
Ganiņami, tam bij' grūt'.
Odiņš dūra, dundurs koda
Pa krūmiemi ložnājot.

Līst', lietinī, vienu dienu,
Neliš' visu vasariņu.
Grūt ganami viena diena,
Ne vēl visa vasariņa.

Dear mother, the Sun,
Appear to the shepherds;
A shepherd's day is long
When he does not see the sun.

Show yourself, dear Sun,
Three times every day:
At midday, afternoon,
Again in the evening.

Rain for one day, dear rain,
Not the whole summer;
May the shepherd endure one difficult day,
Not a whole summer.

Parādiesi tu, saulīte,
Trīs reiz jel dienīnā:
Azaidā, launagā,
Trešo reizi vakarā!

Life is hard, it's hard;
It's harder yet for the poor shepherd:
The mosquito pierces, the horsefly bites,
As he creeps through the bushes.

AUSMAS STUNDĀ / Daybreak

Egils Plaudis (1931–1987)

Mītu visā tavu silu platumā,
Katrā krasta graudā, katrā atomā.
Kad tev sārtā ausmas asins jāsastop,
Manas miega magones spīva uguns top.

Ja tu esi maza, citiem liela būsi rīt,
Mazs es tavu diženumu iešu pierādit!

I dwell in the entire breadth of your pine forest,
In every grain of sand of the beach, in every atom.
When you must meet the red blood of daybreak,
My poppies of slumber turn into a fierce fire.
If you are small, you shall be large to us tomorrow,
While I myself am small, I shall prove your greatness.

JĀŅABĒRNAM / To the Midsummer Child

Vitaute Lüdēns (1937–2010)

Iededz spožu Jāņu liesmu,
Ozollapu kroni piņ.
Tiltu mal ar Jāņu dziesmu
Pāri pašam apvārsnim.
Līgo!

Tā ir sena, gudra zina
Sev un citiem prieku dot.
Tādu svētku valodīnu
Nevajadzēs pārtulkot.
Līgo!

Ja tu dziesmu dziedāt proti,
Lai pēc tevis to vēl dzied,
Tāla cieņa būs tev dota,
Cieņa, kura nenoret.
Līgo!

Light a bright Midsummer fire,
Make a wreath of oak.
Build a bridge of song
Past where the earth meets the sky.
Līgo!

It is ancient and wise wisdom
To give joy to self and others.
Such celebratory language
Needs no translation.
Līgo!

If you know how to sing a song,
So that it may still be sung after you, You shall
earn great respect,
Respect that never fades.
Līgo!

TAVAS SAKNES TAVĀ ZEMĒ / Your Roots in Your Land

Vizma Belševica (1931–2005)

Kamēr svētelji pār Svēti
Balto spārnos slīd,
Kamēr baltu spānu blāzmas
Zilās straumēs krit,

Kamēr zilām straumēm Zemgalē,
Zemgalē plūst pali,
Esi mierīgs. Tici. Zini. –
Tava zeme paliks.

Tavas saknes tavā zemē,
Tavas pēdas tēva sētā,
Kamēr tēva sētas jumti
Balto spārnu ēnā svētā.

While storks fly over Svēte,
Sliding on white wings,
While the glow of white wings
Falls into blue streams,

While blue streams flow,
And floods course across Zemgale,
Stay calm. Have faith. Know.
Your land will remain.

Your roots in your land,
Your footsteps in your father's home,
While the roofs of that home remain
In the sacred shadow of white wings.

IN MEMORIAM

Bronislava Martuževa (1924–2012)

Viss labais aiziet debesīs.
Gūt vietu paliekamu.
Pār tavu namu lietus līst,
Pār ziediem kāto namu.

Silts, ilgi gaidīts negaiss nāk.
Mirkst putniem ligzdās spalvas.
Tev kluss, tev sauss šai zemničā.
Rūgts jazmīns likts zem galvas.

Un nevajag, vairs nevajag
Ne duravu, ne logu –
Pār ziedu jumtu balta nakts,
Uz krusta putniņš pogā.

San irstot tēvu zemes smilts,
Zib zibens šķīka – garu tilts.

Everything that is good moves on
To gain a permanent place in heaven.
Rain falls on your house,
On that flower-laden house of yours.

A storm approaches warm and long-awaited,
Soaking the feathers of birds in their nests.
It is quiet and dry for you in this earthen home,
A bed of bitter jasmine for your head to rest.

You do not need, no longer need
Of doors nor of windows –
A white night over your flowered roof,
A bird warbles on the cross.

The sands of the fatherland hum as they sift,
The line of lightning flashes – the bridge of the souls.