MORTEN GAATHAUG

THE LOVE THAT IS HEREAFTER

(Tekst: Walt Whitman)

for

blandet kor (SATB) og strykeorkester

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The Love that is Hereafter

for

Mixed choir (SATB) and strings

Partitur

Op. 37

1989 (rev. 2010)

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Walt Whitman: The Love that is Hereafter (Kjærligheten i det hinsidige)

(Ungdomsdikt. Først trykt i avisen "The Long Island Democrat" 19. mai 1840)

O, beauteous is the earth! and fair
The splendors of Creation are:
Nature's green robe, the shining sky,
The winds that through the tree-tops sigh,
All speak a bounteous God.

The noble trees, the sweet young flowers,
The birds that sing in forest bowers,
The rivers grand that murmuring roll,
And all which joys or calms the soul
Are made by gracious might.

The flocks and droves happy and free,
The dwellers of the boundless sea,
Each living thing on air or land,
Created by our Master's hand,
Is formed for joy and peace.

But man—weak, proud, and erring man,
Of truth ashamed, of folly vain—
Seems singled out to know no rest
And of all things that move, feels least
The sweets of happiness.

Yet he it is whose little life
Is passed in useless, vexing strife,
And all the glorious earth to him
Is rendered dull, and poor, and dim,
From hope unsatisfied.

He faints with grief—he toils through care—
And from the cradle to the bier
He wearily plods on—till Death
Cuts short his transient, panting breath,
And sends him to his sleep.

O, mighty powers of Destiny!
When from this coil of flesh I'm free—
When through my second life I rove,
Let me but find one heart to love,
As I would wish to love:

Let me but meet a single breast,
Where this tired soul its hope may rest,
In never-dying faith: ah, then,
That would be bliss all free from pain,
And sickness of the heart.

For vainly through this world below
We seek affection. Nougth but wo
Is with our earthly journey wove;
And so the heart must look above,
Or die in dull despair.

Å, vakker er jorden! og skjønn
er Skaperverkets prakt:
Naturens grønne kappe, den lyse himmel,
De sukkende vinder i trærnes topp,
Alt røper en gavmild Gud.

De staute trær, de søte unge blomster,
Fuglene som synger i skogens løvverk,
De store elver som bruser avsted,
Og alt som gleder og roer sjelen
Er skapt av en nåderik kraft.

De glade og frie svermer og flokker,
De mange som bor i det bunnløse hav,
Hver levende ting i luft og på land,
Som vår Herres hånd har skapt,
Er dannet for glede og fred.

Men mennesket - svakt, stolt, og villfarent
Av sannhet flau, av dårskap kry -
Synes dømt til ikke å finne no'n ro
Og av alle de rørslige ting, føle minst
Den sødme som finnes i lykke.

Likevel er det ham hvis lille liv
leves i meningsløs, plagsom streben
Og hele den flotte jord er for ham
Å se på som blek, og fattig, og grå,
Uten håpets oppfyllelse.

Han svimler av vånde - strever med byrder
Og helt fra vuggen og til graven
Trasker han vaklende fram - til Døden
Slukker hans flyktige, gispende pust,
Og sender ham inn i sin søvn.

Å, mektige Skjebnemakter!
Når jeg er fri fra dette kjødets bånd -
Når jeg vandrer gjennom mitt neste liv,
La meg da finne et eneste hjerte å elske,
Slik som jeg ønsker å elske:

La meg da finne bare ett eneste bryst,
Hvor denne slitne sjel kan hvile sitt håp,
I udødelig troskap: Ah, da...
Det ville bli salighet helt fri for smerte,
Og kjærlighetens sorger.

For gjennom denne nedre verden søker
Vi fåfengt ømhet. Intet annet enn bekymring
Er vevet sammen med vår jordiske reise;
Derfor må da hjertet skue mot oven,
Eller dø i mørk fortvilelse.

Oversettelse: Morten Gaathaug

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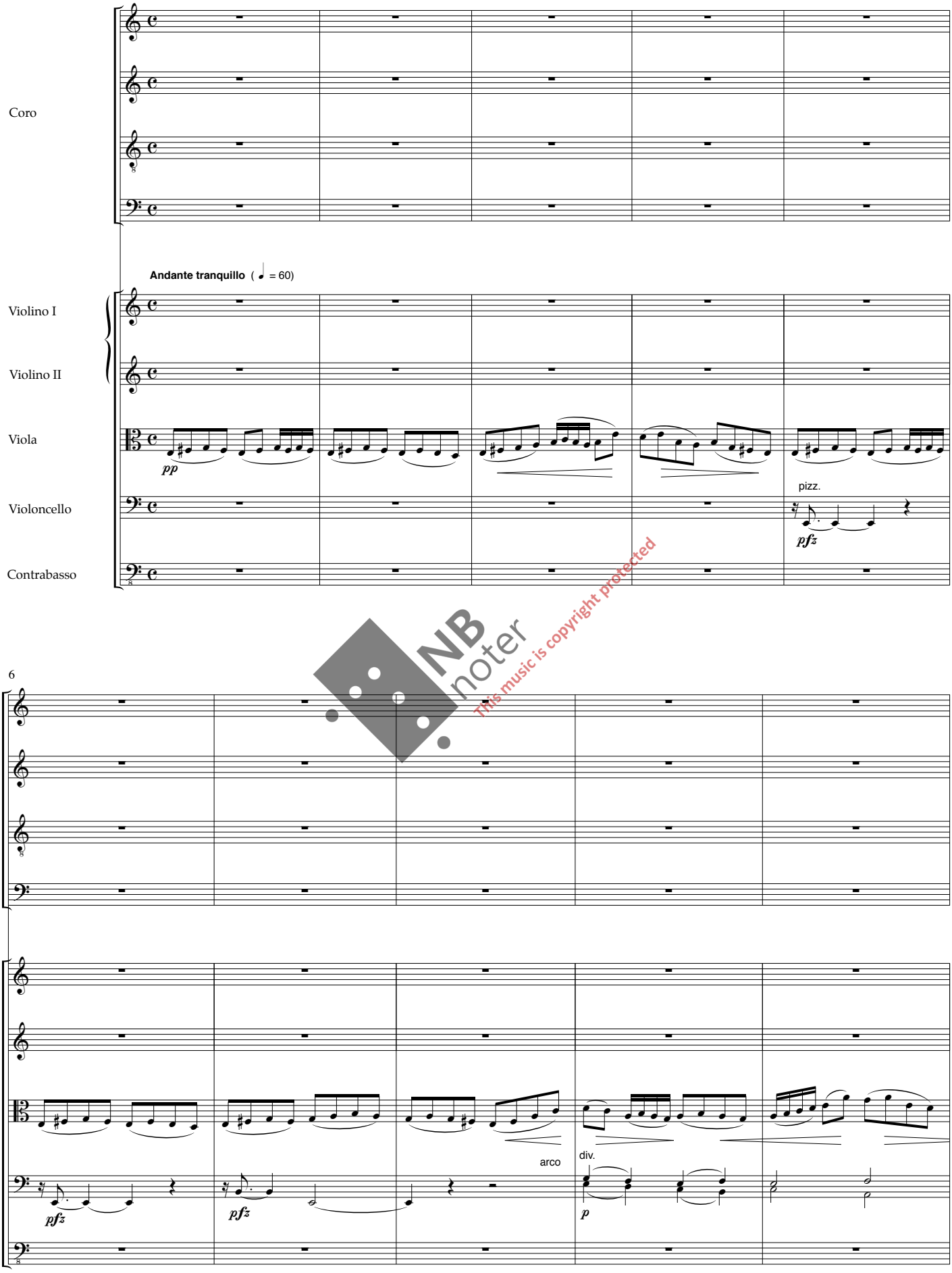
Durata ca. 10 min.

The Love That is Hereafter

(Walt Whitman)

Morten Gaathaug, 1989, rev. 2010



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11

div.

p

div.

p

unis.

div.

p

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16

f

2 soli

pp

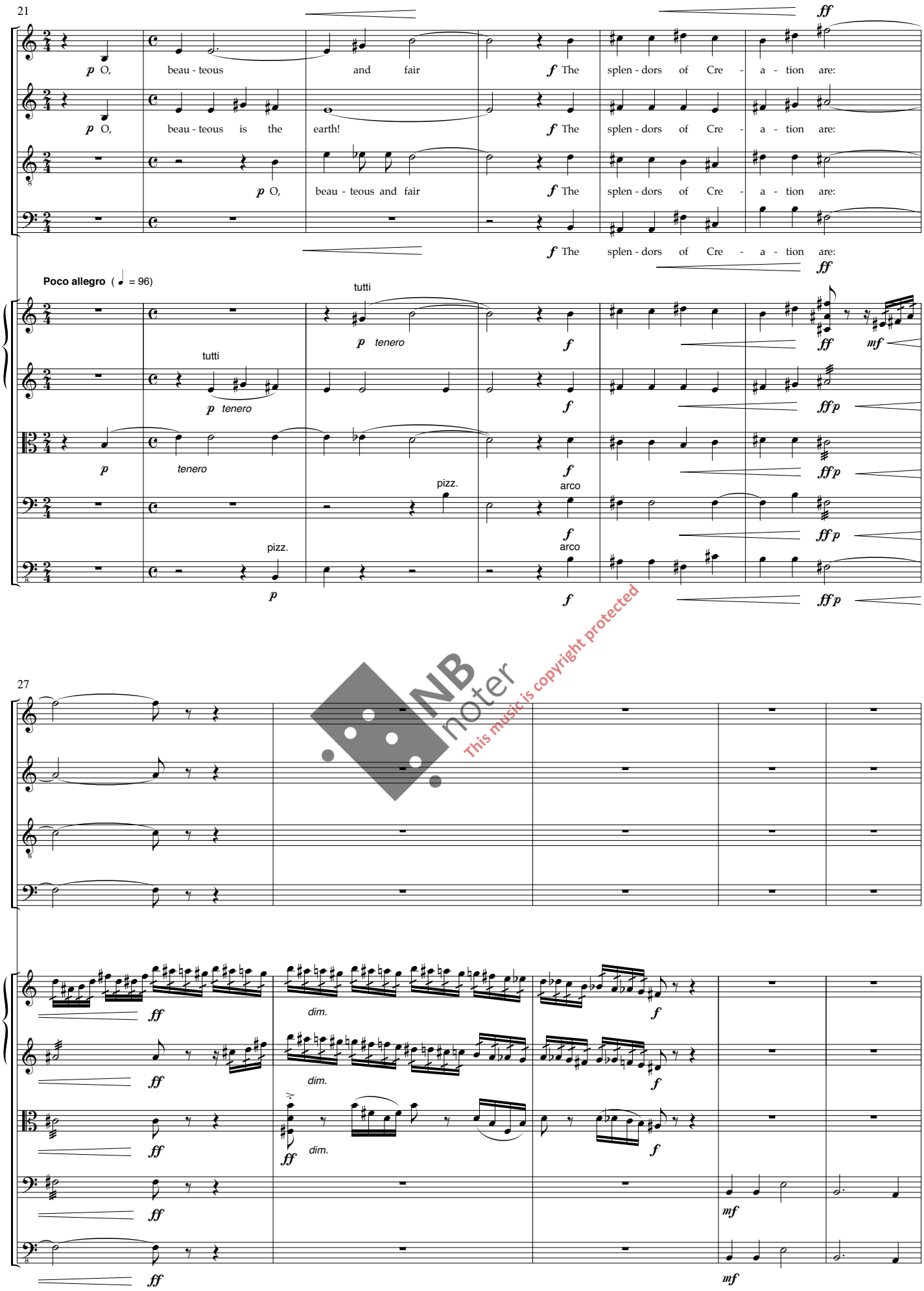
2 soli

pp

unis.

pizz.

mf



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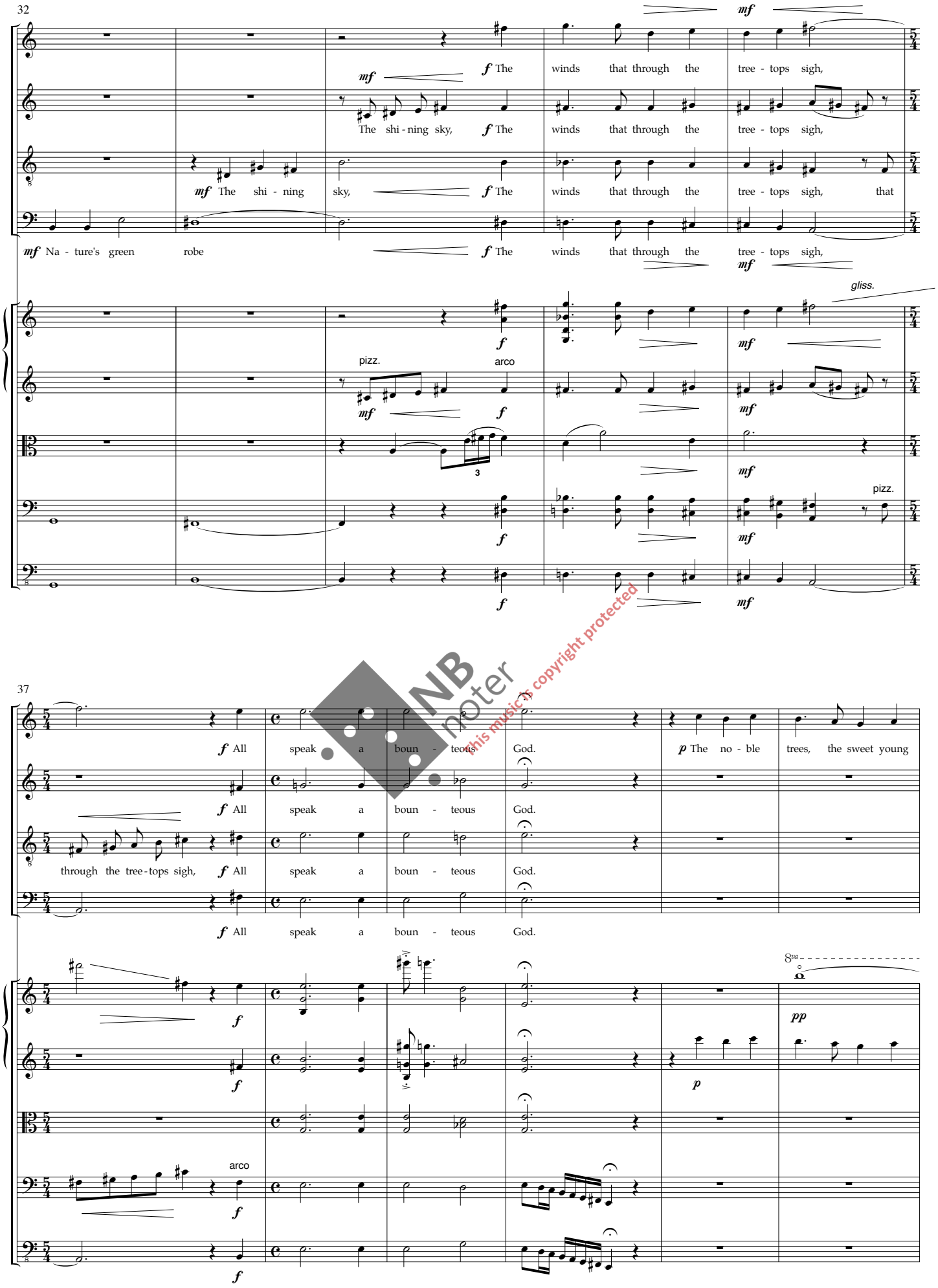

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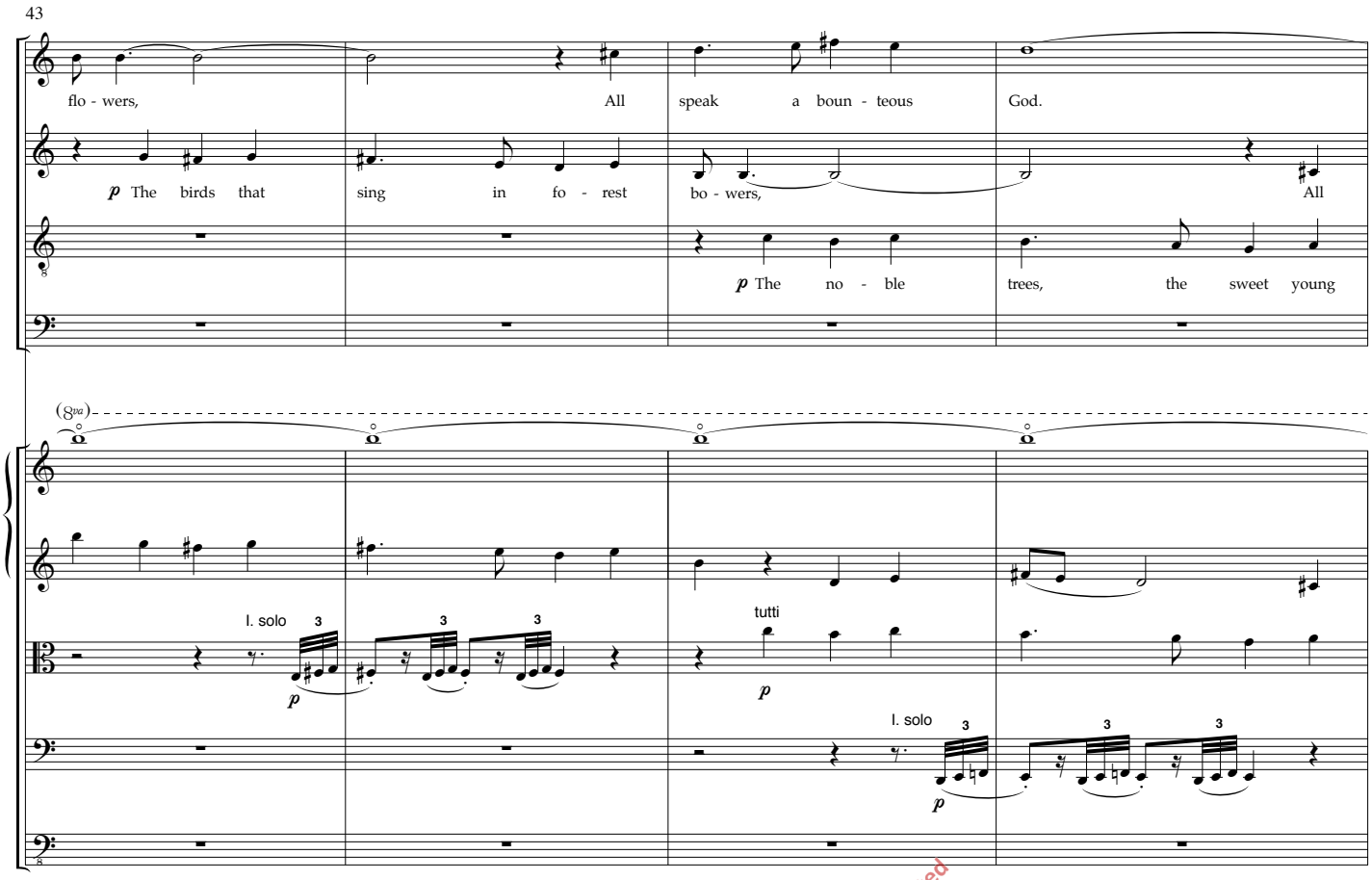

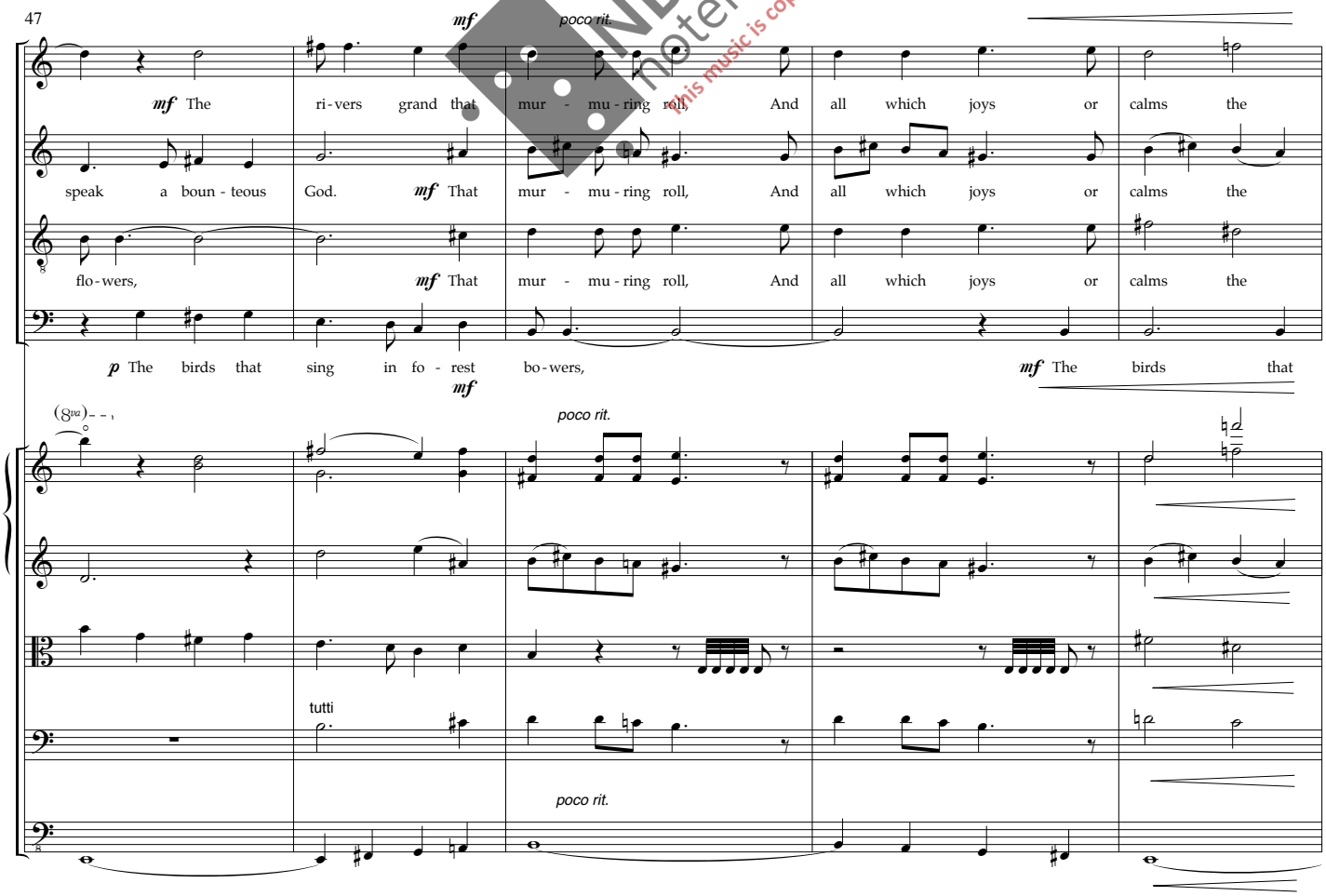

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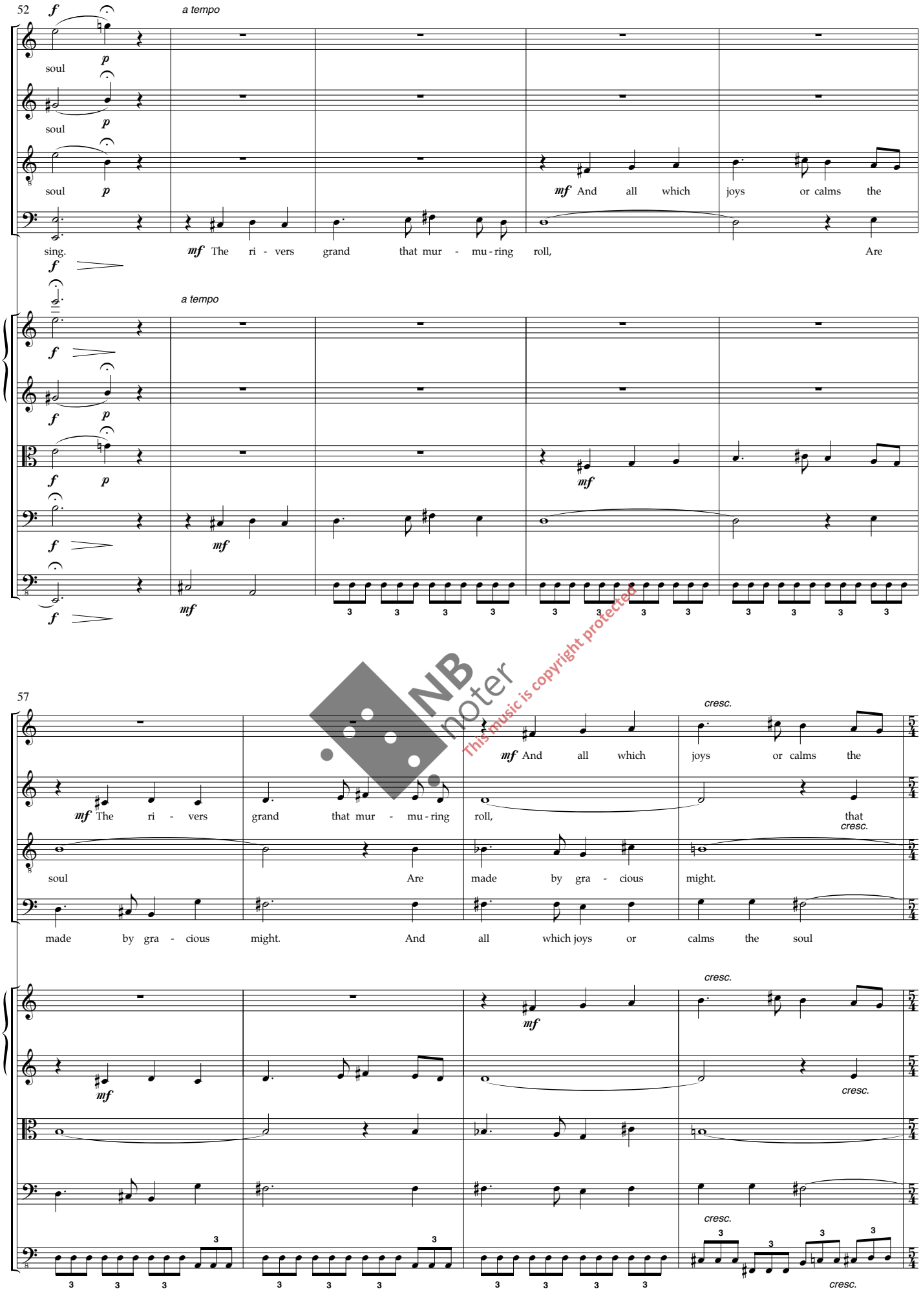

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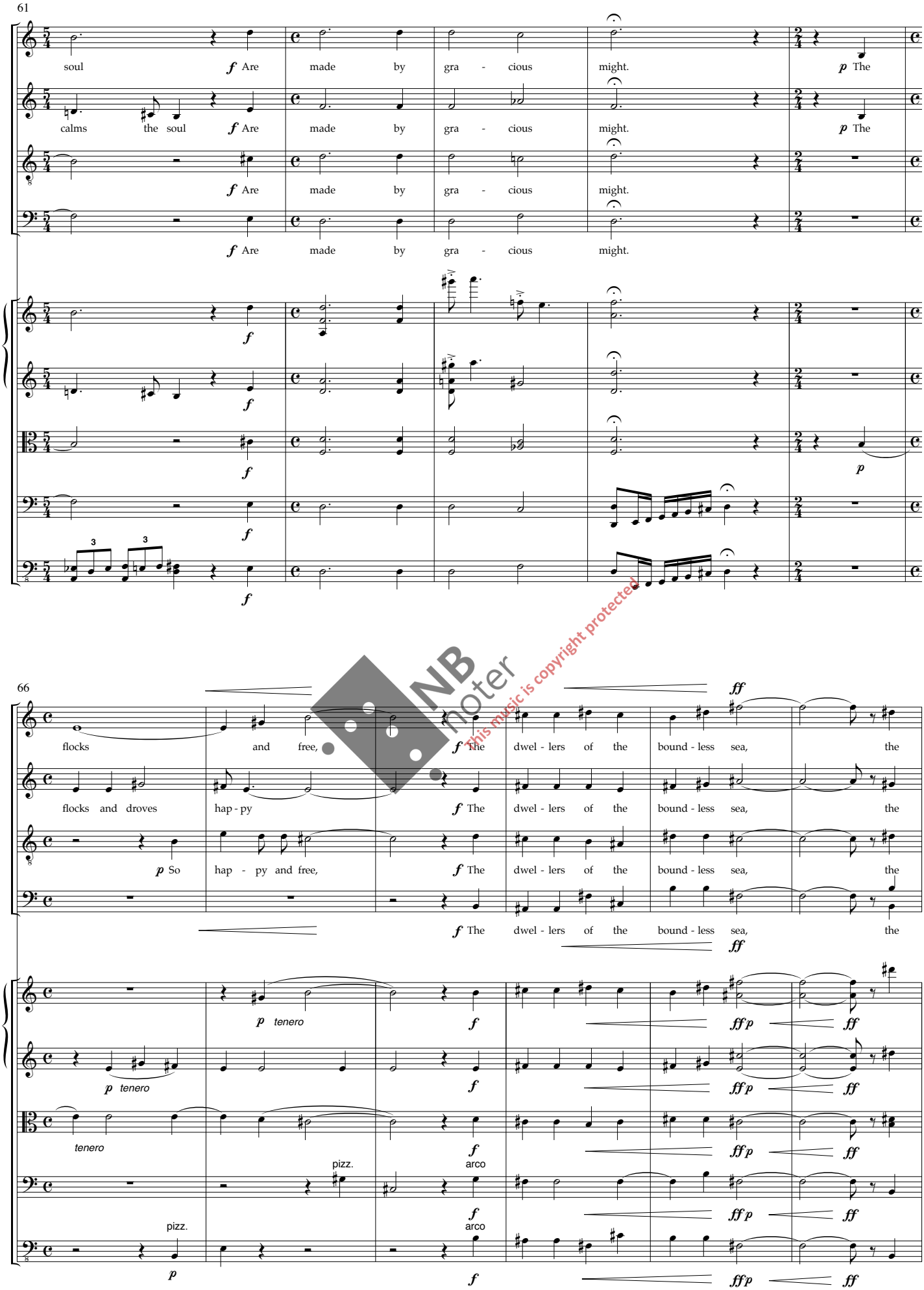

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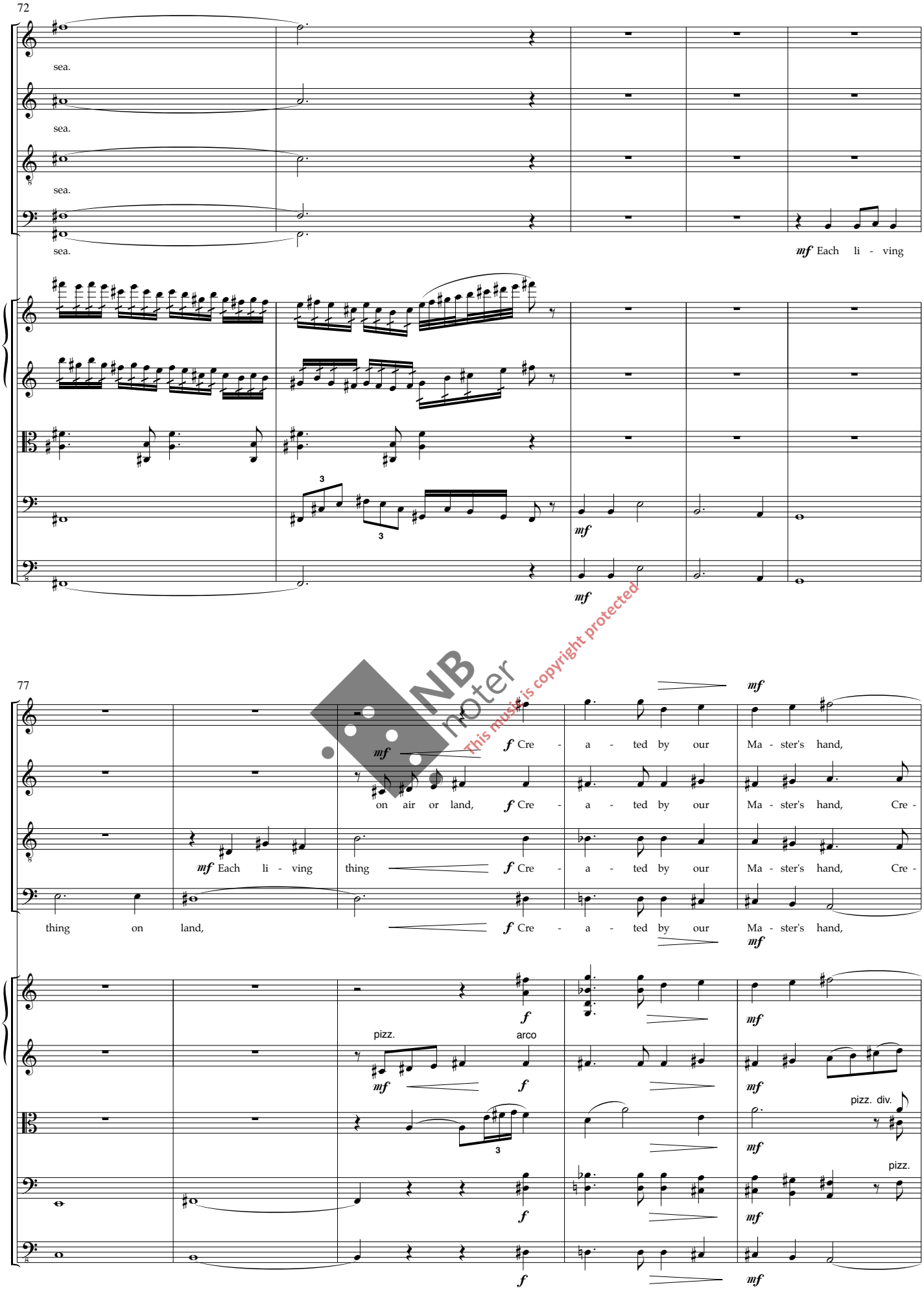

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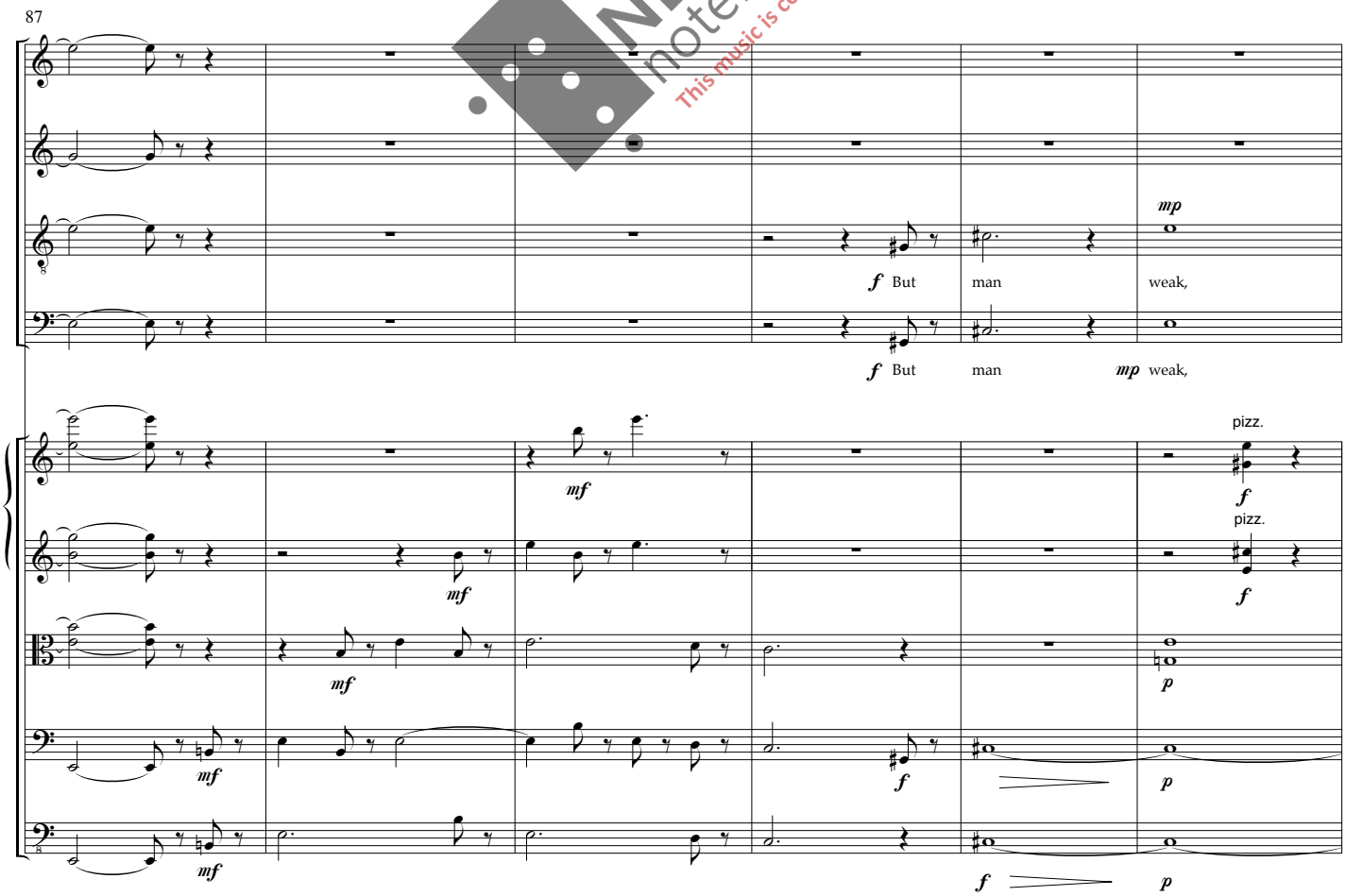

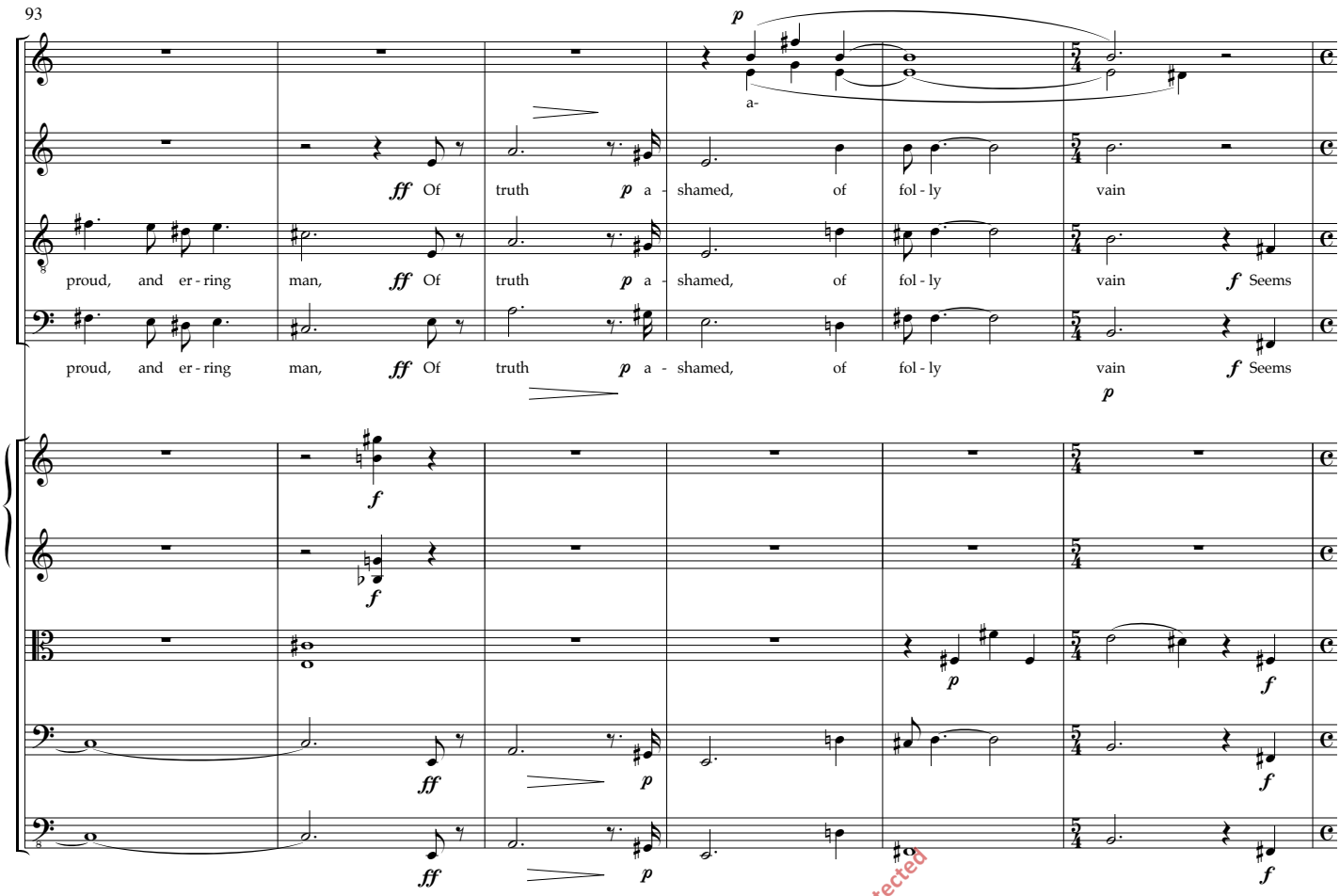

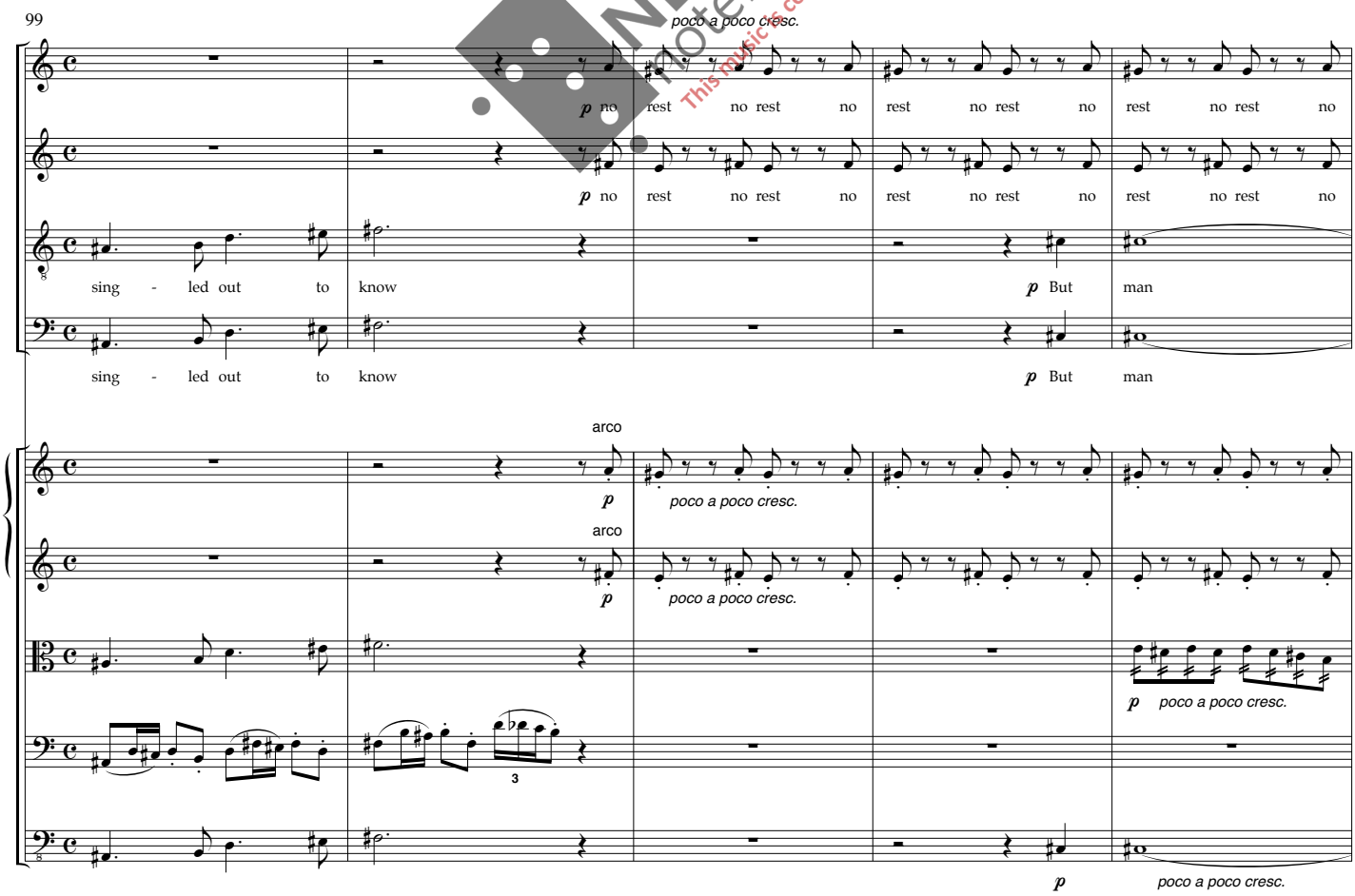

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104

rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no

rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no

seems sing - led out to know no rest Of truth a -

seems sing - led out to know no rest Of truth a -

mf *poco a poco cresc.*

109

ff

rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no

rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no rest no

shamed, of fol - ly vain. *ff* no rest no rest no

shamed, of fol - ly vain. *ff* no rest no rest no

ff

pizz.

ff

ff

pizz.

ff

ff

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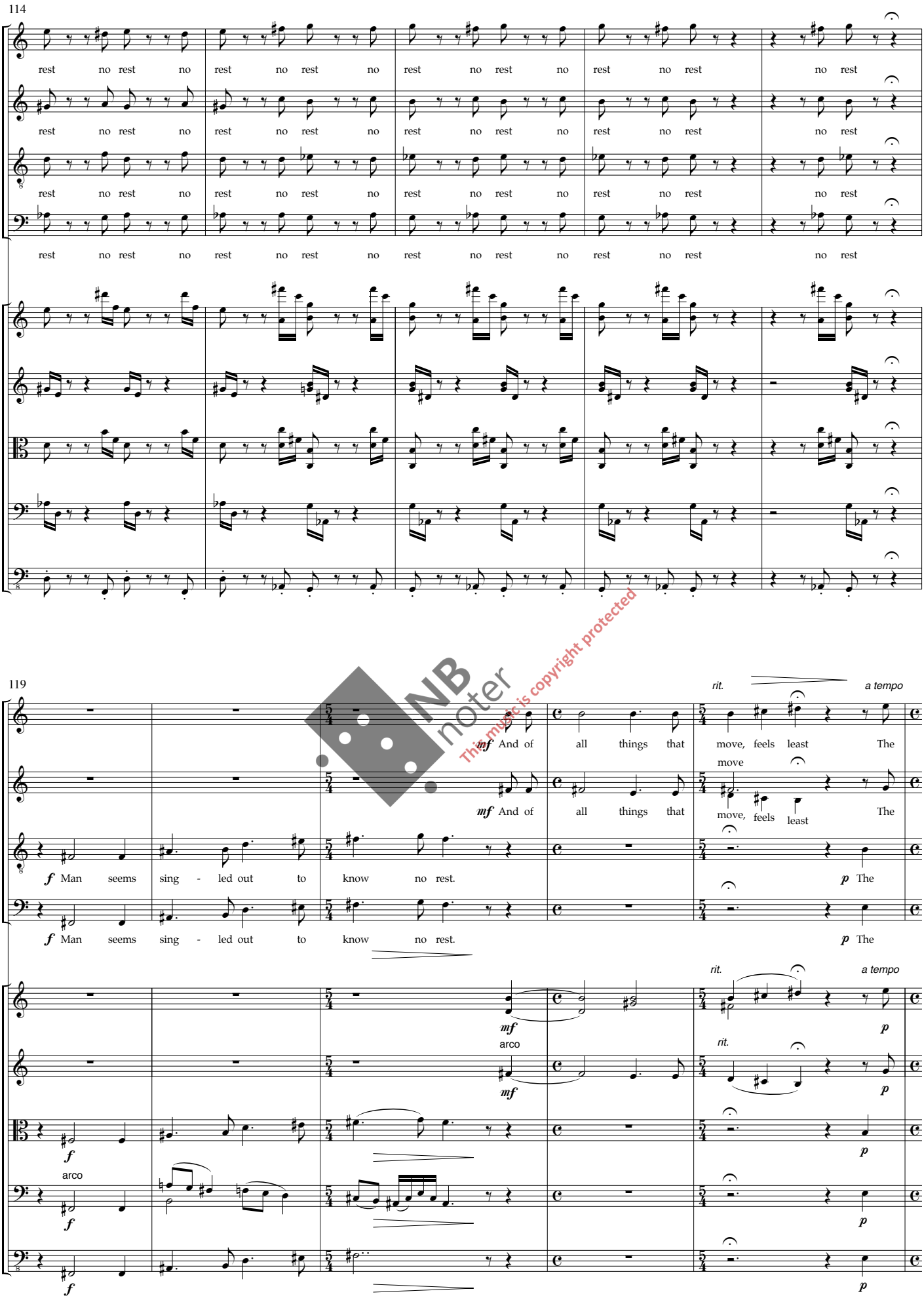

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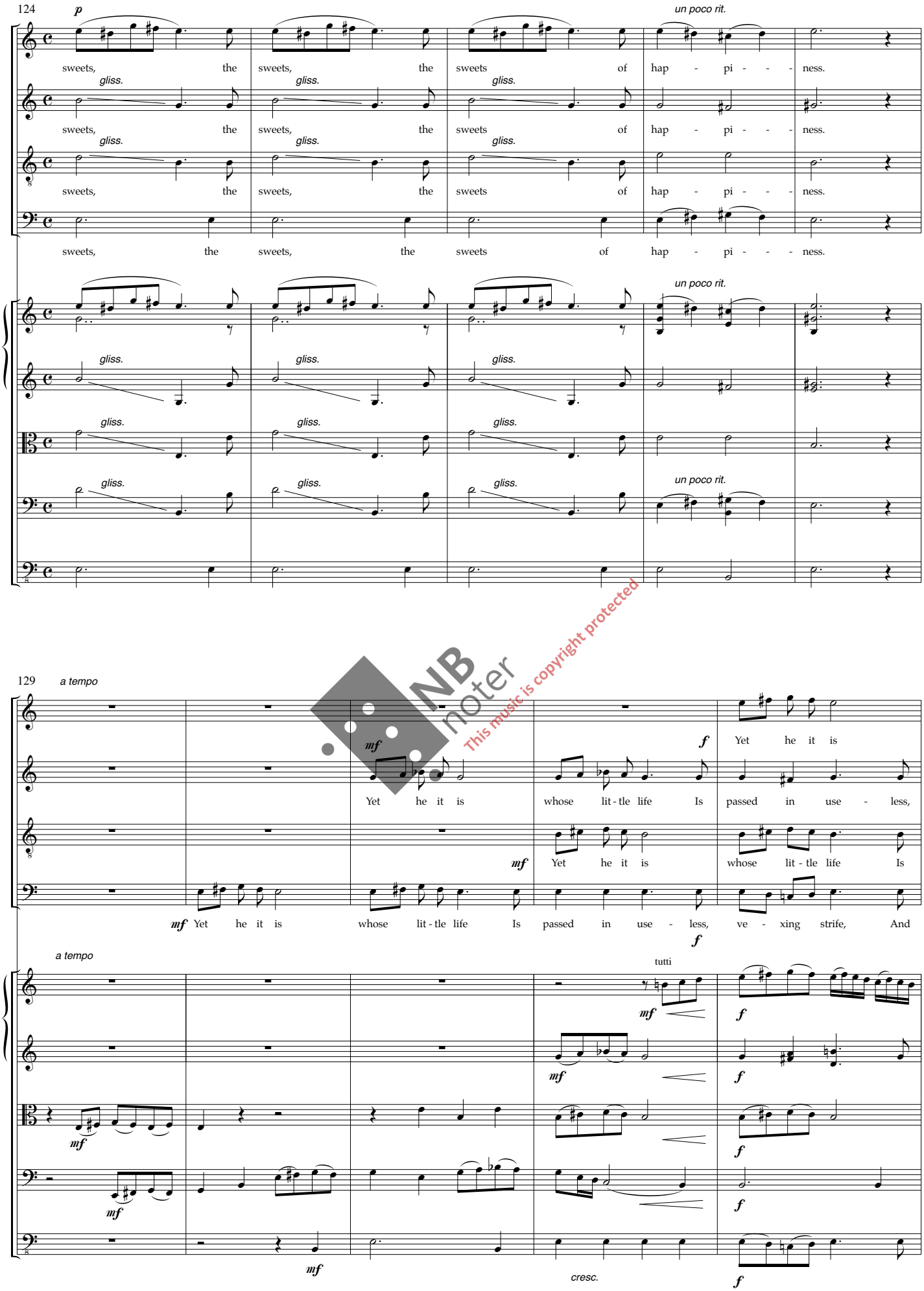

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134

whose lit - tle life Is ren - dered dull, and poor, and dim, From hope un - sa - tis - fied. He

ve - xing strife, And all the earth to him Is poor, From hope un - sa - tis - fied. He

passed in use - less vex - ing strife, And poor, and dim, un - sa - tis - fied. He

all the glo - rious earth to him Is poor, and dim, From hope un - sa - tis - fied. He

138

cresc.

stringendo

faints with grief he toils through care And from the crad - le to the bier He

faints, he faints with grief he toils through care And from the crad - le to the

faints, he faints with grief he toils through care And from the crad - le to the bier He

faints with grief he toils through care And from the crad - le to the bier He

cresc.

stringendo

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

pizz.

cresc.

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142

sostenuto ***ff***

wea - ri - ly plods on till Death Cuts short his tran - sient, pan - ting breath, And sends him to his sleep.

bier He wea - ri - ly plods on till Death Cuts short his tran - sient breath, And sends him to his sleep.

wea - ri - ly plods on till Death Cuts short his tran - sient, pan - ting breath, And ***ff*** sends him to his sleep.

plods, he wea - ri - ly plods on till Death Cuts short his breath, ***ff*** And sends him to his sleep.

ff

ff

ff

ff

arco

f

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146

ff O, migh - ty po - wers of

ff O, migh - ty po - wers of

ff O, migh - ty po - wers of

ff O, migh - ty po - wers of

Meno mosso, dramatico (♩ = 80)

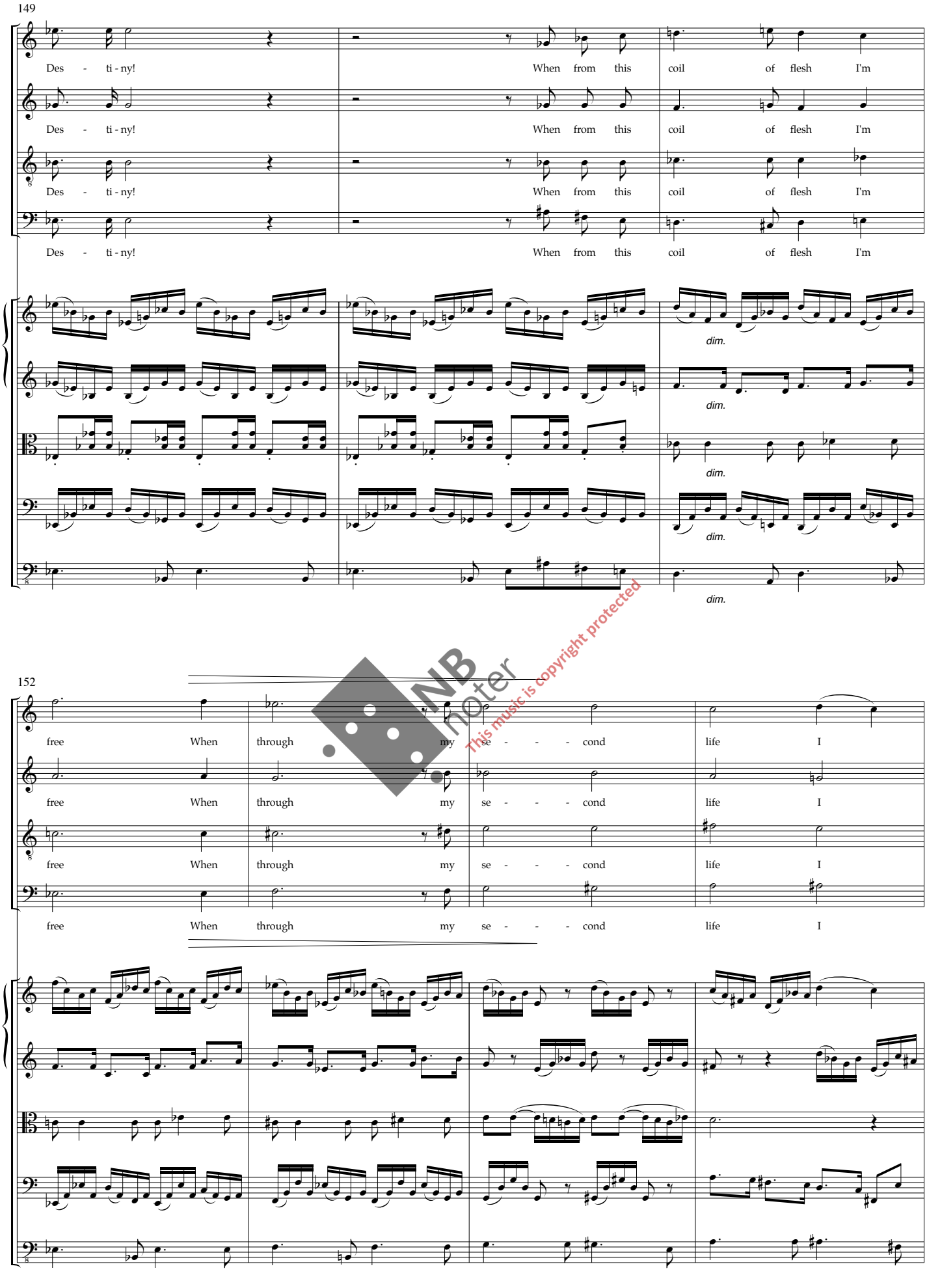
ff

ff

ff

ff

ff



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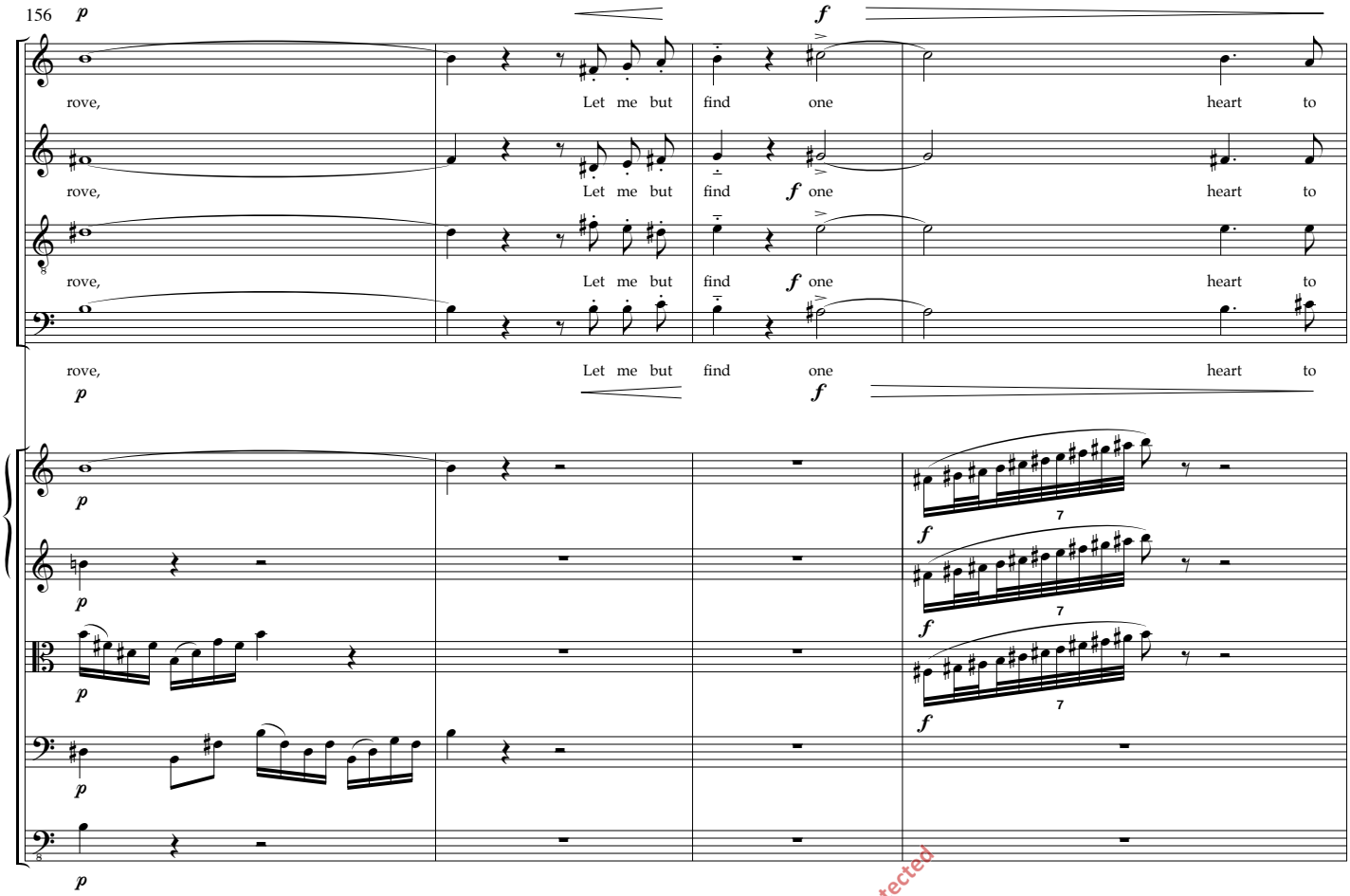

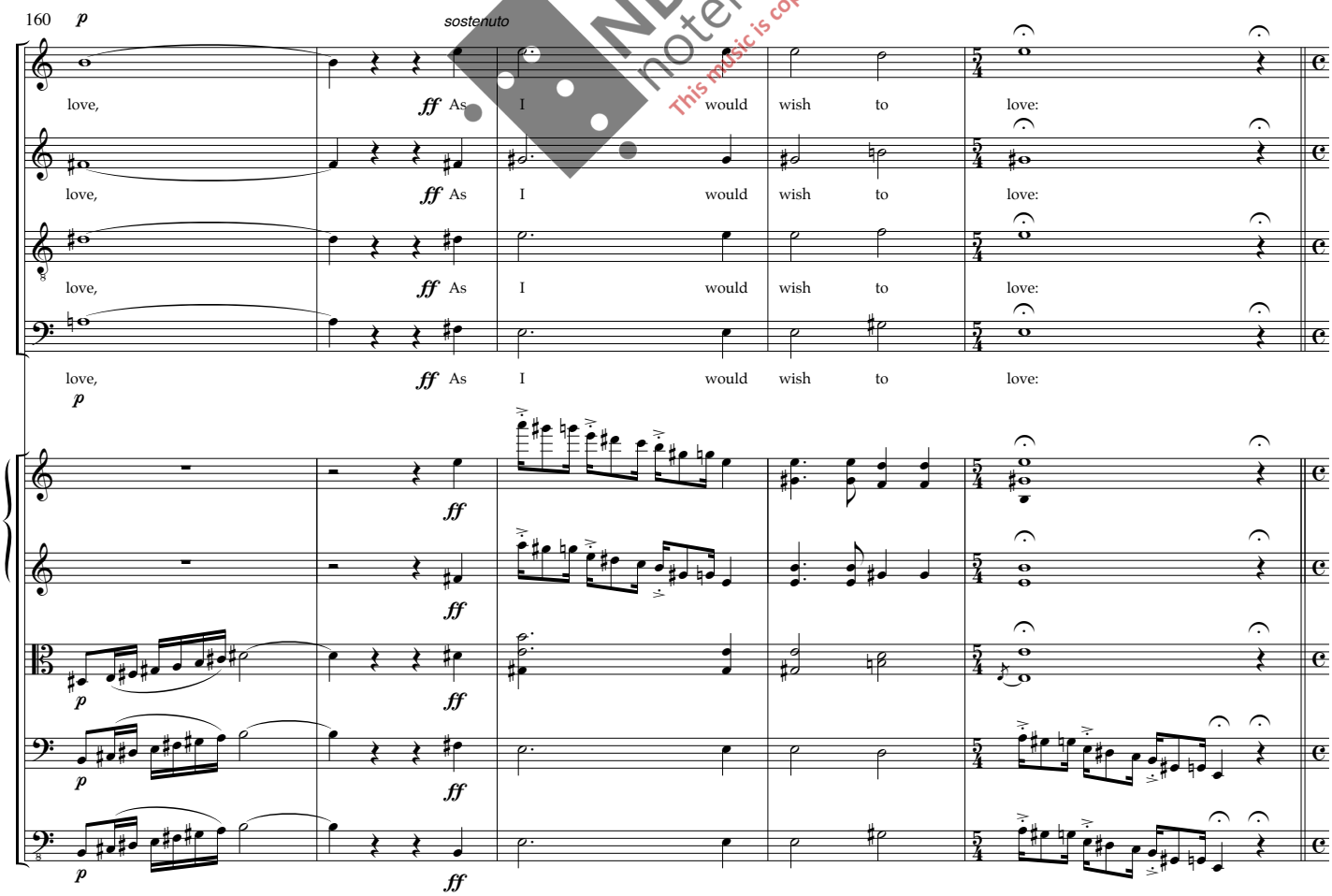

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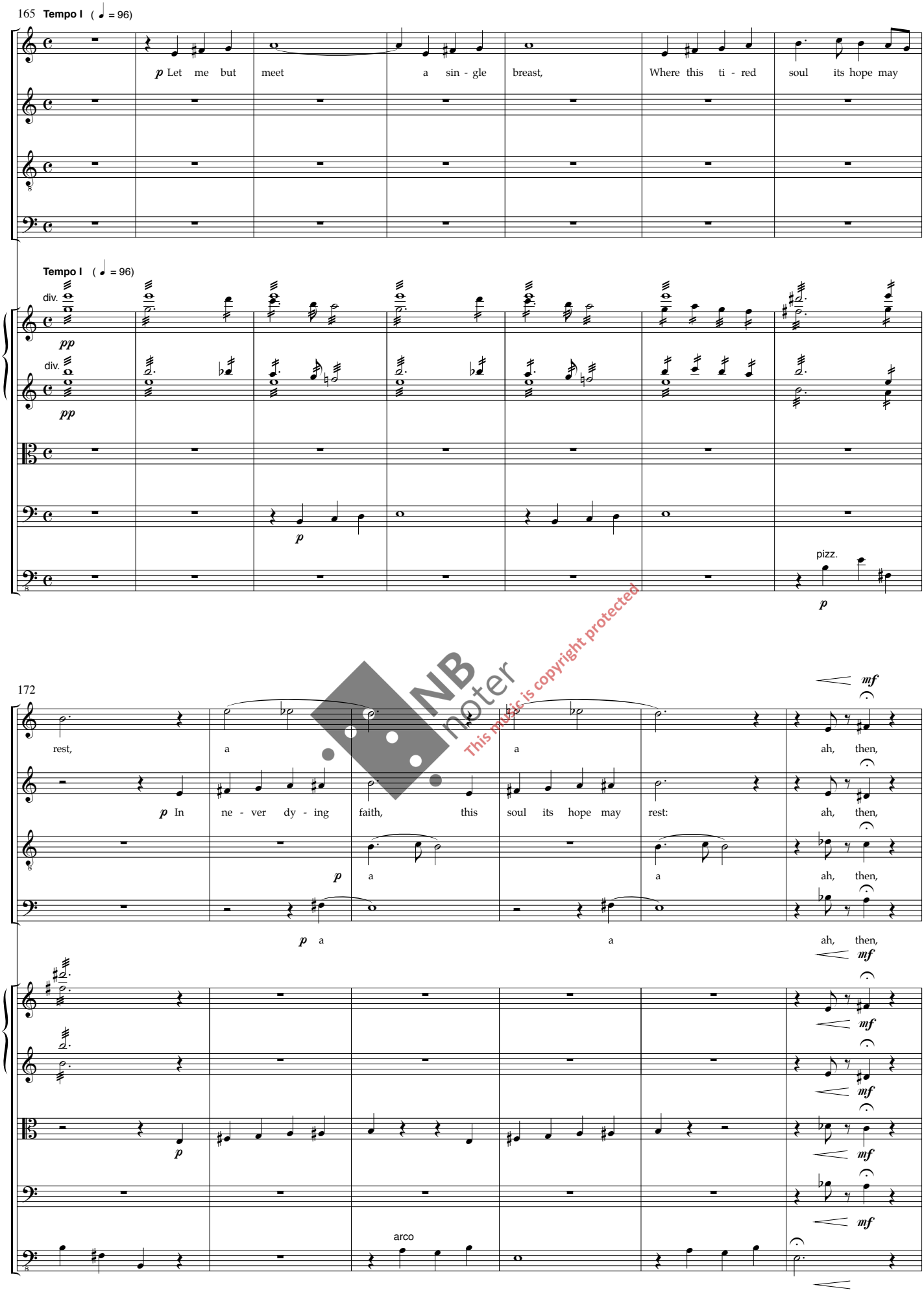

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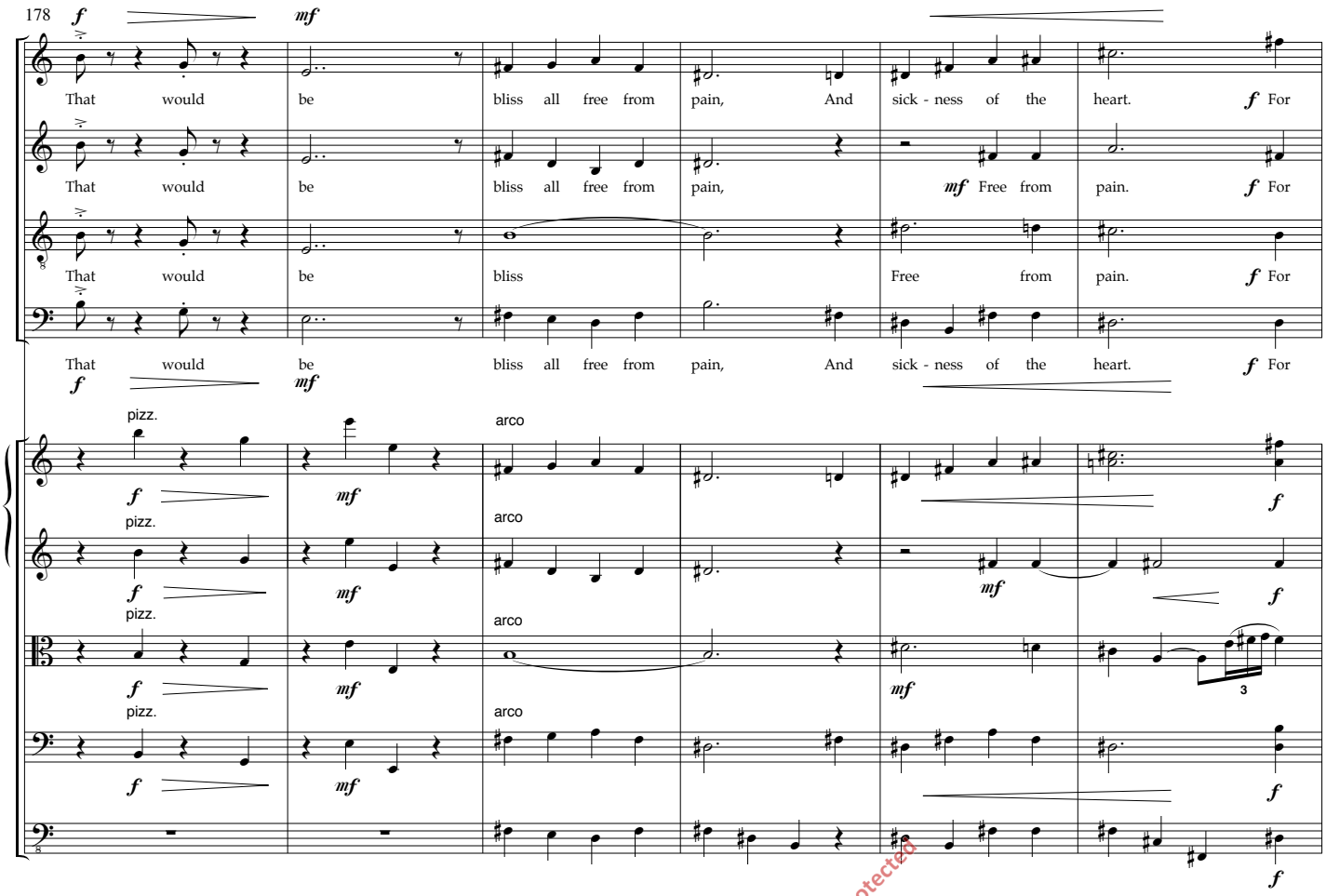

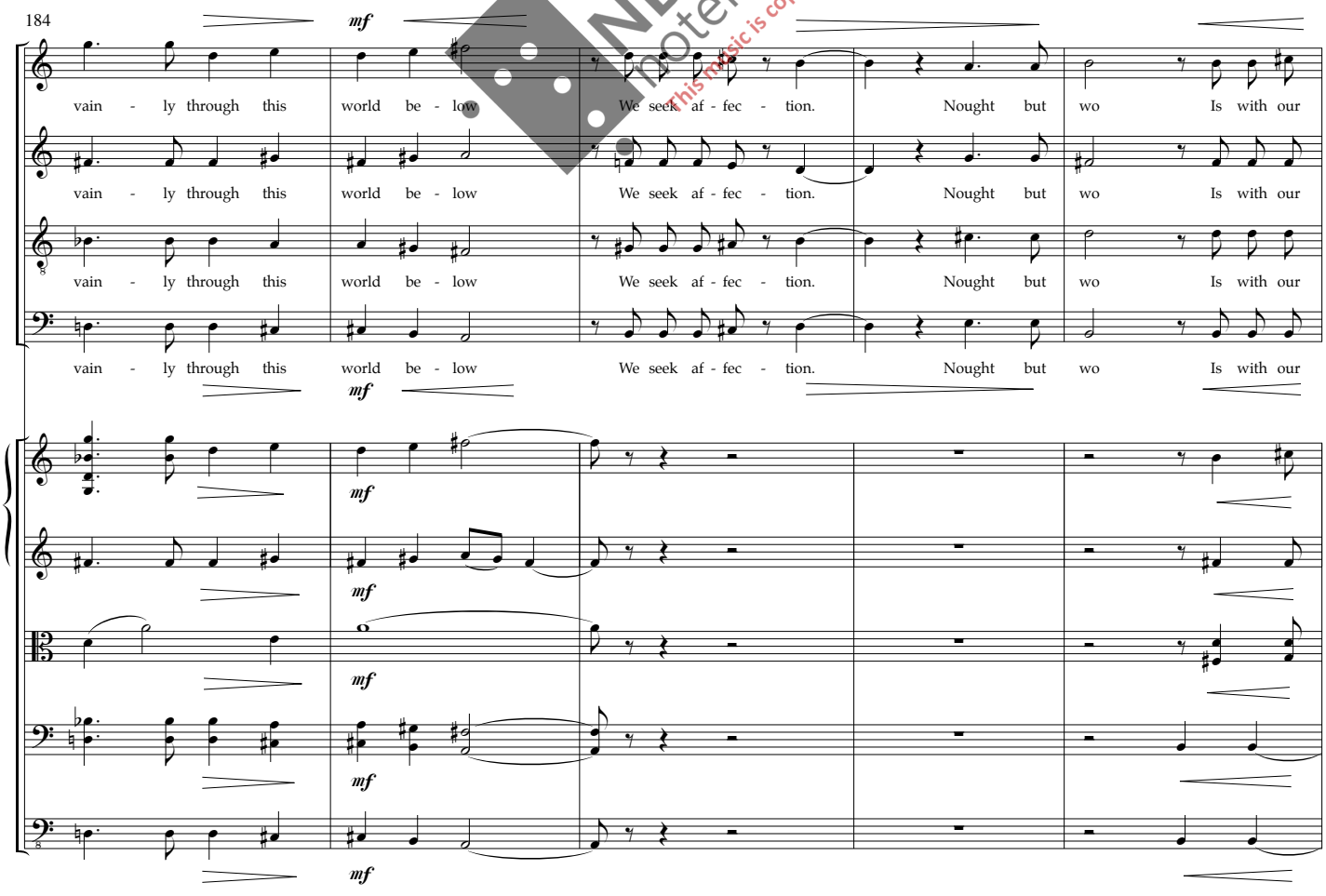

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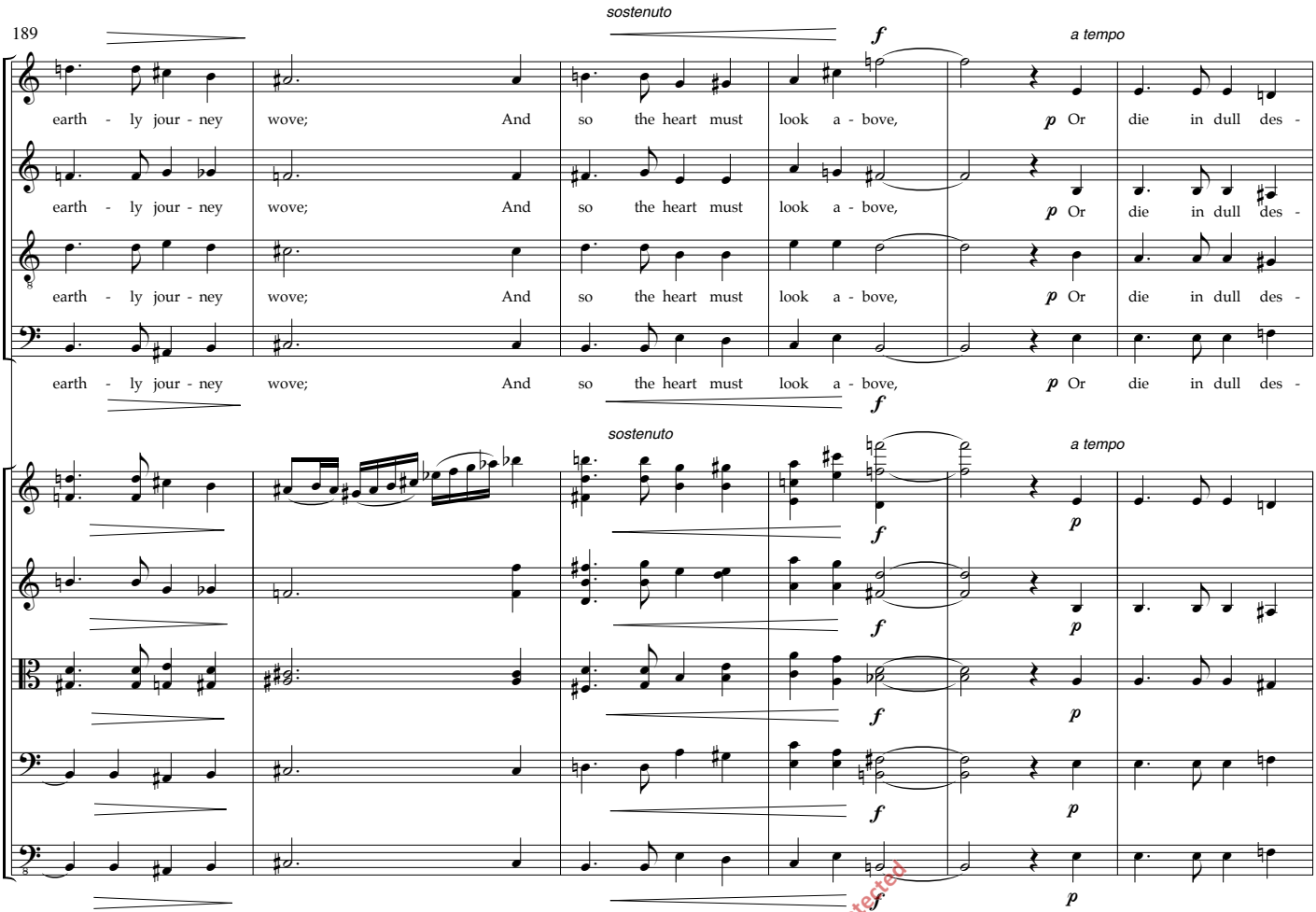

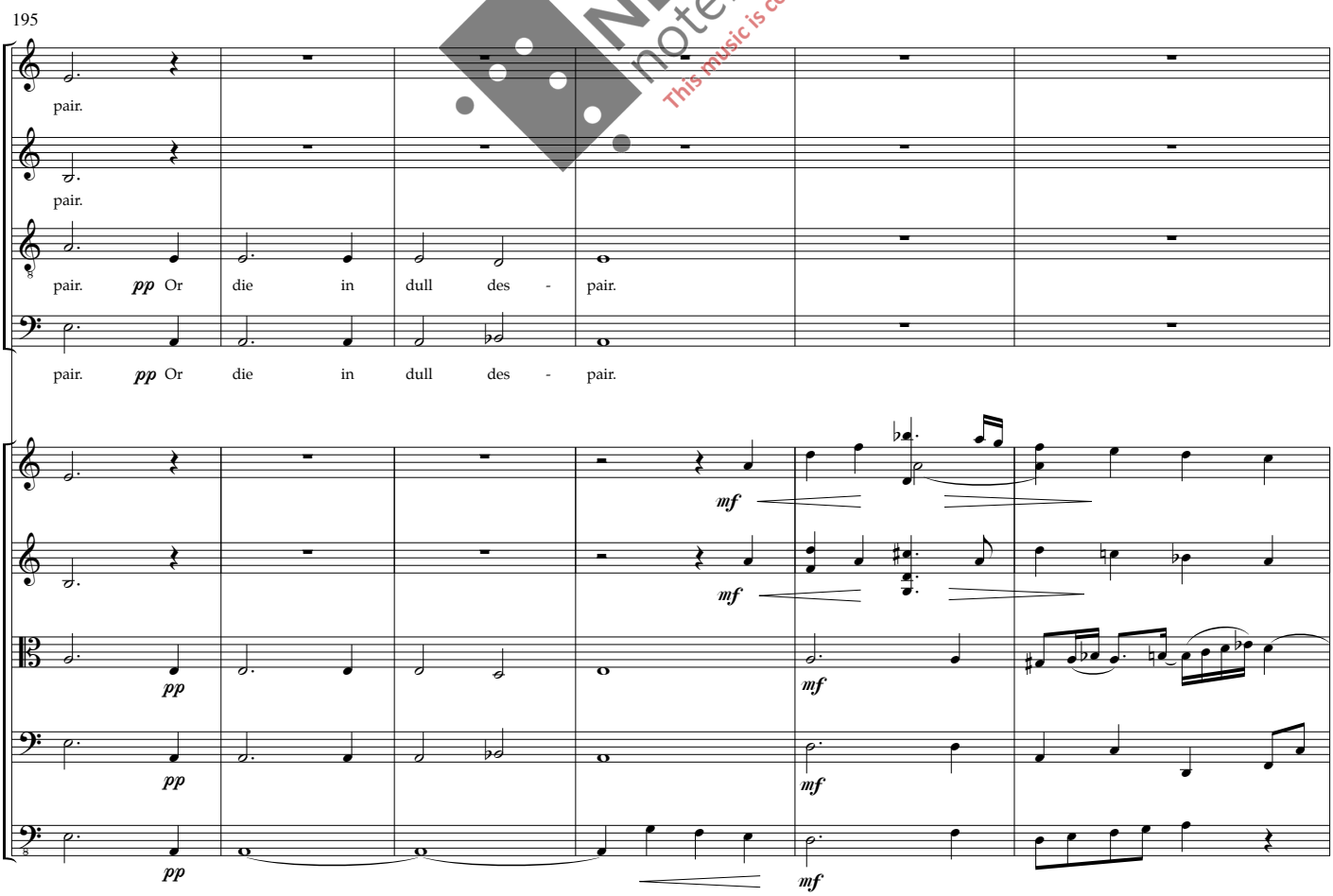

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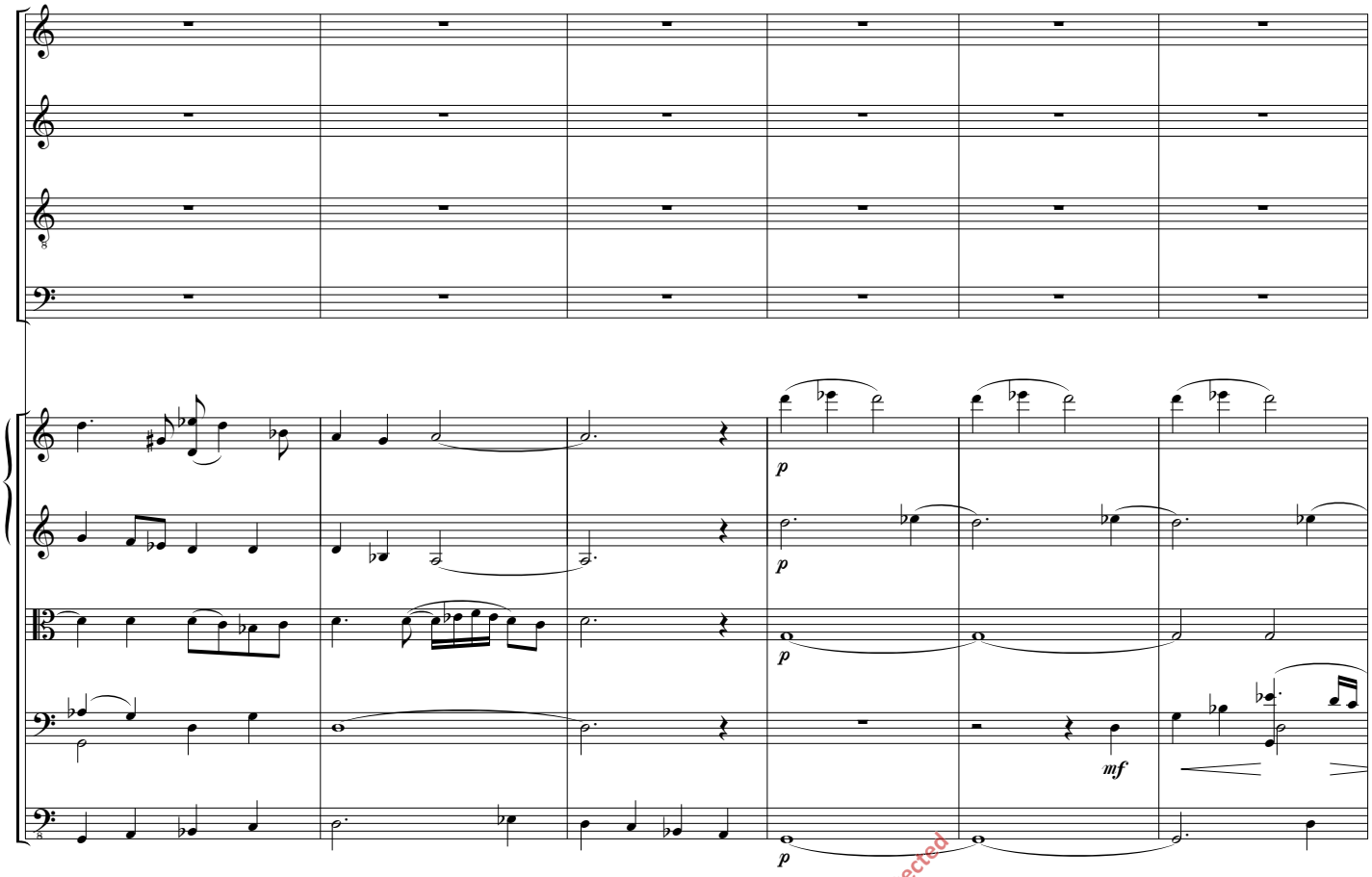

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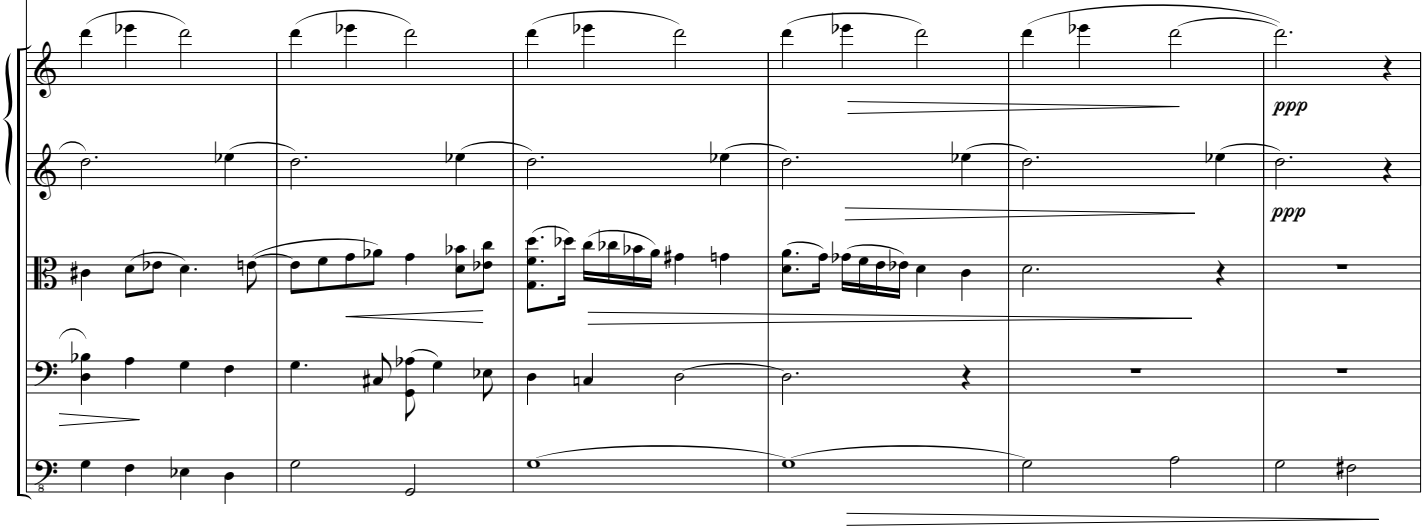

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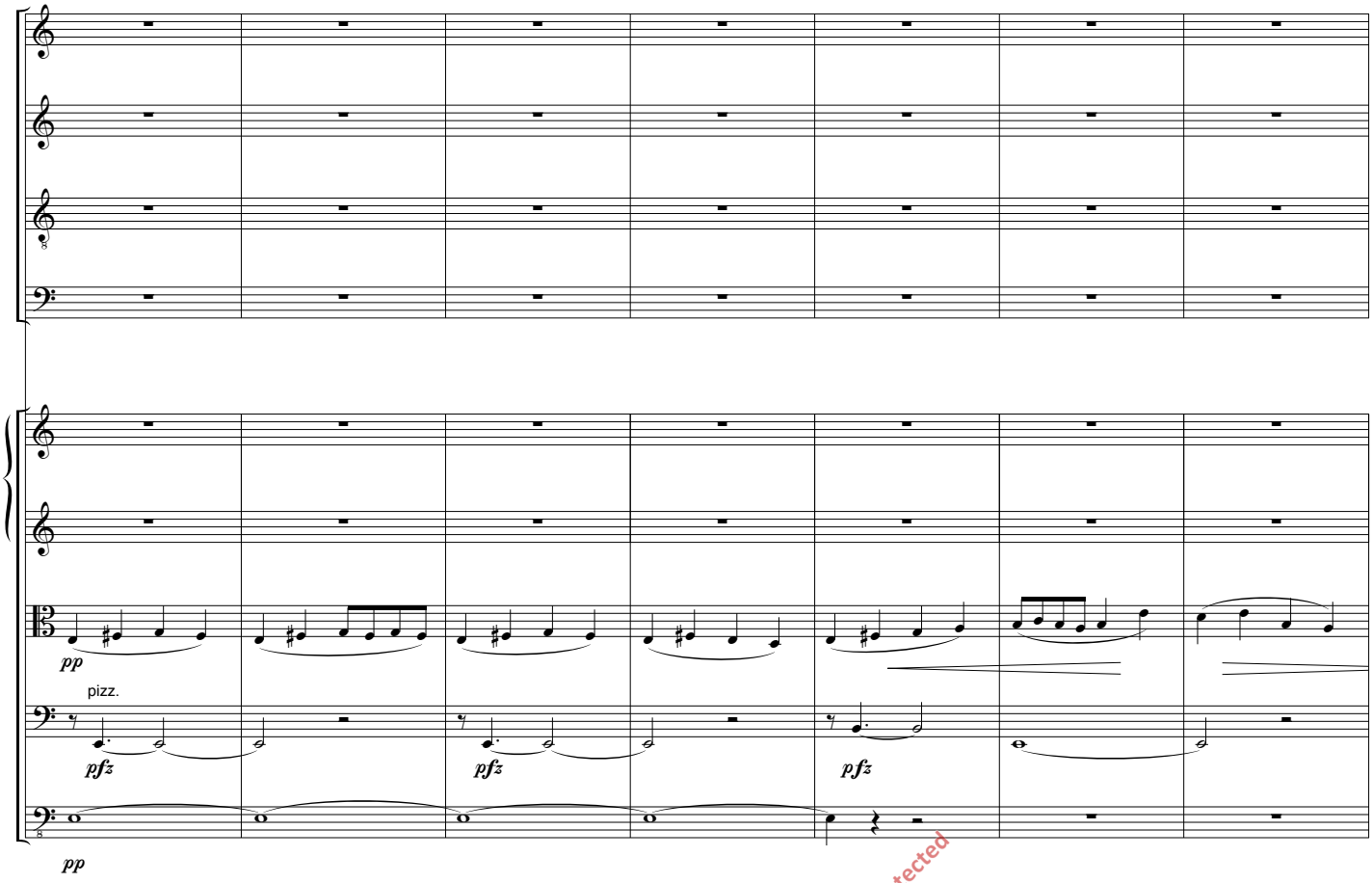

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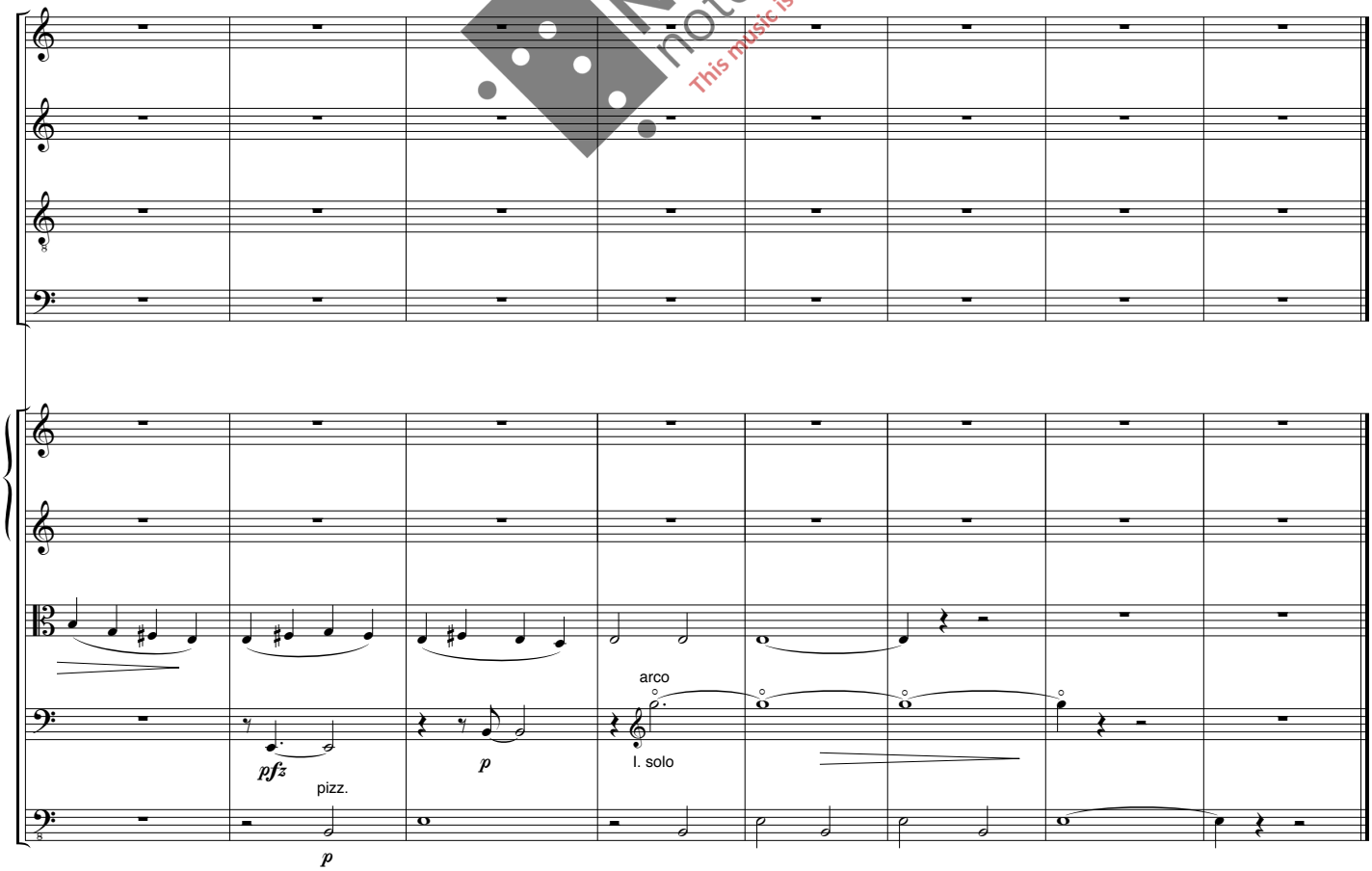
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