

GAISMAS PILS

THE CASTLE OF LIGHT

Auseklis
(1850 - 1879)

Jāzeps Vītols
(1863 - 1948)

Andante ♩ = 76 - 84

p

Soprano
Alto

Kur - ze - mī - te, Diev - ze - mī - te, brī - vas tau - tas auk - lē - tāj!

Tenor
Bass

p

6

S.

mf

Kur pa - li - ka___ sir - mie die - vi, brī - vie tau - tas,___

A.

mf

Kur___ pa - li - ka sir - mie die - vi, brī - vie tau - tas,

T.

mf

Kur pa - li - ka sir - mie die - vi, brī - vie tau - tas,___

B.

mf

Kur pa - li - ka___ sir - mie die - vi, brī - vie tau - tas___ dē - li - ņi, jā,___

10

S.
A.

p *dim.*

tau - tas dē - li - ņi, jā, tau - tas dē - li - ņi?

T.
B.

p *dim.*

69 *cresc.* *ff*

S. A. *cresc.* *ff*

T. B. *cresc.* *ff*

sau - ca, Gais - ma au - sa, aug - šām ce - ļas Gais - mas pils, Gais - mas pils!

Kurzemīte, Dievzemīte,
brīvas tautas auklētāj!
Kur palika sirmie dievi,
brīvie tautas dēliņi,
jā, tautas dēliņi?

Tie līgoja vecos laikos
Gaismas kalna galotnē.
Visapkārt egļu meži,
vidū gaiša tautas pils.

Asiņainas dienas ausa
tēvu zemes ielejā;
vergu valgā tauta nāca,
nāvē krita varoņi.

Ātri grima, ātri zuda
Gaismas kalna staltā pils.
Tur guļ mūsu tēvu dievi,
tautas gara greznumi!

Sirmajami ozolami
pēdīgājo ziedu dod.
Tas slēpj svētu piles vārdu
dziļās siržu rētiņās,
jā, siržu rētiņās.

Ja kas vārdu uzminētu,
augšāmceltos vecā pils!
Tālu laistu tautas slavu,
gaismas starus margodam'!

Tautas dēli uzminēja
sen aizmirstu svētumu:
Gaismu sauca, Gaisma ausa,
augšām ceļas Gaismas pils!

Courland, land of gods,
nurturer of the free!
Where are those grey haired gods,
the sons of the free nation,
sons of the free nation?

Long ago, they dwelt,
at the top of the hill of Light.
All around was spruce forest,
in the middle the lighted castle of the folk.

Bloody days came
to the valley of our land;
bound the folk to slavery,
the heroes fell, to death.

Quickly sunk, and quickly lost
was the lofty castle of the hill of Light.
There sleep the gods of our fathers,
the treasure of the nation's spirit!

To the ancient oak tree,
we give our last offering.
For it hides the sacred castle name,
scarred deep into hearts,
scarred into hearts.

If someone could only find that name,
the old castle would rise again.
The fame of the nation would spread far and wide,
and the beams of light would glisten!

The sons of the nation found the
long forgotten holy name:
Light is called, the Light dawns,
up rises the Castle of Light!