

ANTI MARGUSTE „SEE ON EESTI“

1. See on Eesti

2. See on Saaremaa

3. Peiuks sulle

1. Ma ukse sulle lahti teen kui tuled minu kambrisse
ja panen lina lauale
ja katan laua kahele kui tuled minu kambrisse.
Ah nii! Ah nii! Ah nii, ah nii!

2. Ma hakkan peiuks sinule kui tuled mõrsjaks minule,
siis aseme teen ülesse ja heidan sinu kõrvale
kui tuled mõrsjaks minule.
Kas nii? Kas nii? Kas nii, kas nii?

3. Kõik ilu siis saab sinule kui kuuluma jääd minule,
saab sinule saab minule saab kogu ilmarahvale
kui kuuluma jääd minule.
Vaata nii! Vaata nii! Vaata nii, vaata nii saad sa minule!

4. Isamaa, mu hellakene

1. Kaunis on mu kallikene, kaunim veel kui kellelgi,
nägus on mu neiukene, lõbus, lahke tema meel.
Tal on lahked sinisilmad, lokid kaunid, kollased,
tal on ehted imekenad, rohelised, triibused.

2. Kodumaa mu kallikene, kaunim kõigest ilma pääl,
isamaa mu hellakene, talle kõlab minu hääl.
Siniselged järvepinnad, need ta silmad säravad,
laiad luhad, viljaväljad nagu lokid lehvivad.
Vainud, aasad, lehtis metsad ehivad ta iluga!
Ütle, ütle, kus sa leiad kallikese kaunima.

5. Kus mu kodu

Oma kodu kullakene, oma maja marjakene,
oma maa on marjukane, oma kodu,
oma kolle kuldaväärt. Aa... Kullakene.
Oma maa on marjukane, oma kodu,
oma kolle kuldaväärt, kuldaväärt.
Vaesel kuuse all on kodu on vaesekesel kodu.
Tare suure tamme all on vaesel kodu sääl, on sääl.

Tare sääl, kus tammeke, on sääl, kus tammekene kasvab
kauni oru sees. Aa... Kullakene.
Oma maa on marjukane, oma kodu,
oma kolle, oma kolle kuldaväärt, kuldaväärt.
Isamaja marjuka(ne).

6. Jaanipäevalaul

1. ∴: Jaanikõnõ istõ mäaj otsan, *liigu, liigu!* ∴:
2. ∴: Kaan'd hainu sällagä, *liigu, liigu!* ∴:
3. Tulõ' alla Jaanikõnõ, anna minu vasikallõ.
4. Ma anna sulle terve sõira, kõigi nende raasukõisiga.
5. Kui sa ei kuulõ', kui sa ei tulõ',
kui mu ohkamist ei kuulõ'.
6. Kui mu ohkamist ei kuulõ',
siis ma sõira saada tuuldõ'.
7. Siis ma sõira saada tuuldõ', vete ema voogudõllõ'.

CHORAL WORKS (translated by H. Põldmäe)

1. This is Estonia

Consists of place and county names in Estonia.

2. This is Saaremaa island

Consists of place and county names on Saaremaa.

3. Groom for you.

1. I open the door for you if you come to my chamber
and I cover the table with a cloth of linen
and I set the table for two if you come to my chamber.
Oh, really, you would?

2. I'll be a groom for you if you' be my bride,
then I make my bed and lay next to you,
if you' be my bride.
Is it so?

3. All beauty will be yours if you' belong to me,
will be yours, will be mine, will be for all the people,
if you' belong to me.
So let it be! So it is that you will be mine!

4. Fatherland, my dearest

1. Fair is my darling, fairer than anyone's,
pretty is my maiden, merry, kind is her mind.
Her friendly blue eyes, curls so fancy, yellow,
she wears garments very nice, green and striped.

2. Homeland, my darling, prettiest of all on earth,
fatherland my tender dear, to him my voice calls out.
Clear blue lakes his eyes ashining, river pastures wide and
fields of crops flowing in the wind like curly hair.
Grassplots, meadows, leafy forests decorate him with beauty!
Tell me, tell me, where would you find a sweetheart more fair?

5. Where is my home?

My own darling home, own berry house,
own land is full of berries, own home,
own hearth is worth of gold. Ah... Darling.
Own land is full of berries, own home,
own hearth is worth of gold, of gold.
Poor man's home is under fir trees, poor thing, home. Cottage
under big oak tree is a poor man's home, is there.

Cottage there where oak is, is there where oak is growing in
the pretty valley. Ah.. Darling.
Own land is full of berries, own home,
own hearth, own hearth worth of gold, of gold.
Father's house, little berry.

6. Midsommer Night Song / St John's Day Song

1. John is sitting on top of a hill, *move it, move it.* //
2. He trampled hey with his back, *move it, move it.* //
3. Come down, dear John, give to my calfling.
4. I give you a whole cottage cheese, with all it's little pieces.
5. If you hear not, if you come not,
if my sighs you do not hear.
6. If my sighs you do not hear,
then I send the cheese in the wind.
7. I send the cheese in the wind, to mother water's flows.

7. Pesamaa

1. Kuusiku kohinast, männiku mühinast,
iidse hiie hingamisest,
pilliroo puhmast ja tumedast põlislaanest
sünnib armastus, sünnib armastus, isamaa armastus.

2. Hallasest hommikust, sinisest taevast ja
tuisutuule tuiskamisest,
päikesepaistest ja lopsakast lumehangest
sünnib usk ja lootus, sünnib usk ja lootus,
isamaa armastus, isamaa arm, arm, arm.

3. Koolist ja vanadest ajalooõpikuist,
pärjast neiu kuldseil juustel,
mullastest kätest ja kividest põllumaadel
sünnib jõud ja julgus, sünnib jõud ja julgus,
isamaa armastus, isamaa, isamaa arm, arm, arm.
Sinu elujoont, pesamaa, näen hommiku hämaras,
sinu elujoont, pesamaa, käin huultega puutumas,
sinu valujoont, pesamaa,
sind huultega puutun, puutun, pesamaa.

8. Viljalaps

Ülesse haljast üks tibake,
keskele liistakas, liistakas terakest,
alla kimbuke narmasjuuri. ://
Hoian ma peopesal viljalast.
Alla kimbuke narmasjuuri.
Hoian ma peopesal viljalast,
ja mullas mu eest tõusevad
orase tärkavad nõelad ülesse.

Haljast üks tibake,
keskele liistakas, liistakas terakest,
alla kimbuke narmasjuuri.
Hoian peos ma viljalast.
Kimbukene narmasjuuri.
Hoian peos ma viljalast, last.

9. Lapi laul

1. Kõrge tundru harjal, *lallagol joo*,
on mu põdrakarjal, *vouva, vouva goo*,
kena söömakoht.
2. Päike silmapiiril, verekarva kiiril,
põleb nagu toht.
3. Pole teda kauaks, meri saab ta hauaks,
pea ta sinna kaob.
4. Sealpool taevakummi, juba nõia trummi,
talvehaldjas taob, taob, taob.

10. Rahvas kord sai laule

1. Üks suguselts sai ülesse,
sai üle koduväljade.
Läks üle noorte nurmede,
läks läbi suurte vainude.
Sääl sambla pääle istuti ja lauldi koidust ehani,
;: ja lauldi õe ja vennana,
et hiietamm jäi kuulama.;;

2. Sääl lauldi hinged ilusse
ja taevasina silmisse.

7. Nestling land

1. The murmur of a fir grove, whisper of a pine grove, ancient
sacred grove's breath,
bush of reeds and a dark ancient forest –
hence love is born, love for fatherland.

2. Hoarfrosty morning, the blue skies and
drift of a snowy storm wind,
the shining sun and luscious snow heap –
hence belief and hope is born,
love for fatherland, love, love.

3. From schools and old history books,
from wreath on a girl with golden hair,
from earthy hands and the stones on fields –
strength and courage is born,
love for fatherland, love, love.
Your life line, nesting land I see in the dim of the morning,
your life line, nesting land, I touch with my lips,
your pain line, nesting land,
I touch with my lips, I touch, nesting land.

8. A Grain Child

A bit of green on the top,
a chiplet in the middle for a grain,
a little bunch of fibrous root at the bottom. ://
I hold in my palms a grain child.
A bunch of fibrous roots on the bottom.
I hold in my palms a grain child,
and from the soil in front of me
the sprouting needles of young crop are rising up.

A bit of green on the top,
a chiplet in the middle for a grain,
a little bunch of fibrous root at the bottom.
I hold in my palms a grain child.
A bunch of fibrous roots on the bottom.
I hold in my palms a grain child.

9. Song of Lapland

1. On the peak of high tundra, *lallaghol yoooh*,
my herd of reindeer, *wouwa wouwa ghoo*,
has a nice place to feed on.
2. The Sun on the horizon, in blood-colored rays
is burning like a torch.
3. Not much more to go, until it sinks in the sea,
soon it disappears.
4. Across the firmament, trolldrums are heard,
drummed by winter fairy.

10. People rose up singing

1. A tribe did rise once upon a time,
they got across their homely fields.
They went across the young meadows,
went across the pastures large.
There they sat on moss and sang from dawn to sunset
;:and sang as sisters and brothers
as the sacred oak stood listening.;:

2. They sang their souls to beauty
and the blue skies into their eyes.

Maarahvaks lauldi ennast sää!
all hiietamme sambla pääl.
Üks rahvas kord sai laulule ja laulis ennast elule,
;,: ta laulis ükskord vanasti
ja laulab kuni siiani.;,;

Üks rahvas kord sai laulule ja laulis ennast elule.
Heia, heia, heio heia! Laulis ennast elule.
Heia, heia, heio heia! Laulis koidust ehani.
Heia, heia, heio heia!
Hiietamm jäi kuulama. Kuulama. Kuulama.

11. Mis helin

Üks helin mul helises rinna sees,
kui olin veel väikene, väike mees.
Üks helin mul helises rinna sees, helises rinna sees.
Mis helin, mis tilin kui kellade mäng,
kui õhkude hõlje ta tõus ning läng,
tõus ning läng.
Kui lehtede libin, kaug' allika laul,
allika laul.
Kuuvalgel haldjate ring,
kuuvalgel laulud ja mäng.

Kõrvus maa ja metsaviisid,
silmis kõik Põhjala suveöö häil, häil.
Üks helin mul helises rinna sees,
kui olin veel väikene, väike mees.
Kill! Kall! Kõll! Pimm! Pamm! Pomm! Pomm! Pomm!

12. Rõõmumäel

1. Mõni istub rõõremumäel
rõõmukübar peas.
Meie aga jälle suusamäel ja karvamütsid peas.
2. Mõni istub muremäel
murekindad käes.
Meie aga jälle suusamäel
ja labakindad käes.
Maa meie laulust valgeks saab.
meie aga kullakesed rõõmsaks saab.

Siis mina võtsin pajude punase,
võtsin mina kullakese põskede punase,
tihase kurgu alt võtsin mina kollase,
võtsin mina suvedest päikese kollase,
sinise sain silmapiirist,
kaugest metsapiirist.
Sain sest pehme pilvelaulu, laia valge lumelaulu.
Tsimm ridiridi ruudi rallalla. Tral-lal-la! Tral-lal-la!

13. Teele! Teele!

Teele! Teele! Meie meel teeb teele minna,
teele minna, maale saada.
Meil on minna metsad suured,
suured metsad määratud.
Tee on pikka meile minna, maa on laia lastel käia,
maa on laia, meie kodu kõrge'ella,
meie kodu kaug'e'ella, meie kodu kaug'e'el'.
*Viis on väljada vahela, kuus on kuivada jõgeda,
seitse sooda sitke'eda, kaheksa kala jõgeda,
üheksa hüva mägeda, kümme külma allikada.*

They sang themselves to be a nation there
on the mosses under the sacred oaktree.
A people rose up singing once and sang itself to life,
;,: it sang that one time in the old and
sings until our present day.;,;

A people rose up singing once and sang itself to life. //:
Heyoo, heyoo! Sang itself to life.
Heyoo, heyoo! Sang from dawn to sunset.
Heyoo, heyoo!
The sacred oak stood listening, listening, listening.

11. A Ringing

A ringing was ringing in my bosom
when I was still a little man.
A ringing was ringing in my bosom.
What ringing, what tinkling, like glockenspiel,
like a floating of the air was its rise and fall,
rise and fall.
Like a luster of leaves, a song of a faraway spring,
song of a spring.
A circle of fairies in moon light,
songs and games in the moon light.

Tunes of the land and forest in my ears, the
whole lustre of a Northern summer night in my eyes.
A ringing was ringing in my bosom
when I was still a little man.
Din-don...glockenspiel.

12. On a Hill of Joys

1. Some are sitting on a hill of joys
with hats of joy on their heads.
But we once more on a hill to ski and wearing hats of fur.
2. Some are sitting on a hill of sorrows
with the gloves of sorrow on.
But we again on the hill to ski
and wearing mittens on our hands.
The ground turns white from our singing
and we, my darling, become merry.

[bar 41:] Then I took the red of the willows,
took the rouge of the cheeks of my sweetheart,
took yellow from under the chin of the titmouse,
took the yellow from the sunny summers,
the blue I got from the horizon,
from a far-away rim of the forest.
It all became a cloud song soft, a song of white snow wide.
[bar 81:] Dambah-duh-bah... [the end:] Trallalah.

13. Let's go on the Road!

Let's go, let's go! Our minds are set to go on the road,
to go on the road, to get to the land.
We have forests great to go through,
great the woods, endless woods.
The road is long for us to go, land is wide for kids to walk,
land is wide, our home up high,
our home is far away, our home, far away.
*Five is between the fields, six of dry rivers, seven swamps so
sturdy, eight are the rivers with fish, nine are the good hills,
ten are cold springs.*

Kuhu? Kuhu?
Kus me lähme kolmekesi,
üle välja viiekesi?
Lähme kuuda kuulamaie,
päevailu vaatama.

Kas on kuul kuube seljas
või on päeval parga peassa kauni'ista,
kas on eha ehte'essa, kas on tähel täрни rinnas
või on päeval parga peassa, parga peassa kaunista?

Ei oln'd kuul kuube seljas,
ega oln'd päeval parga peassa,
ei oln'd eha ehte'essa, ei oln'd tähel täрни rinnas.
Kuu see mängis kudrustega,
päev see mängis pärlestega,
eha hõbehelmestega.

Millal? Millal?
Millal meie sinna saame, sinna saame, sinna jääme,
kus meid kullaks kutsutakse, hõbedaks meid hõigatakse?
Kus on tuuli toa teinud,
vesi palgid veeretanud seinadeksi,
sadu seinad sammeldanud,
udu seadnud ukсед ette, lumi löönud lukud külge,
lukud külge paukudes.

Seal meid kullaks kutsutakse, hõbedaks meid hõigatakse.
Seal me hellad ühte saame, hellad ühte helkima,
kullad kokku kukkuma.
Sinililles metsa süles, seal me hellad ühte saame,
kasteheinas jõekäärus,
seal me kullad kokku käime,
sinililles... seal me hellad ühte saame.
Kasteheinas... seal me hellad, kullad kokku käime.
Aa seal hellad ühte saame, seal me hellad, kullad,
hellad kullad kokku käime, käime.

14. Kaunim kõigest

1. Kaunis on mu kallikene, kaunim veel kui kellelgi,
nägus on mu neiukene, lõbus, lahke tema meel.
Tal on lahked sinisilmad, lokid kaunid kollased,
tal on ehted imekenad, rohelisted, triibused.

2. Kodumaa mu kallikene, kaunim kõigest ilma pääl,
isamaa mu hella, talle kõlab minu hääl.

Siniselged järvepinnad, need ta silmad säravad,
laiad luhad, viljaväljad
nagu lokid lehivad.

Vainud, aasad, lehtis metsad
ehivad ta iluga,
viljaväljad, laiad luhad nagu lokid lehivad.
Vainud, aasad, lehtis metsad, laiad luhad, viljaväljad,
siniselged järvepinnad, need ta silmad säravad
laiad luhad lehivad, viljaväljad lehivad...

[Bar 28] To where? To where?
To where are we going all three of us,
across the field all five of us?
We are going to listen to the Moon,
wander the beauty of the Sun.

Is the Moon wearing a robe
or the Sun wearing a garland fair,
is the dawn well adorned, does the star have a star on its chest
or the day a garland on its head, a garland fair?

[Bar 53] The Moon was wearing none of robes,
the Sun was wearing none of garlands,
the dawn was unadorned, the star was without a star.
The Moon was playing with the beads,
the Sun was playing with the pearls,
the dawn with silver beads.

[Bar 60] When then? When then?
When do we all then get to there, get to there and stay there,
where they'd call us darling dears, call us silver dears?
Where the Moon has made its chamber,
water rolled the logs for walls,
rain has mossed the walls all over,
mist has set the doors, the snow has put the locks on them,
put the locks on with loud banging.

There they'd call us darlings, call us silver dears.
There we tender will be together, tender shining together,
darlings falling together.
In the violets in the forest, there we tender get together,
in the bent grass, in the river bend,
there we darlings come together,
in the little violet... there we tender get together.
In the bent grass... there we tender, darlings come together.
Ah, there the tender ones become one, there we tender,
darlings, tender darlings come together, come.

14. Fairest of them all

1. Fair is my darling, fairer than anyone's,
pretty is my maiden, merry, kind is her mind.
Her eyes are friendly and blue, her curls so fancy and yellow,
she wears garments very nice, green and striped.

2. Homeland, my darling, prettiest of all on earth,
fatherland my tender dear, to him my voice is calling out.

His eyes like clear blue lakes are shining,
river pastures wide and fields of crops
are flowing in the wind like curly hair.

[bar 27:] Grassplots, meadows, leafy forests
decorate him with beauty,
river pastures wide, the crop fields flowing like the curls,
Grassplots, meadows, leafy forests,
clear blue lakes are his shining eyes,
wide pastures flowing, crop fields flowing...