Svend Asmussen

Scandinavian Solstice

2007

4 Songs with text by

Ellen Bick Asmussen

Minstrel
Hotel Terminus
Mine
Breaths

"The Svend Asmussen Free Online Score-Library"

Skandinavisk Solhverv / Scandinavian Solstice

er en digtcyklus, der over et år - fra vintersolhverv til vintersolhverv - beskriver kærlighedsforholdet mellem forfatteren, en amerikansk kvinde, og en legendarisk dansk jazzviolinist.

Digtene gengives på både engelsk og dansk (i Niels Brunses oversættelse) og de fire digte, der indleder samlingens fire årstidssuiter, er sat i musik af Svend Asmussen, hvis nodeark er gengivet i faksimile i bogen, der er udgivet på Lindhardt og Ringhof, 2007.

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The music is engraved after the faksimiles in the book "Scandinavian Solstice" (see page 12) with a few corrections. After the engraver has played them on the piano also a few adjustments were made .

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You can find more free Svend Asmussen scores on

"The Svend Asmussen Free Online Score-Library"

The Asmussen-ScoreLibrary is part of the
University Library of Southern Denmark:
https://www.sdu.dk/en/bibliotek - Search for Svend Asmussen.

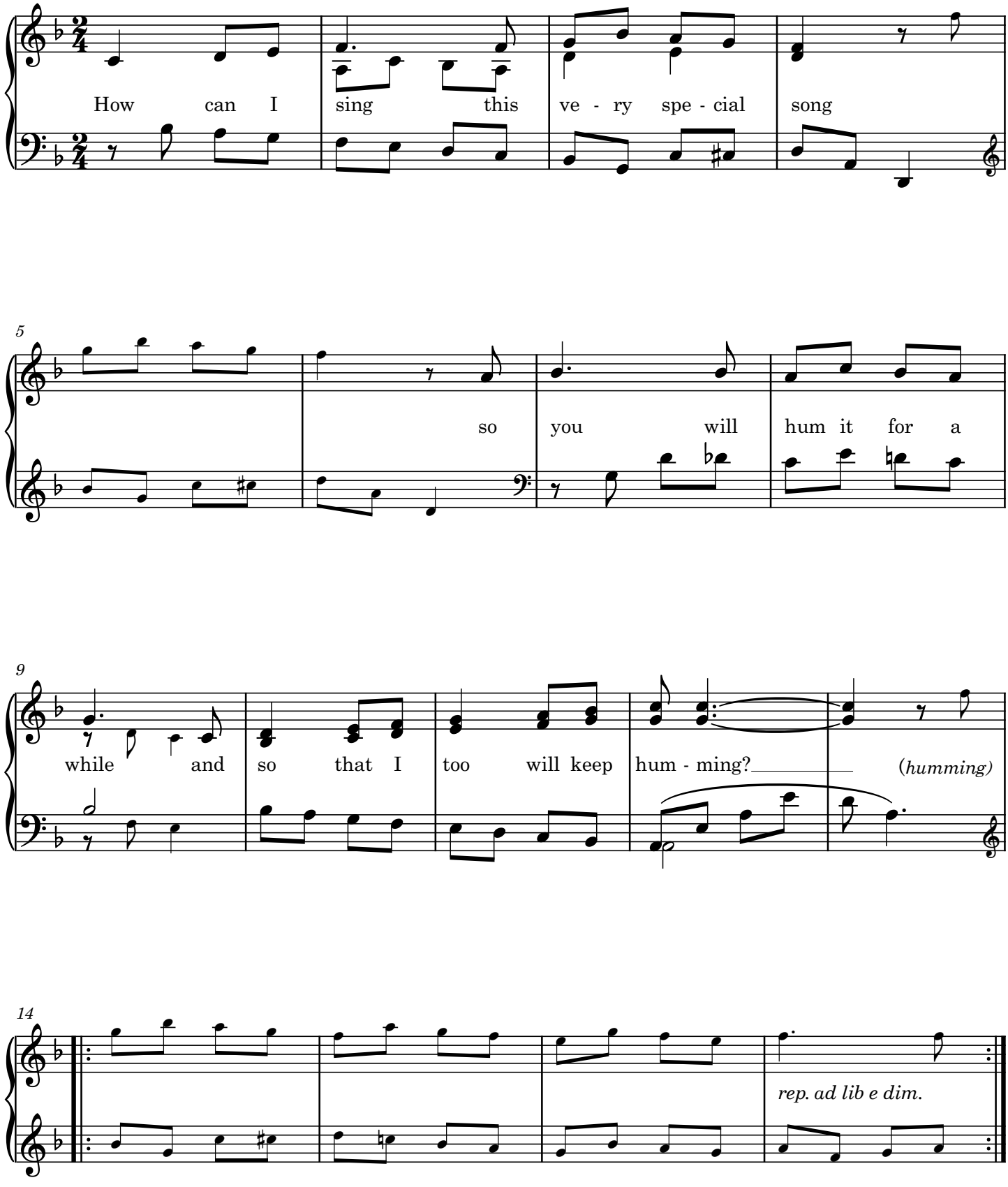
Temporarely direct link:
http://www.dichmusik.dk/SvA.html

This Booklet is engraved with the Music-Notation Program DORICO

Minstrel

Ellen Bick Asmussen

Svend Asmussen



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Hotel Terminus

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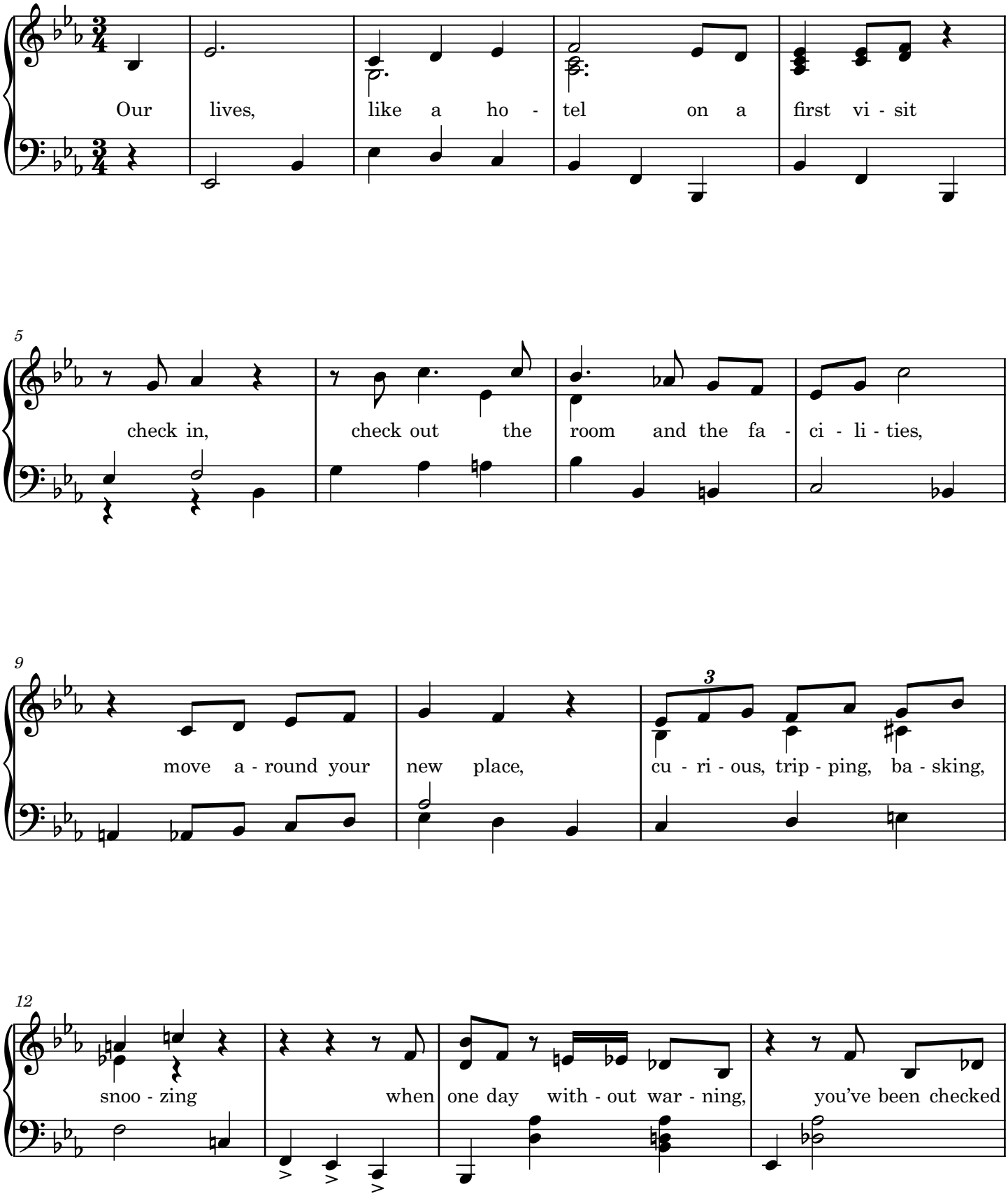

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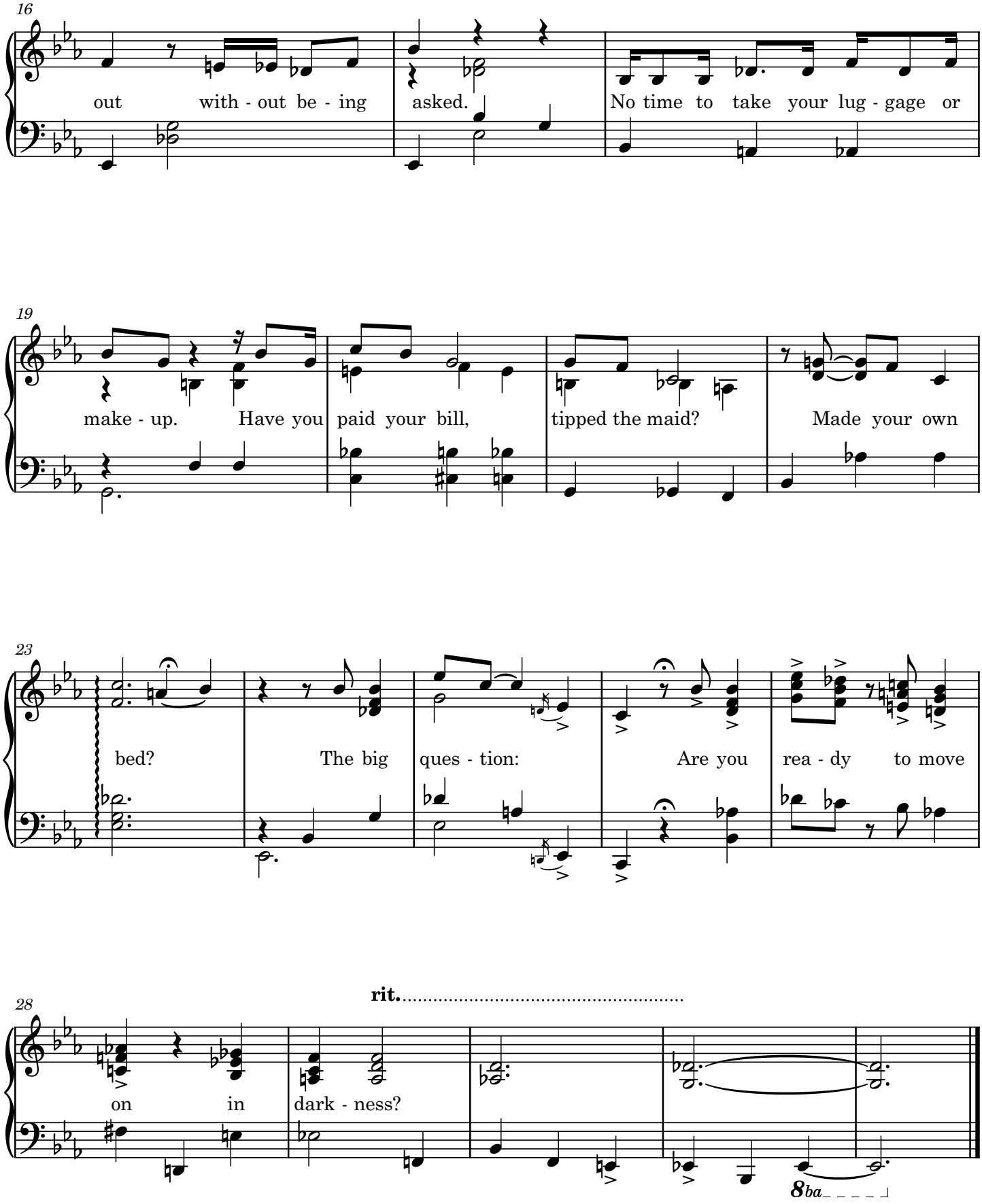
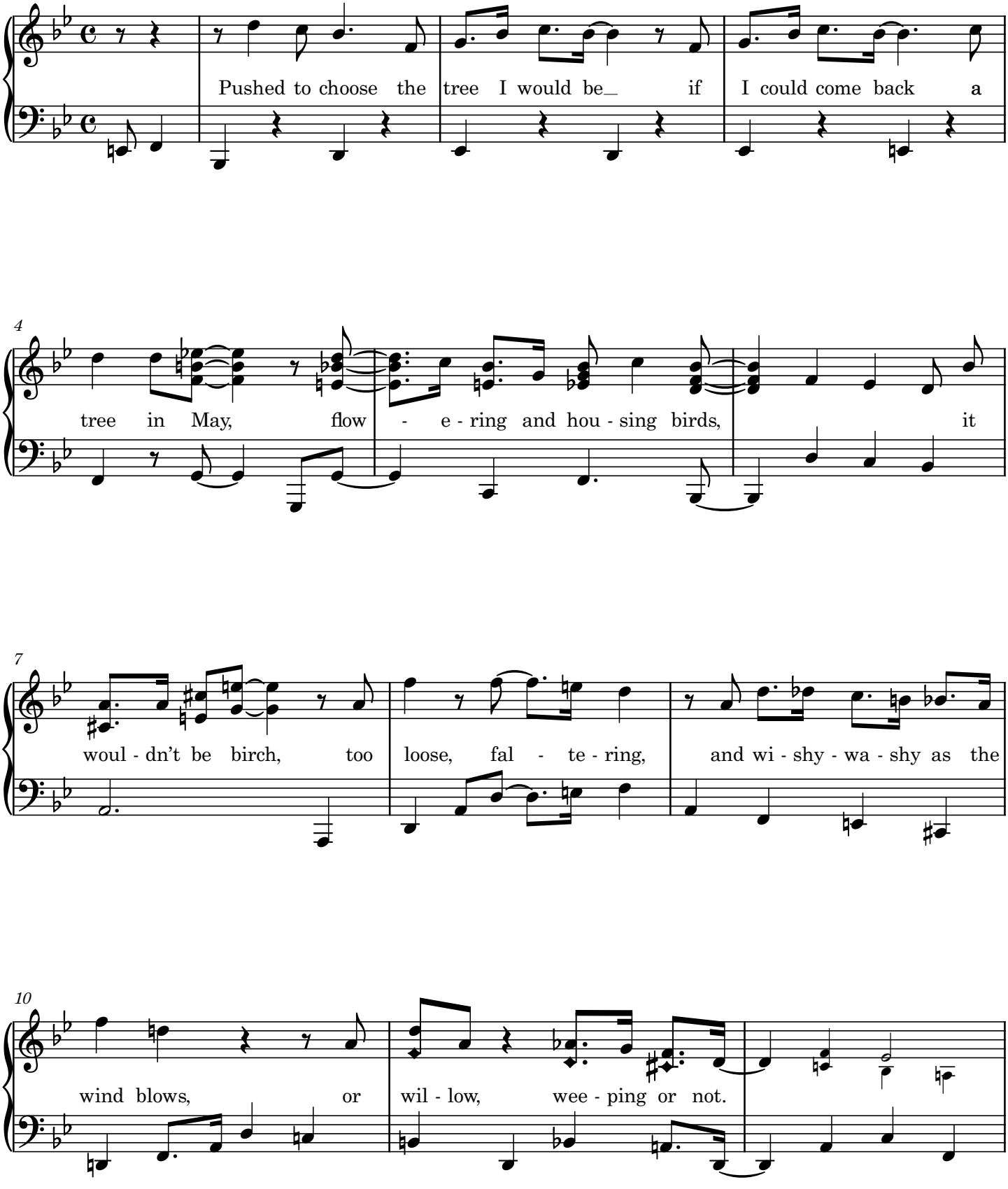

16
out with - out be - ing asked.
No time to take your lug - gage or
19
make - up. Have you paid your bill,
tipped the maid?
Made your own
23
bed?
The big ques - tion:
Are you rea - dy to move
28
rit.
on in dark - ness?
8ba

Mine

Ellen Bick Asmussen

Svend Asmussen



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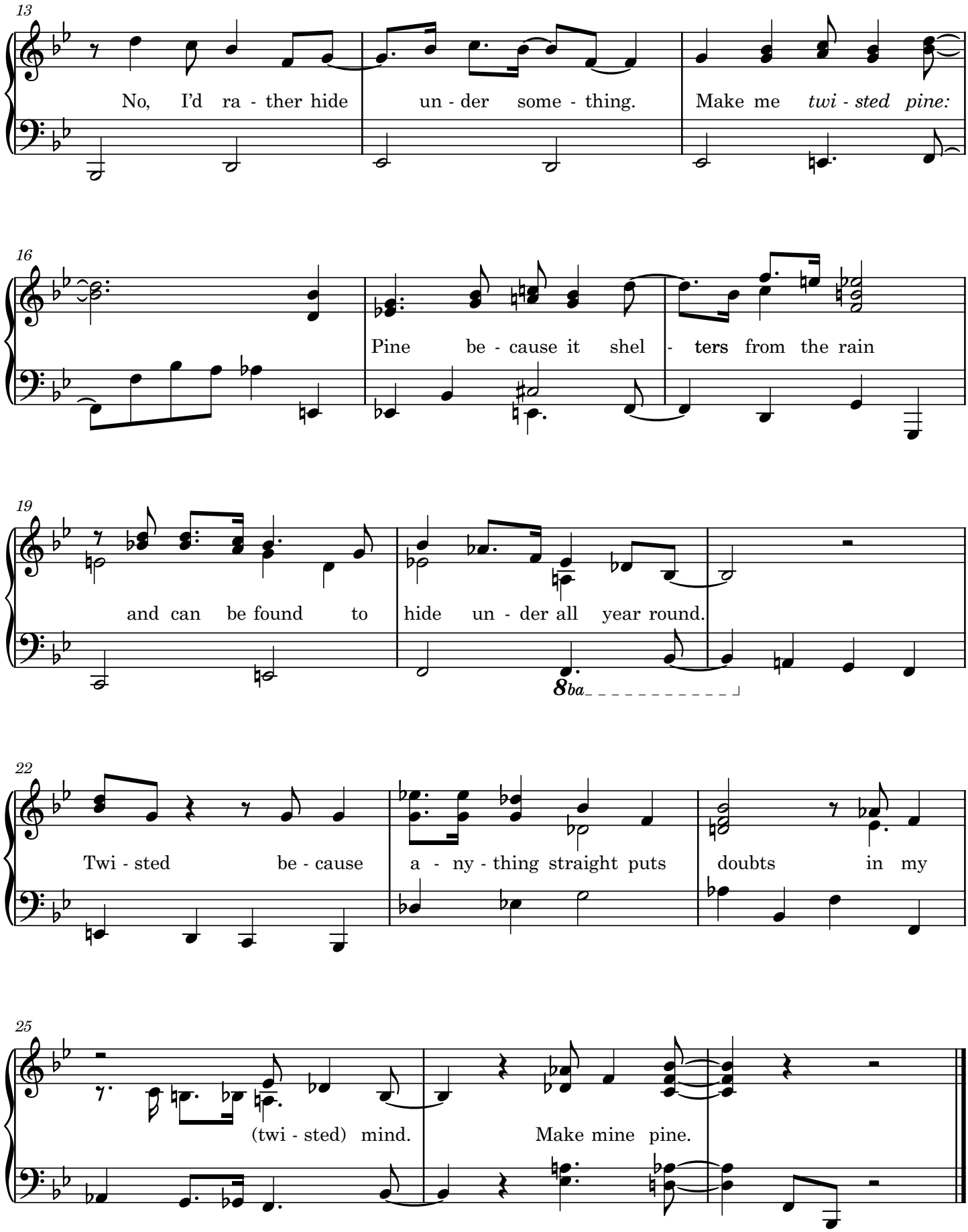
13
No, I'd ra - ther hide un - der some - thing. Make me twi - sted pine:
16
Pine be - cause it shel - ters from the rain
19
and can be found to hide un - der all year round.
8ba
22
Twi - sted be - cause a - ny - thing straight puts doubts in my
25
(twi - sted) mind. Make mine pine.

Breaths

Ellen Bick Asmussen

Svend Asmussen

Very Slow

I

5

catch my - self liste - ning for your brea - thing at night, tas - ting the skin of the

8

hand I hold, smel - ling your dri - ven ways and hard knuck - les,

11

a kiss mol - ding my rock - y re - ser - va - tion,

14

re - ser - ving me for you. You are the per - fect night,

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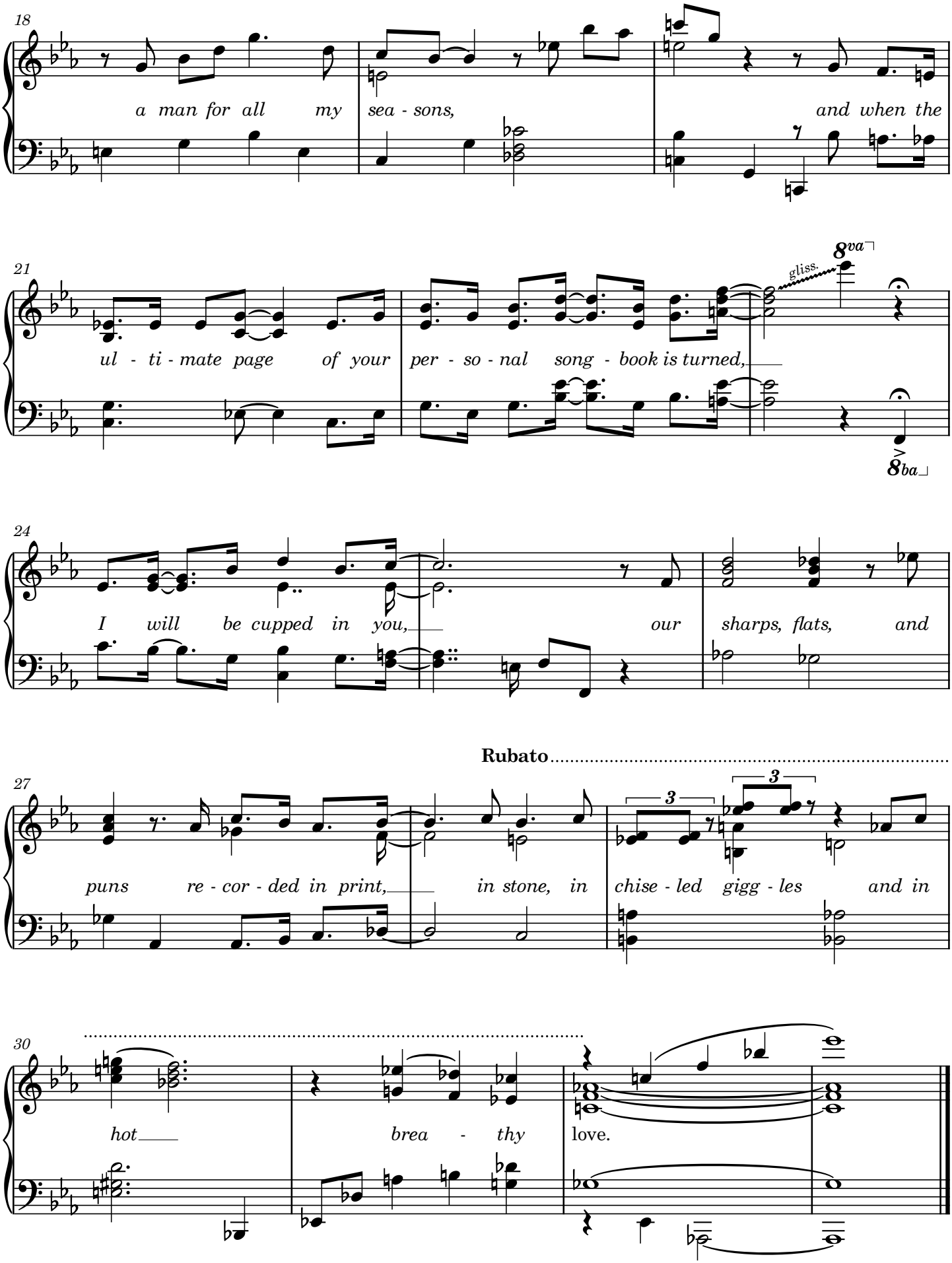

18
a man for all my sea - sons, and when the
21
ul - ti - mate page of your per - so - nal song - book is turned,
gliss.
8va
8ba
24
I will be cupped in you, our sharps, flats, and
Rubato
27
puns re - cor - ded in print, in stone, in chise - led gigg - les and in
3
3
30
hot brea - thy love.

MINSTREL

How can I sing this very special song
so you will hum it
for a while -
and so that I too will keep humming?

MINNESANGERINDE

Hvordan kan jeg synge denne særlige sang
så du nynner den
en tid -
og så jeg selv nynner videre?

HOTEL TERMINUS

Our lives, like a hotel on a first visit -
check in, check out the room and the facilities,
move around your new place, curious, tripping,
basking, snoozing -
when one day without warning, you've been
checked out
without being asked.
No time to take your baggage or makeup.
Have you paid your bill, tipped the maid?
Made your own bed?

The big question:
Are you ready to move on in darkness?

HOTEL TERMINUS

Vores liv er som et hotel, man tager ind på første gang -
checke ind, checke værelse ud, og faciliteterne,
gå rundt det nye sted, nysgerrig, snublende, dasende,
døsende -
til man en dag uden varsel
er blevet checket ud
uden at være spurgt.
Ingen tid til at hente bagagen eller lægge makeup.
Har du betalt regningen, givet stuepigen drikkepenge,
redt din seng?

Det store spørgsmål:
Er du parat til at rejse videre i mørke?

MINE

Pushed to choose
the tree I would be
if I could come back a tree
in May, flowering and housing
birds,
it wouldn't be birch, too loose, faltering,
and wishy-washy
as the wind blows,
or willow, weeping or not.

Ni I'd rather hide under something.
Make me twisted pine:
Pine because it shelters from the rain
and can be found to hide under
all year round.
Twisted because anything
straight puts doubts in my (twisted) mind.

Make mine pine.

TRÆ

Blev jeg tvunget til at vælge
hvilket træ jeg ville være
hvis jeg kunne vende tilbage som træ
i maj, blomstrende, givende ly
til fugle,
så skulle det ikke være en birk, for løs, for flagrende
og blafrende
som vinden blæser,
ej heller en pil, om den så græder eller ej.

Nej, jeg ville hellere gemme mig under noget.
Gør mig til et knudret fyrretræ:
fyr, fordi den skærmer for regnen
og man kan finde den at stå under
hele året.
Knudret, fordi alt hvad der er
glat vækker tvivl i mit (knudrede) sind.

Fyrretræ til mig.

BREATHS

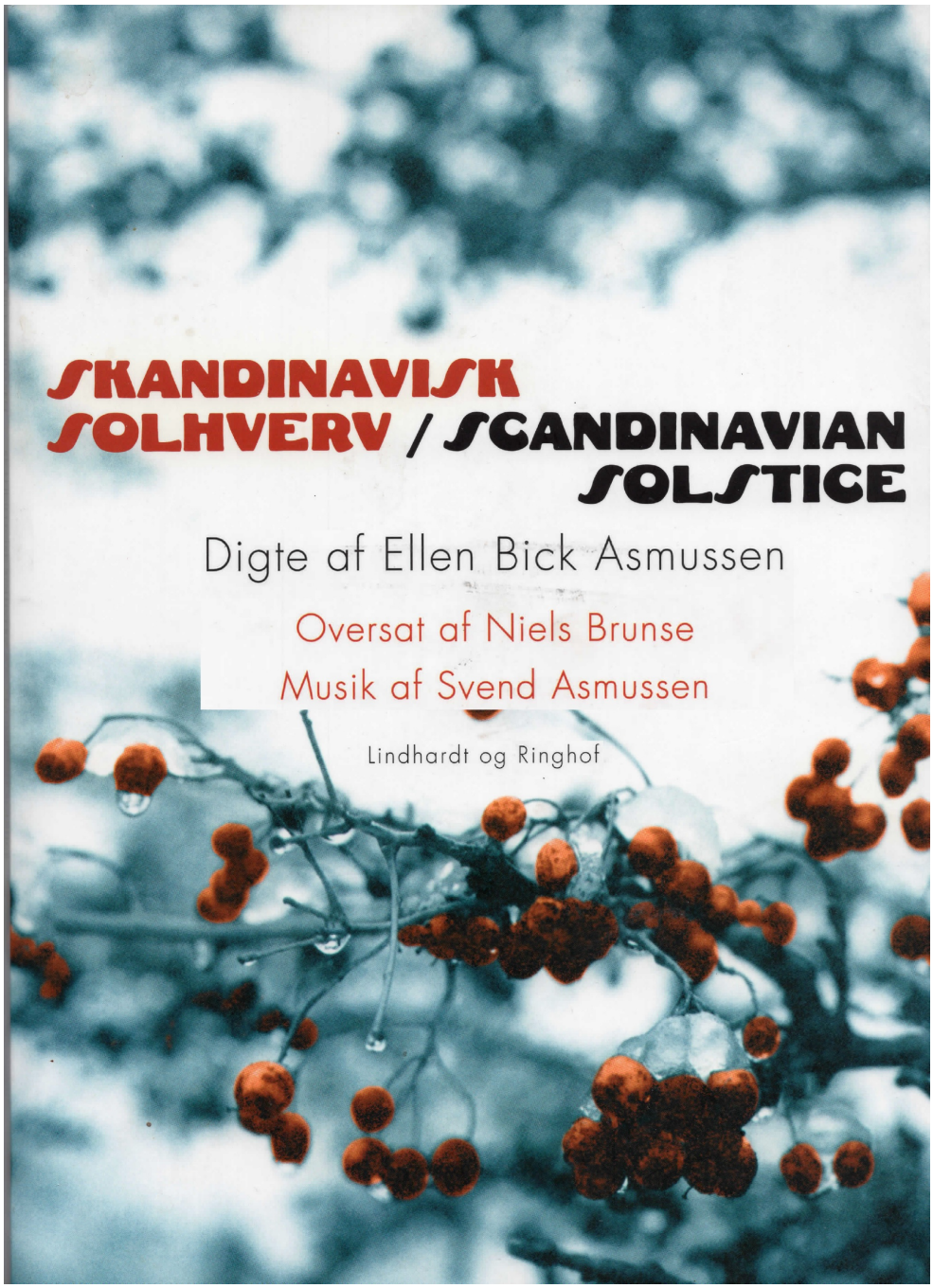
I catch myself listening for your breathing at night,
tasting the skin of the the hand I hold,
smelling your driven ways and hard knuckles,
a kiss molding my rocky reservation,
reserving me for you.

You are the perfect night,
a man for *all* my seasons,
and when the ultimate page of your personal songbook is turned,
I will be cupped in you,
our sharps, flats, and puns recorded
in print, in stone, in chiseled giggles
and in hot breathy love.

ÅNDEDRAG

Jeg griber mig i at lytte efter dine åndedrag om natten,
at smage på huden på den hånd jeg holder,
at lugte dine varige vaner og hårde knoer,
et kys der former mit klippefaste forbehold,
så jeg er forbeholdt dig.

Du er den fuldkomne nat,
en mand til alle mine årstider,
og når den sidste side i din personlige sangbog er vendt,
vil jeg være indlejret i dig
og vore krydser og b'er og ordspil holdt fast
på tryk, i sten, i mejslede fnis
og i hedt åndende elskov.


SKANDINAVISK SOLHVERV / SCANDINAVIAN SOLSTICE
Digte af Ellen Bick Asmussen
Oversat af Niels Brunse
Musik af Svend Asmussen
Lindhardt og Ringhof