Catharinus Elling was a Norwegian composer and ethnomusicologist. He studied the piano and composition in Leipzig. During an extended sojourn in Berlin he wrote some of his most considerable works, including an opera, an oratorio, and a symphony. In 1896 he returned to Norway to teach counterpoint and composition at the Kristiania Conservatory, a position he held until 1908. In 1898 he was granted a state scholarship to collect and classify Norwegian folk music, and he traveled to various parts of the country, notating about 1400 melodies. Elling's own music is of a lyrical character with diatonic themes and simple harmony. He found Heine's poetry especially congenial, composing a dozen songs to the poet's verses.

English translation from *Heine's poem, the North Sea, translated by Howard Mumford Jones* (Chicago, Open Court Pub. Co., 1916)

Reinigung	**Purification**
Bleib du in deiner Meerestiefe, Wahnsinniger Traum, Der du einst so manche Nacht Mein Herz mit falschem Glück gequält hast, Und jetzt, als Seegespenst, Sogar am hellen Tag mich bedrohest - Bleib du dort unten, in Ewigkeit, Und ich werfe noch zu dir hinab All meine Schmerzen und Sünden, Und die Schellenkappe der Torheit, Die so lange mein Haupt umklingelt, Und die kalte, gleißende Schlangenhaut Der Heuchelei, Die mir so lang die Seele umwunden, Die kranke Seele, Die gottverleugnende, engelverleugnende, Unselige Seele - Hoiho! Hoiho! Da kommt der Wind! Die Segel auf! Sie flattern und schwell'n! Über die stillverderbliche Fläche Eilet das Schiff, Und es jauchzt die befreite Seele.	Deep-hid in ocean lie in quiet, O vision insane! Which in many nightly dreams My heart with lying joy afflicted, And now, an ocean-ghost Doth menace me no less in the noontide— Lie ye thereunder forevermore! I am flinging down into the sea All of my sins and my sorrows, And the clinking fool's cap of folly, (On my head too long has it tinkled!) And the slimy, glittering serpent-skin Of hypocrisy That long has curled its folds round my spirit, My fevered spirit, That blasphemed God and his holy archangels, My tormented spirit— Heiho! Heiho! There comes the wind! Unfurl the sails! They belly and flap! Over the treacherous, quiet sea-plains Dances the ship And my spirit exults in freedom.