

SIBELIUS

Kullervo, Op. 7

Text from *Kalevala*; English translation by William Forsell Kirby

III. Kullervo jahänen sisarensa

Kuoro:

*Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Sinisukka äijön lapsi,
Hivus keltainen korea,
Kengän kauto kaunokainen
Läksi viemähän vetoja,
Maajyviä maksamahan.*

III. Kullervo and his Sister

Chorus:

*Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings,
And with yellow hair the finest,
And with shoes of finest leather,
Went his way to pay the taxes,
And he went to pay the land-dues.*

Vietyä vetoperänsä,
Maajyväset maksettua
Rekehensä reutoaikse
Kohennaikse korjahansa;
Alkoi kulkea kotihin,
Matkata omille maille.

Ajoa järyttelevi
Matkoansa mittelevi
Noilla Väinön kankahilla,
Ammoin raatuilla ahoilla.

Neiti vastahan tulevi,
Hivus kulta hiihtelevi
Noilla Väinön kankahilla,
Ammoin raatuilla ahoilla.

Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Jo tuossa päättelevi,
Alkoi neittä haastatella,
Haastatella, houkutella:

Kullervo:
Nouse, neito korjahani,
Taaksi maata taljoilleni!

Sisar:
Surma sulle korjahasi,
Tauti taaksi taljoillesi!

Kuoro:
Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Sinisukka äijön lapsi,
Iski virkkua vitsalla,
Helähytti helmivyöllä.
Virkku juoksi, matka joutui,
Tie vieri, reki rasasi.

Neiti vastahan tulevi,
Kautokenkä kaaloavi
Selvällä meren selällä,
Ulapalla aukealla.

Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Hevoista päättelevi,
Suutansa sovittelevi,
Sanojansa säätelevi:
Tule korjahan, korea,
Maan valio, matkoihisi!

Sisar:
Tuoni sulle korjahasi,
Manalainen matkoihisi!

When he now had paid the taxes,
And had also paid the land-dues,
In his sledge he quickly bounded,
And upon the sledge he mounted,
And began to journey homeward,
And to travel to his country.

And he drove and rattled onward.
And he travelled on his journey,
Traversing the heath of Väinö,
And his clearing made aforetime.

And by chance a maiden met him,
With her yellow hair all flowing,
There upon the heath of Väinö,
On his clearing made aforetime.

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Checked his sledge upon the instant,
And began a conversation,
And began to talk and wheedle:

Kullervo:
Come into my sledge, O maiden,
Rest upon the furs within it.

Sister:
In the sledge may Death now enter,
On thy furs be Sickness seated.

Chorus:
Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings,
With his whip then struck his courser,
With his beaded whip he lashed him,
Sprang the horse upon the journey,
Rocked the sledge, the road was traversed.

And by chance a maiden met him,
Walking on, with shoes of leather,
O'er the lakes extended surface,
And across the open water.

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Checked his horse upon the instant,
And his mouth at once he opened,
And began to speak as follows:
Come into my sledge, O fair one,
Pride of earth, and journey with me.

Sister:
In thy sledge may Tuoni seek thee,
Manalainen journey with thee.

Kuoro:

*Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Sinisukka äijön lapsi,
Iski virkkua vitsalla,
Helähytti helmivyöllä.
Virkku juoksi, matka joutui,
Reki vieri, tie lyheni.*

*Neiti vastahan tulevi,
Tinarinta riioavi
Noilla Pohjan kankahilla,
Lapin laajoilla rajoilla.*

*Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Hevoistansa hillitsevi,
Suutansa sovittellevi,
Sanojansa säätelevi:*

Kullervo:

*Käy, neito rekoseheni,
Armas, alle vilttieni,
Syömähän omeniani,
Puremahan päähkeniä!*

Sisar:

*Sylen, kehjo, kelkkahasi,
Retkale, rekosehesi!
Vilu on olla viltin alla,
Kolkko korjassa eleä.*

Kuoro:

*Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Sinisukka äijön lapsi,
Koppoi neion korjahansa,
Reualti rekosehensa,
Asetteli taljoillensa,
Alle viltin vieriettelä.*

Sisar:

*Päästä pois minua tästä,
Laske lasta vallallensa
Kunnotointa kuulemasta
Paholaista palvomasta,
Tabi potkin pohjan puhki,
Levittelen liistehäksi,
Korjasi pilastehiksi,
Rämäksi re'en retukan!!*

Kuoro:

*Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Sinisukka äijön lapsi,
Aukaisi rahaisen arkun,
Kimahutti kirjakannen,
Näytteli hopei tansa,
Verkaliuskoja levitti,*

Chorus:

*Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings,
With his whip then struck his courser,
With his beaded whip he lashed him,
Sprang the horse upon his journey,
Rocked the sledge, the way was shortened.*

*And by chance a maiden met him,
Wearing a tin brooch, and singing,
Out upon the heaths of Pohja,
And the borders wide of Lapland.*

*Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Checked his horse upon the instant,
And his mouth at once he opened,
And began to speak as follows:*

Kullervo:

*Come into my sledge, O maiden,
Underneath my rug, my dearest,
And you there shall eat my apples,
And shall crack my nuts in comfort.*

Sister:

*At your sledge I spit, O villain,
Even at your sledge, O scoundrel,
Underneath your rug is coldness,
And within your sledge is darkness.*

Chorus:

*Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings,
Dragged into his sledge the maiden,
And into the sledge he pulled her,
And upon the furs he laid her,
Underneath the rug he pushed her.*

Sister:

*From the sledge at once release me,
Leave the child in perfect freedom,
That I hear of nothing evil,
Neither foul nor filthy language,
Or upon the ground I'll throw me,
And will break the sledge to splinters,
And will smash your sledge to atoms,
Break the wretched sledge to pieces!*

Chorus:

*Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings.
Opened then his hide-bound coffer.
Clanging raised the pictured cover,
And he showed her all his silver,
Out he spread the choicest fabrics,*

*Kultasuita sukkasia,
Vöitänsä hopeapäitä.*

*Verat veivät neien mielen,
Halu muutti morsiamen,
Hopea hukuttelevi,
Kulta kuihauttelevi.*

[At this point Sibelius chose not to set six further lines of the stanza, instead depicting symphonically the actions of Kullervo and the maiden as they "pass the night in merry-making." In the morning, she asks Kullervo about himself.]

Sisar:

*Mist' olet sinä sukuisin,
Kusta rohkea, rotuisin?
Lienet suurtaki sukua,
Isoa isän aloa.*

Kullervo:

*En ole sukua suurta,
Enkä suurta enkä pientä,
Olen kerran keskimmäistä:
Kalervon katala poika,
Tuhma poika tuiretuinen,
Lapsi kehjo keiretyinen;
Vaan sano oma sukusi,
Oma rohkea rotusi,
Jos olet sukua suurta,
Isoa isän aloa!*

Sisar:

*En ole sukua suurta,
Enkä suurta enkä pientä,
Olen kerran keskimmäistä:
Kalervon katala tyttö,
Tyhjä tyttö tuiretuinen,
Lapsi kehjo keiretyinen.*

*Ennen lasna ollessani
Emon ehtoisen eloilla,
Läksin marjahan metsälle,
Alle vaaran vaapukkahan.
Poinin maalta mansikoita,
Alta vaaran vaapukoita
Poinin päivän, yön lepäsin.
Poinin päivän, poimen toisen:
Päivälläpä kolmannella
En tiennyt kotihin tietä:
Tiehyt metsähän veteli,
Ura saateli salolle.*

*Siinä istuin, jotta itkin,
Itkin päivän, jotta toisen;
Päivänäpä kolmantena
Nousin suurelle mäelle,*

Stockings too, all gold-embroidered,
Girdles all adorned with silver.

Soon the fabrics turned her dizzy,
To a bride the money changed her,
And the silver it destroyed her,
And the shining gold deluded.

Sister:

Tell me now of your relations,
What the brave race that you spring from,
From a mighty race it seems me,
Offspring of a mighty father.

Kullervo:

No, my race is not a great one,
not a great one, not a small one,
I am just of middle station,
Kalervo's unhappy offspring,
Stupid boy, and very foolish,
Worthless child, and good for nothing.
Tell me now about your people,
And the brave race that you spring from,
Perhaps from a mighty race descended,
Offspring of a mighty father.

Sister:

No, my race is not a great one,
Not a great one, not a small one,
I am just of middle station,
Kalervo's unhappy daughter,
Stupid girl, and very foolish,
Worthless child, and good for nothing

When I was a little infant,
Living with my tender mother,
To the wood I went for berries,
Neath the mountain sought for raspberries,
On the plains I gathered strawberries,
Underneath the mountain, raspberries,
Plucked by day, at night I rested,
Plucked for one day and a second,
And upon the third day likewise,
But the pathway home I found not,
In the woods the pathways led me,
And the footpaths to the forest.

There I stood, and burst out weeping,
Wept for one day, and a second,
And at length upon the third day,
Then I climbed a mighty mountain,

Korkealle kukkulalle.
Tuossa huusin, hoilaelin.
Salot vastahan saneli,
Kankabat kajahtelivat:
"Elä huua, hullu tyttö,
Elä mieletöin, melua!
Ei se kuulu kumminkana,
Ei kuulukotihin huuto!"

Päivän päästä kolmen, neljän,
Viien, kuuen viimeistäki
Kohenihin kuolemahan,
Heitihin katoamahan,
Enkä kuollut kuitenkana,
En mä kalkinen kaon nut!

Oisin kuollut, kuria raukka,
Oisin katken nut, katala,
Äsken tuossa toisna vuonna,
Kohta kolmanna kesänä
Oisin heinänä helynmyt,
Kukostellut kukkapäänä,
Maassa marjana hyvänä,
Punaisena puolukkana,
Nämät kummat kuulematta,
Haikeat havaitse matta.

Kullervo:

Voi, poloinen, päiviäni,
Voipa, kurja, kummiani,
Voi kun pi'in sisarueni,
Turmelin emoni tuoman!
Voi isoni, voi emoni,
Voi on valtavanhempani!
Minnekä minua loitte
Kunne kannoitte katalan?
Parempi olisin ollut
Syntymättä, kasvamatta,
Ihmahan sikeämättä,
Maalle tälle täytymättä.
Eikä surma suonin tehnyt,
Tauti oike'in osannut,
Kun ei tappanut minua,
Kaottanut kaksiöisnä.

V. Kullervon kuolema

Kuoro:

Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Otti koiransa keralle,
Läksi tietä telkkimähän,
Korpehen kohoamahan,
Kävi matkoa vähäisen,
Astui tietä pikkaraisen;
Tuli tuolle saarekselle,
Tuolle paikalle tapahtui,

To the peak of all the highest,
On the peak I called and shouted,
And the woods made answer to me,
While the heaths re-echoed likewise:
"Do not call, O girl so senseless,
Shout not, void of understanding,
There is no one who can hear you,
None at home to hear your shouting."

Then upon the third and fourth days,
Lastly on the fifth and sixth days,
I to take my life attempted,
Tried to hurl me to destruction,
But by no means did I perish,
Nor could I, the wretched, perish.

Would that I, poor wretch, had perished,
Hapless one, had met destruction,
That the second year thereafter,
Or the third among the summers,
I had shone forth as a grass-blade,
As a lovely flower existed,
On the ground a beauteous berry,
Even as a scarlet cranberry,
Then I had not heard these horrors,
Would not then have known these terrors.

Kullervo:

Woe my day, O me unhappy,
Woe to me and all my household,
For indeed my very sister,
I my mother's child have outraged!
Woe my father, woe my mother,
Woe to you, my aged parents,
To what purpose have you reared me,
Reared me up to be so wretched!
Far more happy were my fortune,
Had I ne'er been born or nurtured,
Never in the air been strengthened,
Never in this world had entered,
Wrongly I by death was treated,
Nor disease has acted wisely,
That they did not fall upon me,
And when two nights old destroy me.

V. Kullervo's Death

Chorus:

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
At his side the black dog taking,
Tracked his path through trees to forest,
Where the forest rose the thickest.
But a short way had he wandered,
But a little way walked onward,
When he reached the stretch of forest,
Recognized the spot before him,

*Kuss'oli piian pillannunna,
Turmellut emonsa tuoman.*

*Siin'itki ihana nurmi,
Aho armahin valitti,
Nuoret heinät helliteli,
Kuikutti kukat kanervan
Tuota piian pillamusta,
Emon tuoman turmelusta.*

*Eikä moussut nuori heinä,
Kasvanut kanervan kukka,
Ylennyt sialla sillä,
Tuolla paikalla paballa,
Kuss'oli piian pillannunna,
Emon tuoman turmellunna.*

*Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Tempasi terävän miekan,
Katsellevi, kääntelevi,
Kyselevi, tietelevi,
Kysyi mieltä miekaltansa,
Tokko tuon tekisi mieli
Syoä syylistä lihoa,
Viallista verta juoa.*

*Miekka mietti miehen mielen,
Arvasi uron pakinan,
Vastasi sanalla tuolla:
"Miks'en söisi mielelläni,
Söisi syylistä lihoa,
Viallista verta joisi?
Syön lihoa syyttömänki,
Juon verta viattomanki."*

*Kullervo, Kalervon poika,
Sinisukka äijön lapsi,
Pään on peltohon sysäsi,
Perän painoi kankahasen,
Kären käänti rintahansa,
Itse iskihe kärele.
Siihen surmansa sukesi,
Kuolemansa kohtaeli.*

*Se oli surma nuoren miehen,
Kuolo Kullervo urohon,
Loppu ainaki urosta,
Kuolema kovaosaista.*

Where he had seduced the maiden,
And his mother's child dishonored.

There the tender grass was weeping,
And the lovely spot lamenting,
And the young grass was deploring,
And the flowers of heath were grieving,
For the ruin of the maiden,
For the mother's child's destruction.

Neither was the young grass sprouting
Nor the flowers of heath expanding,
Nor the spot had covered over,
Where the evil thing had happened,
Where he had seduced the maiden,
And his mother's child dishonored.

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
Grasped the sharpened sword he carried,
Looked upon the sword and turned it,
And he questioned it and asked it.
And he asked the sword's opinion,
If it was disposed to slay him,
To devour his guilty body,
And his evil blood to swallow.

Understood the sword his meaning,
Understood the hero's question,
And it answered him as follows:
"Wherefore at my heart's desire,
Should I not thy flesh devour,
And drink up thy blood so evil,
I who guiltless flesh have eaten,
Drank the blood of those who sinned not?"

Kullervo, Kalervo's offspring,
With the very bluest stockings,
On the ground the haft set firmly,
On the heath the hilt pressed tightly,
Turned the point against his bosom,
And upon the point he threw him,
Thus he found the death he sought for,
Cast himself into destruction.

Even so the young man perished,
Thus died Kullervo the hero,
Thus the hero's life was ended,
Perished thus the hapless hero.