

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF CARL NIELSEN'S SONGS

Texts above the first stanza in brevier are translations of Nielsen's performance indications in the original source.

MUSIC TO FIVE POEMS BY J.P. JACOBSEN OP. 4

1 *Sunset* ("Clouds floating by you, cyclades of beauty")

1. Clouds floating by you, cyclades of beauty,
Roses that rock on the breast of a glare,
Sprinkled by the spheres' cascades, a-sounding fluty,
Sunlight in foam t'ward thy coast, in your air.
None but you deserves to bear the name and title,
Namely this: Asali's happy, gleeful land.

2. There she will throne reclining, almost dreaming,
There I shall kneel near her quite silently,
There I forget, as left by you in seeming,
Life and the world and God's eternity.
One thing only fills me, raises and enchants me,
Passion's timeless gospel in Asali's name.

2 *In Seraglio Garden* ("Roses lower their heads, weighed down by fragrant dew")

Roses lower their heads, weighed down
By fragrant dew,
A swaying of pines in the sultry air
Is never new.
Fountains are gushing their silver flow
In drowsy calm,
And all minarets point at the land above
To love Islam,
The crescent adrift in its even way,
Crossing the even blue,
As it kisses roses and lilies now,
Each little flower true
In seraglio garden,
In seraglio garden.

3 *To Asali* ("I dreamed up to now as good as each night")

1. I dreamed up to now as good as each night
My passion was what you needed,

Ah, how the day then was dark with fright
As gloom had again receded.

2. Now dream is my torment so sad with fear,
Your heart wishes me to be banished;
Oh, how the day then is bright and clear
As dark stole away and vanished.

4 *Irmelin Rose* ("Once there was a king")
high-spirited

1. Once there was a king with treasures,
Wealthy he had always been;
Asked about the very finest,
His reply was: – Irmelin.
*Irmelin Sunshine, Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin, everything delightful.*

2. All the glitt'ring helmets mirrored
How her colours played, in fact,
And with rhyme and rhythm aplenty
Would her name conclude a pact.
Irmelin Sunshine ...

3. Scores of mighty eager suitors
Entered courtyards of the king,
Courted there with tender manners
And let flow'ry fair words ring:
Irmelin Sunshine ...

4. But the princess chased them all out
(With her heart as cold as steel,)
Blamed one's farcical deportment,
Sneered at someone else's zeal.
Irmelin Sunshine ...

5 "If day has gathered all its woe"
slowly

If day has gathered all its woe
And wept it into dew,
Then night reveals the heavens, though,
With boundless sadness, silent woe.

And one by one
 And two by two
 The guardian spirits will emerge
 From heaven's vague and distant verge.
 On high, over worldly dolour and pleasure,
 With candle stars in hand, at leisure,
 Striding along they cover the heavens.
 They change their bearing,
 And sorrow seizes ...
 Strange is the flaring
 In space, in icy breezes,
 Candle stars and their flickering flashes.

SONGS AND VERSES BY J.P. JACOBSEN OP. 6

6 *Genre Painting* ("In the tower sat the page")

In the tower sat the page,
 Gazed into the distance,
 Tried to write of love and rage
 And of their persistence,
 Gathered and deleted, altered,
 :/sat and faltered:/:
 Now with stars and now with roses –
 Nothing, nothing rhymed with :/roses:/: –
 Then in despair put the horn to his lips,
 Squeezed his good sword in ire,
 Blew so hard, his love flew out
 O'er the furthest shire.

7 *The Seraphim* ("The seraphim have rolled away celestial bodies")

The seraphim have rolled away
 Celestial bodies,
 And folded dark around
 Our planet's shoulders,
 And sprinkled dew
 On every hill and valley,
 And in the east have hung the golden cloudbanks.

Each thing is ready,
 Earth and heav'ns awaiting,
 And sun unseen abiding, blushing deeply,
 The signal from the throne of God the Father.

8 "Silken shoe over golden last"

Silken shoe over golden last!
 My betrothed's a damsel fast!
 My betrothed's a lovely damsel fast!
 No one is like her on God's earth and henceforth,
 No, none at all, that is sure.
 Like sky in the south and like snow in the north
 She is pure.
 But there is joy from the earth in my heaven,
 And flames rising up from my snow.
 Ne'er a rose of summer is quite as red
 As her beloved eye is black ...

9 "You suffer throughout an age of pain"

1. You suffer throughout an age of pain
 For what was a moment's pleasure;
 However you smile in a fleeting while,
 Tears are still beyond all measure.
There trickles woe, trickles wrath from ruby roses.

2. You're driving the golden wheel of luck
 So fast it's beyond sensation;
 But sorrow's toilsome and heavy load
 Awaits us, though, at debarkation.
There trickles woe ...

3. You live in desire like half a dream, –
 But grief has no ways of dreaming:
 With eyes awake it keeps watching you,
 Eyes so absorbingly streaming.
There trickles woe ...

4. No smile ever lighted your day to bed,
 But tears might achieve this wonder;
 For smiles are sheen just, of that which is,
 Tears, shadow of that which went under.
 There trickles woe ...

10 *Lay from 'Mogens'* ("Once I had, oh once I had a daughter's son, oh yea!")

... and then he sang at the top of his voice without a clue about what he was singing:

1. Once I had, oh once I had a daughter's son, oh yea!
 And much money, much money in a coffer,

Presumably I'd also had a daughter lass, oh yea!
and house and home and lands not on offer.

2. Once I had, oh once I had a daughter lass, oh yea!
and house and home and lands not on offer,
Presumably I'd also had a sweetheart, yea, oh yea!
With money, much money in her coffer

SIX SONGS TO TEXTS BY LUDVIG HOLSTEIN OP. 10

11 *Apple Blossom* ("You apple blossom fine and white!")

1. You apple blossom fine and white!
Who made your light a happy one?
Ah, I'm the sweetheart of the sun!
[Ah, sweetheart of the sun]
2. Where did you get this purple glow
That burns your skin as if you bled?
Ah, I'm a sunlit newlywed!
[A sunlit newlywed]
3. And blest by kisses of my groom
I'm living in his breath of May
One short and joyful springtime day.
4. And once his last and heartfelt kiss
Has brushed my cheek in afterglow,
I whisper then: I love you so!
5. And closing up and bowing down
I strew the grass in mild distress
With snowy bloom, my bridal dress --
[I'm the sweetheart of the sun!
A sunlit newlywed!]

12 *Lake of Memories* ("Tread softly, my companion")

1. Tread softly, my companion, I know your heart
is crying
As quietly we're sighing at lake of memories.
We're always taken back, though, to places
signifying
That grief and joy are hieing to sink where
silence is.
On even lake reposes this hand that fully quenches.

And noiselessly it clenches. And slumb'ring,
from below
A mystic revelation emerges and entrenches
This dream that never blenches, in gloomy,
distant woe.

2. In this old world of silence where dolour evanesces
Like pleasure, like successes, for thousand years
of night,
Have seer minds beheld its contents in eager
guesses,
Relieved it of distresses, uplifted art's delight.
Our dead are here forever. From realm of death
they're sending
Their messages unending that we won't understand.
Companion, let us linger at lake-shore, drinking,
spending
A little while, attending its solace, sad, but grand!

13 *Summer Song* ("Filled with flowers flushes")

1. Filled with flowers flushes
Branch of apple tree.
Deep and blue the heavens,
Warm and pure and free.
Through the blooming flowers
Honey bee is humming,
Giddy from its load --
Ah, the summer powers!
Dreamily you're coming
Down along the road?
2. Flowers' pleasant fragrance
Carries far away.
Cuckoo in the distance
Calls the livelong day.
Listen, from the dingle
Where the runnel's running,
ringing out of sight,
Nightingale, though single,
Trills its long and stunning
Song throughout the night!
3. Westerly the breezes
Through the corn and grass.
Rolling plains bring promise,
Riches they amass.

Showers, gently vented
Over gold that's growing,
Falling from she sky –
Pollen smoke is scented
As its waves are flowing
Over flow'ring rye.

4. Ah, the summer powers.
Full of longing love,
Dream of beauty rises
Into clouds above.
White as swans it's beaming
Like a beauteous jewel
In the depth of blue –
All the earthly dreaming
Of deep joy's renewal
Never can come true.

14 *Song behind the Plough* ("In shining sun I steer my plough")
(14: stanzas 1-2, 4)

1. In shining sun I steer my plough.
I'm nodding to the greenwood now,
Where you, my fortune, hide today.
My heart will laugh and hide away
And hide its bliss behind a frown,
Till sun goes down, till sun goes down.
2. My fortune wakens young and new
Like skylark song to morning dew,
Each evening an embellishment,
Though just for me as relish sent.
The bliss of nightly scenery
Is day-long, golden secrecy.
3. My fortune tells without a word.
It sparkles deeply rich, unstirred,
In glances that she sends to me.
My fortune! I attend to thee
And me and all our blissful ease
That no one sees, that no one sees.
4. I plough up fields of fertile mould,
But no one sees the shining gold
That in my heart would hide away.
I hide myself, I hide my play,

I hide our bliss behind a frown,
Till sun goes down, till sun goes down.

15 *Tonight* ("The light from heaven, golden white")

1. The light from heaven, golden white.
The woodland still, penumbrous.
And round about the garden quiet trees
are standing, slumbrous.
And dew is falling balmy-cool
on cheek and chin to serry –
Tonight it would be good, my soul,
to reach the Stygian wherry!
2. Tonight it would be good, my soul,
if you at last were gliding
T'wards sea of glitt'ring light,
on soft and rapid pinions riding!
And fade away in silent peace
and luminous endeavour
And die therein – released from dream
and from remembrance, ever!

16 *Greeting* ("You idle bay that stretches")
with youthful emotion

1. You idle bay that stretches in sunshine, undulating,
The slender, snow-white terns diving in with
utmost grace –
Farewell you little steamer that hies me by, apace,
And greet that fair-haired lady who's at the pier,
awaiting!
2. And tell her that her sad eyes, dejected, but
redeeming,
Will haunt my mind forever! And ask them what
they want!
Do tell me if they weep as the ship has ceased its
jaunt!
And tell them that I'll kiss them whenever I'm
dreaming!
(Farewell you little steamer that hies me by, apace,
And greet that fair-haired lady who's at the pier,
awaiting!
And tell her that her sad eyes will haunt my mind
forever!
Tell them that I'll kiss them whenever I'm dreaming!)

THREE SONGS FROM HOLGER DRACHMANN'S PLAY
'SIR OLUF, HE RIDES - '

My dew-laden strings hot and steady.
So wild is my way!

17 *Little Helen* ("Little Helen shoulders her peasant's coat") **19** *Dancing Ballad* ("Sir Oluf, your table has fork and dish")

1. Little Helen shoulders her peasant's coat,
This farm may no longer bind her;
She sets off with haste o'er the drawbridge way,
And looks ne'er a moment behind her.
My hope is like leaf in springtime.

2. My gallant companion's in dance with elves
Where forest goes down the valley,
But I shall go to the girls' fairy mound
And there with my loved one I'll dally.
My hope is like leaf in springtime.

3. This elf girl's naught but a web of mist
That drifts before chill winter breezes,
But I am the live living flesh and blood,
With the warmest of hearts, when it pleases.
My hope is like leaf in springtime.

4. Awake now, young sir, for the sun is in sight,
The daybreak cockcrow is clever,
"You're sleeping with Little Helen now -
You ought to have slept there ever."
My hope is like leaf in springtime.

18 *Sir Oluf's Song* ("Gone is the daytime")

1. Gone is the daytime, the sun-heated day,
The mist on the meadow is falling;
But evening cool is a fleeting delay,
It's gone e'er the night is calling.
So wild is my way!

2. This veil of mist thickens, becoming a lake
Whose ripples all seem to be sleeping;
An elf girl will stand there when hazes break,
Her bosom a-heaving and sweeping.
So wild is my way!

3. Gone is the daytime, so warm, so long!
The scent of the meadow is heady,
It's burning in my heart, and it's burning in
my song,

1. Sir Oluf, your table has fork and dish,
So relishing, embellishing a sight!
Fall to and do justice to pork and fish,
And show us a man of delight,
Hi-ho! Hi-ho!
And when at the floor of the fleshpot at last
With turf as a lock we are lying,
We'll never again taste the treats of the past,
Our joint every worm will be vying.
Be pleased with your feeling of body and soul,
Be pleased with a thirst like a bottomless hole.
Sir Oluf, fill up your bowl!

2. Sir Oluf, your conjugal waiting bed
Quite presently so pleasantly is made!
Pretend you're a young callow boy, newlywed,
Not brawny and bearded and staid,
Hi-ho! Hi-ho!
With hangings then drawn for the groom and
his bride,
To consummate what was intended,
Then see how the curtains are thrust aside
When amorous pleasure has ended!
Now hasten and take up your sword for a stroll,
Then saddle your steed, ride away and stay whole!
Sir Oluf, fill up your bowl!

3. Your consort at table, just let her be,
Too magging and too nagging to be had!
On horseback you're sitting refreshed and free,
A man independent and glad.
Hi-ho! Hi-ho!
If then a fair maiden, adorning a gate,
Discovers this horseman appearing,
Then ask, Will you love me, my love, till late
In greenwood? You look so endearing!
Be pleased with a thirst like a bottomless hole,
Be pleased with your feeling of body and soul.
Sir Oluf, fill up your bowl!

STROPHIC SONGS OP. 21

20 "Shall flowers, then, all wither?"

1. Shall flowers, then, all wither
Before they have sprung out?
Shall springs, then, freeze up thither
Before they have sung out?
2. From purple, God has woven,
With gold, the thread of life;
Thereby the gloom was cloven
With love's delight and strife.
3. Oh, take my hands so yearning,
Let them with yours entwine,
And feel how blood is burning
My fervent, youthful wine.
4. And feel my heart a-glowing
Quite closely, that's my plea,
It burns to death, bestowing
Its blazes, bright and free.

Helge Rode

21 *Hawk* ("All hail, you hawk over fir-tree crest")

1. All hail, you hawk over fir-tree crest,
The proudest of birds in bearing!
With valiant glare to the east and west,
Your flight is feral and daring.
2. You cleave the breezes with all your will,
While greenish eyes are a-scouting,
The flesh of the foe you will cut and kill,
Safe-conduct denied, never doubting.
3. You are a brigand of brutal luck
As God and man see your slaughters;
You look in contempt at the drake and the duck
Reflecting their flab in the waters.
4. I hardly enjoy your murderous claw,
But sough of flight, your dominion,
An untamed glimpse from your eyrie or
The sunlight glint on your pinion.

Jeppe Aakjær

22 *John the Roadman* ("Who's there behind the shelter")

with an even stride

1. Who's there behind the shelter
With rags around his hands,
A home-made leather eye-patch,
And shoes in lashed bands?
It's poor old John the roadman,
Starvation's gloom ahead,
Who turns with his old hammer
Unyielding stones to bread.
2. You wake one early morning
At dawn's first light, and then
You hear the hammer ringing
Again, again, again,
It's poor old John the roadman
With old and ailing bones,
He hacks till sparks fly wildly
From moistened morning stones.
3. When plodding to the city
Behind the farmer's yoke,
You chance upon an oldster
Whose eyes are all a-soak, –
It's poor old John the roadman,
His legs strapped up with hay,
Who barely finds a shelter
To keep the frost at bay.
4. If then you are returning
In bluster you detest,
The evening star is shiv'ring
From cold above southwest;
You hear the hammer ringing
Quite close behind the pair, –
It's poor old John the roadman
At work, still sitting there.
5. He levelled thus for others
The rough and rocky way,
But drawing near to yuletide,
His arm gave up the fray;
Yes, that was John the roadman,
His hammer dropped from sight.
They bore him 'cross the heath on
A cold December night.

6. It's standing at the churchyard –
An old and rotten board;
And all its paint is peeling,
It's very badly shored.
Now here lies John the roadman.
His life of stones is done,
But on this paltry grave here
They gave him ne'er a one.

Jeppe Aakjær

23 "Lay down, sweet flower, your head"
quietly, sincerely

1. Lay down, sweet flower, your head,
Bow it in leafage from sight,
Blissfully, closed corolla,
Wait for the peace of the night.

2. Nightfall, the gentle, the silent,
Cometh, oh bend in your doze.
Slumber in golden starlight,
Blessed and well in repose.

3. Sleep like a child who, softly
Rocked in her mother's arm,
Wakens a little, feeling
Smilingly mother's calm.

Johannes Jørgensen

24 "The larks are coming"
wild, jubilant

1. The larks are coming, the larks are coming!
Our hearts rejoice in the sun and air.
The larks are coming, the larks are coming!
The patient turns in her creaky chair.

2. The larks are coming, the larks are coming!
Though snow is squinting from every ditch;
The larks are coming! The marks are coming
That rosebuds will burst – how rich, how rich!

Jeppe Aakjær

25 *Vagrant* ("Give shelter for two poor creatures")

1. Give shelter for two poor creatures,
For awful dying, we are;

We've come here from 'Manymilesaway'
We're on our way to 'Afar'.
Give shelter!

2. Geese go around with no shoes, where
The two of us call home,
And houses stand out all night there
For they've no place to roam.
Give shelter!

3. Our grange in 'Manymilesaway',
You can believe it's not plain,
Walls are made stout by steady wind,
The cottage is roofed by the rain.
Give shelter!

4. And if don't think it's gospel,
My daughter then you can speir,
Who never has had any parents
And neither can speak nor can hear.
Give shelter!

Johannes V. Jensen

26 *Good Night* ("Now I shall wish you good night")
to be performed with a certain tired and grim humour

1. Now I shall wish you good night
For I'm worn out all right.
And now you may threaten or sue me,
But sleep will now slip through me.

2. I slept in ditch before
For weather's wide-open door,
I've seen in faintness a leaven:
Our Lord's, his seventh heaven.

3. But now I shall blissfully sleep
In my own black room, not too deep,
In earth that is friendly only
To one who is sleepy and lonely.

4. Farewell to you all, thanks a lot
To good folks and those who're not.
No doubt you're sick of my lying,
A weakness I'm not denying.

5. I'm leaving no debt behind,
It all is paid, you'll find.
The blows that I usually smother
My foe with, he'll get from t'other.

6. For now I shall blissfully sleep
In my own black room, not too deep,
In earth that is friendly only
To one who is sleepy and lonely.

7. Farewell, my fiddle and bow.
Now I shall sleep, just so.
If someone will swap it for sadness,
Then he can have all my gladness.

8. Farewell and thanks, understood!
I gave to you what I could.
You didn't care for my music?
Too bad – but now I am too sick.

Johannes V. Jensen

FIVE SONGS FROM L.C. NIELSEN'S PLAY 'WILLEMOES'

27 "Native land! Native land!"

the people pass

1. Native land! Native land!

Country parts manly with passion
Ne'er in expiry turn ashen,
Ne'er in expiry turn ashen,
Safe is your strand,
Yea, safe is your strand.

2. Native land! Native land!

Thanks for the peace that you gave us,
Gladly we die if they brave us;
Gladly we die if they brave us!
Safe is your strand,
Yea, safe is your strand.

3. Native land! Native land!

Now let the god of war motion,
Danes do not wince in devotion,
Danes do not wince in devotion!
Safe is your strand,
Yea, safe is your strand.

28 "Yea, take us, our mother"

1. Yea, take us, our mother, in your heartening
embrace
And bless all your sons who bless your name and
your grace:
Denmark, Denmark, millenium that came
Crowned with splendid, promising hope and
with fame!

Spring over land

And spring over sea!

Ev'ry man and

Each maid full of glee!

Spring in your heart so that from death it is free!

2. Yea, hear us, our mother who loved us uttermost,
We lay a filial chain around your crop-yielding coast.
Call us, call us! If you are deep in need,
Round your holy womb we shall gather, indeed!
Spring over land ...

3. Accept us, dear mother, as blood come from your
blood!

The passion of our early years is like a rising flood!
Denmark, Denmark! – soil that will endure!
Dignified we'll wander in ancestors' spoor!
Spring over land ...

29 "Follow he who follow can!"

1. Follow he who follow can!

Hear the native land a-calling!
King and country, it's our plan
To defend them or be falling!
Take up arms, each able man!
Follow he who follow can!

2. Take up arms, prepare, unite!

Not some foreign land to plunder;
Denmark's foe, come here to fight,
Danish valour is a wonder!
Up and fight now, Danish man!
Follow he who follow can!

30 *Vibeke's Song* ("I met with a song as I walked on my way")

dreamily

1. I met with a song as I walked on my way
One morning in May, one morning in May.
Its scent that of sweetness, its tone that of light,
It trembled like dew on a violet in fright.

2. I revelled in song as I walked on my way
One morning in May, one morning in May.
It filled up my heart so it swelled up with zest,
It rose and it flew, then it fled from my breast.

3. I look for a song as I walk on my way
Each morning in May, each morning in May.
Oh, how can I find what pursued me before?
My sorrowful heart sits dressed up at its door.

31 *Song of the Sea* ("Seas surrounding Denmark")

1. Seas surrounding Denmark,
Our wide, maternal seas,
Blue as eyes of children,
A bland and dreamlike story,
Currents in their glory
Caressing from southwest.
Longing for you lives in our breast!
We'll wander your way,
Your laws we shall feel;
We'll plough your rolling meadows
With every even keel.
You bear us o'er the oceans
As far and wide we will.
We love you mighty seas,
Belonging to you still.

2. Seas surrounding Denmark,
Our wide, maternal seas,
Grey as our condition,
And green as vows we've taken
– Gaps from spray unshaken
A-cleaving isle from isle,
Teaching us to die with a smile!
We'll wander your way ...

3. Seas surrounding Denmark,
You wide, maternal seas,
Stubborn like our willpow'r,
As proud as our successes,
– Coat of mail impresses
Like clamour on the strand.
Glory shall we bring this old land!
We'll wander your way ...

FOUR SONGS FROM LUDVIG HOLSTEIN'S PLAY 'TOVE'

32 "We, sons of the plains carry dreams in our minds"
(se also **204**)

1. We, sons of the plains carry dreams in our minds,
They turn into song when awaking,
They rise from the summer night mist of all kinds,
Like skylark with flight in the making.
They burst out from longing as spring's on the run
Like hyacinth, crocus unfolding,
And break like victorious smiles of the sun
The cold grip that winter is holding.

2. Then over the redolent acres they sail
Where seeds out of spring soil can trickle,
And passing the forest they gleefully hail
The bay that is twinkling, but fickle;
They tremble in April's most wonderful tone,
In gardens and woods they would quaver
While taking the hopeful delight from unknown
And reticent smiles as a favour.

3. This is not the morning, this is not the night,
Odd thoughts in the brume have been shaken.
A heart will be pounding, and way out of sight
The summer night's singer will waken.
Sir Oluf rode cross the bridge of elves,
One midsummer's night; they were sliding,
Four horseshoes all glistening golden themselves
– Sir Oluf, say, where are you riding?

4. O, magic of summer night mists of all kinds!
O, memories, tempting, bewitching!
We, sons of the plains, carry dreams in our minds
And know not ourselves when they're switching.
They'll wait for the hour when redemption will yield

A yearning for joining the chorus,
Like larks, nesting hidden in clover-patch field
Ere dawn with its first light breaks o'er us.

33 *Fowler Lay* ("The woodland birds wag their tails for you")

1. The woodland birds wag their tails for you
'Mongst flowers, and ne'er do they slumber,
And some of them red, and then some of them blue,
Like velvet and silk quite a number.
Come, purple bird!
Come, smoky blue bird!
Come, snowy white bird,
In the bloom unheard.
(spoken:)
Hush! Hear the pretty, little song
That bees they do sing in the sunshine now.

34 *Tove's Song* ("An angel stood beside me")

1. An angel stood beside me with a rose there in his
hand.
He breathèd on the rose, and it loosened every band,
He kissed each of its petals, they opened silently.
Child, now this beauteous rose is laid upon your
breast by me.
It happened just at daybreak, dearest master.
2. Its mother was in Eden, and as the Lord of old
On distant sandy beaches lets this very rose unfold,
Where birds all sing with joy, and the day begins
to dawn
As Adam meets his Eve below the palm tree on the
lawn.
It happened just at daybreak, dearest master.
3. And as he ended speaking, he smiled a silent smile
And laid it where my heart can be heard for quite
awhile.
Since then, the scent of roses pervades both hill
and dale
And skylarks sing with pleasure, as in the angel's
tale.
It happened just at daybreak, dearest master.

35 *Hunter's Song* ("Shooting down from the crest a kite")

1. Shooting down from the crest a kite
Is painted red by the setting light.
Its beak is amber, like fire its wing
It crosses the sea in a sweeping swing.
Small fry splashes with flashing fins,
So free through the billows he launches.
Hooking its claw the kite begins
And plants it there in his haunches.
2. One will frolic, and one will fall,
The larger birds, they feed on the small.
Kite is spreading its wings anew,
It crosses the village and sees the two:
One cock pigeon is courting tight
Encircles his mate a smidgeon.
Ostentatiously comes the kite,
A widow is Mrs. Pigeon.
3. One will coo, and another fall,
The larger birds, they feed on the small.
Kite is spreading its wings anew,
It crosses the heather, and proudly, too.
Skylark peals for the sun to set,
While far away rings its trilling.
Evening song makes the kite a threat,
The singer stopped, though unwilling.
4. One will twitter, and one will fall,
The larger birds, they feed on the small.
Kite submits to his own true law,
He wrote it, following instinct raw.
Small fry, pigeon and skylark so
Had each its lot from the forces.
Kite has custom for kite to show
How victory follows his courses.

TWO SONGS FROM JEPPE AAKJÆR'S PLAY 'THE WOLF'S SON'

36 *Song of Old Anders the Cattleman* ("There is a scrub")

Rather slowly, but not drawlingly

1. There is a scrub by the winding road,
An oaken knot, strained and sodden;

Poor wretch, ne'er a year ring it was bestowed
And nothing came of its earthly load
Because it too early was trodden.
For we trample each other deep down in dirt.

2. Yea, life's encouraging first-set sprout
Was wasted cruelly and vainly;
Though one of them even so stood out
With steely wood and with fruit about,
Just scrub it became, though, mainly.
For we trample each other deep down in dirt.

3. The child that wakes from a dreamy doze,
Wants all the sun can deliver,
But after life's struggle draws near its close,
To win, then, one sunbeam for his repose,
Implores his lips will quiver.
For we trample each other deep down in dirt.

37 *Now Is the Time, Smallholders!* ("Clamour rises in morning light")

March tempo

1. Clamour rises in morning light:
Now is the time!
Hurries by bog and pond in sight,
Whispers at windows at willows' bright:
Now is the time, smallholders!

2. Yokes had father and mother sent
- Now is the time! -
Just as yourselves, your children bent,
Likewise the cradle's mite is spent
- Now is the time, smallholders!

3. Land embellished with corn and cows
- Now is the time! -
Mud walls put out of sight *your* spouse
Milking rough-coated goats you house
- Now is the time, smallholders!

4. Lazybones marrow-sucked the lot,
- Now is the time! -
Countless casks to compel the cot!
What *they* turned down was what *you* got;
- Now is the time, smallholders!

5. Loosen ties as oppressors bar!
- Now is the time! -
Grab your spades and break free and far!
You are thousands as ten they are!
- Now is the time, smallholders!

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

38 "Ah, my rose will fade away"

1. "Ah, my rose will fade away
first to pale, so dark decay!
Blossom of repute,
Milk and blood to boot,
Withers now from top to root!"

2. Did you see a faithful mind
Heretofore so unrefined?
Things are not too good
If you never could
Make your order understood.

3. Read the first commandment right:
"I'm the Lord, your God of might!"
Thus I stand on high
Full of woe am I,
That your grief you can deny.

4. Is your faith what you forgot?
Who created you, or what?
He, your Maker, may
Know about your way,
Do not grieve, but trust and pray!

5. Jesu blood your privilege,
And His spirit held in pledge,
Heaven shall you reach,
Do you doubt His speech
Here are crumbs enough for each?

6. Read Our Father's prayer right!
And repeat it day and night!
All things come to this
May you never miss
These few simple words of bliss.

7. Ah, what glory, hope and glee
Has your baptism made you see,
Did you know at all
Of that wondrous call
Which by Cov'nant will befall?

8. If you at God's altar rail
Jesu blood and body hail,
It is stake and stone
For God's church and throne,
Though it's not for you alone.

9. Open your uneasy mind,
Look, God's heaven you will find!
Saints unfaltering
Hear His angels sing,
Where, one day, you too they'll bring!

10. World, oh world, be lost to view,
Only Jesus be for you!
His be the embrace,
Of your faith and grace,
And your soul its resting-place!

Hans Adolph Brorson

39 "On moorland barren, level"

1. On moorland barren, level
The son of Mary strode,
Who met him but the Devil,
Like morning star he glowed.

2. Are you God's son, the blameless,
With famine just ahead,
Then tell these stones, so aimless:
Turn into loaves of bread!

3. The answer sounded gently:
Of famine not be said!
God's word is eminently
The living's blessed bread. –

4. Are you God's son, the fearless,
Then throw yourself down there!
The angels fair and peerless
Will save you in midair.

5. Our Master was proficient,
And said: Do not incite
The wrath of God, omniscient,
The scriptures tell His might

6. The Devil whispered sweetly,
Whate'er you see is mine,
But worship me completely,
And henceforth, it is thine!

7. To this a wrathful answer,
For shame be off, unblessed!
God is the one entrancer,
A short and sharp behest.

8. The serpent, old as any,
Who slept in heart of Cain,
He that allured so many
Shown now but scorn and wane.

9. God's angels praised the Master,
Come, let us shout with joy!
The serpent met disaster
From Jesus, woman's boy!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

40 "This is the day that the Lord did create!"

1. This is the day that the Lord did create!
It is a joy to His servant,
This very day He threw wide heaven's gate,
News thereof Sundays make fervent;
For in its sanctified feeling,
In resurrection the wond'rous Word,
Brought by The Spirit in grace, was heard:
Now do you know why the pealing?

2. Save us, oh Lord, give us fortune and bliss!
Work of today your creation!
Crowds will this evening thank you for this,
And for their reincarnation!
Yea, let them worship that pleasant
Spirit of comfort and candid speech,
Blessings aplenty they strive to reach,
Proof of your peace omnipresent.

3. Father, our Lord, come and visit your church,
Come to us, covered with glory!
Garlands be woven by tongues in their search,
Ardour of hearts tell the story:
Services grow with emotion!
Easter and Whitsun are Christmas-born,
So let the triumph of faith adorn
Marvellously our devotion!

4. Yes, let them work then, your altar and bath,
On these our tongues with affection
So that your Spirit and Word show a path
In their delightful direction!
Sacraments of celebration:
Spirit is better than flesh and blood,
Caring and kind-hearted is our God,
Christ, everlasting salvation!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

41 "The great, white flock begins to show"

1. The great, white flock begins to show
As thousand mountains full of snow,
Where woods abound
With palm fronds round
The throne. Who are they, though?
They are the band of heroes who
Have undergone distress hereto,
Have laved in blood
From Lamb of God
'Til paradise come true;
As worshippers they all belong
To the incessant, joyful throng
Of God's desire
In heaven's choir
Amid the angel song.

2. Down here they were exposed to scorn!
But see them now in state reborn,
Before the throne
Their crowns are shown,
White mantles every morn!
In truth, their trials were oft so bleak
That flood of tears ran down their cheek;
But God's concern
At their return
Dried off each salty streak.

Now, by His side, they've reached their best
In celebrations, ever blessed;
The Lamb is there
Of life aware,
As ever host and guest.

3. Ye corps of giants, brave and bold,
Congratulations thousandfold
That you were here,
But in it clear,
Your faith is now extolled!
Ye who despised all worldly zest,
For evermore do reap the best
Of what you've sown
With tearful groan
While angels gaze impressed!
Beat time with palms, raise high your voice,
Of empyrean force the choice:
The Lamb, the Lord,
With one accord
In them, let us rejoice!

Hans Adolph Brorson

42 "There is an earthly prayer"

There is an earthly prayer
Which if you just begin,
Can choke your soul's betrayer,
Destroying guilt and sin,
God's kingdom, then descending,
Brings joy and light unending
To us and those we love.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

43 "There is a way from mortals hid forever"

1. There is a way
From mortals hid forever,
'Life's very way',
Not built by man's endeavour,
A secret lane
Through bleak domain
To land of life and blissful fountains.

2. Be opened thus,
The woodlands thick and murky,
And carry us

On waves untrue and quirky;
The mountain heights
Hell's glowing lights
Life's very way can never hinder.

3. For children are
All secret lanes created,
For safety far
At sea, in desert fated,
In creed sublime
At any time,
At noontide not to mention midnight.
4. Through earthly mist
This way to heaven's wonder
Will turn and twist
Mysteriously down yonder;
Like sunlit cloud
Dawn's golden shroud
Is how the Lord's way paints each shadow.
5. Too thorny you
Will find the lane at places,
But crimson, too,
Like woe with joyful traces;
As Jesus tells,
So solace swells,
While roses heal the thorny scratches.
6. That way we share
To land of hope and glory
With Jesus there,
His words a beaming story;
A guide suffice
To paradise
From whence they came and where their home is.
7. With Jesus and
His church and congregation
We hand in hand,
With child-like dedication
Seek steadily
Lucidity
On high, in this our Father's dwelling.
8. As through the land
We go, so God will teach us

To understand
His holy will and reach us
With guiding strings,
His spirit brings
Us to Our Father's host of angels.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

44 "A wondrous isle is the world, indeed"

1. A wondrous isle is the world, indeed:
The largest tree has the smallest seed,
From smallest seed grows the highest top,
With nesting birds where the branches stop.
2. That tree which almost can touch the sky
Is man-of-God, whose approach is nigh,
The man-of-God's seed remains the Word,
Of lesser seed not a sound is heard.
3. This comely tree has a splendid top,
God's angels fly there and never stop,
We call them heaven's fair flock of birds,
For nothing but them can fit these words.
4. This comely tree bears delicious fruit
With rosy scent that the grapes salute,
No other fruit can command its price,
That golden apple from paradise.
5. This apple holds very sturdily,
A winter fruit for eternity,
And even if it is bit in twain
It just as firmly will join again.
6. Yea, fruit of blessedness grows thereon,
Its fruit down yonder, the Word, has won,
Its dew is spirit, its sap and root
The blood and body our Lord made suit.
7. Let mortals jeer at the little seed
Which fills in secret this isle, indeed!
This tree needs no worldly sacrifice
That bears its fruit in God's paradise.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

45 "The strain is not too great"

1. The strain is not too great, you'll find,
To strive to be a pious Christian spirit;
And, be our nature far from soft and kind
When Christian death we meet, or when we're
near it,
So God ensures the contrite heart, though frail,
Will still prevail.
2. Do like a child, go find repose
Enfolded safely in the arms of Jesus,
He warms us while His love forever grows,
And as His child will the Redeemer seize us.
Is it so hard when yet He is so near
To hold Him dear?
3. No evil comes from God to you,
Your own intent creates all woe and dolour;
So offer God your frightened heart anew,
And He becomes its joyful, true consoler,
Right now give God your will and your intent,
Subservient.
4. In faith, go seek your peace of heart,
In death's dark vale where nerve and spirit
tighten,
Your Father will His certain creed impart,
No danger and no storm permit to frighten!
In bitter times, when darkness looms again,
Trust in Him then!
5. For then your light will rise again,
And after shade of night come sun's salvation,
What you believed will undisguised remain,
So freely build your hope on God's foundation!
In Christ you reach a sacred state of mind
Before mankind.
6. Rise up, my heart, in hope and trust,
To such a God you must yourself deliver!
Approach, my soul, to pleasant calm, adjust
Yourself to Jesus as the great forgiver;
When in distress reach out for Him anew,
He'll cling to you!

Hans Adolph Brorson

46 "Yea, I shall love Thee, Thou my vigour"

1. Yea, I shall love Thee, Thou my vigour,
Support and peace Thou giv'st the heart,
And I shall worship Thee, I figure,
May deed and longing never part,
Yea, I shall love Thee, Saviour mine!
Oh Jesus, call me Thine!
2. Yea, I shall love Thee, I have thriven
On Thy command, Thy way of life,
Yea, I shall love Thee, Thou hast given
Light to my living without strife,
Yea, I shall love Thee for Thy blood
Has saved me by its flood.
3. So long wert Thou for me a stranger,
I was to Thou forever dear,
Though far from home I roved, a ranger,
It by Thy grace was always near,
The love and peace our homes impart,
Are there just where Thou art.
4. Do not reject the child arriving
At home on tired feet, downcast,
Who in the world's brief summer thriving
Through all its splendour see'th at last
That in Thy fortress can his soul
Have sorrow slaked in whole.
5. Yea, I shall love Thee and adore Thee,
My gracious Lord and Brother dear!
Are people ready to abhor me,
And shall I always suffer here,
Yet I shall love Thee, Saviour mine,
Oh Jesus, call me thine!

Hans Egede Glahn

47 "Oh Jesus, show me"

1. Oh Jesus, show
Me where to go,
I'll follow Thee in yearning,
Jesus, from the madding crowd,
Thither and returning!

2. Oh Jesus, show
Me where to go
From every empty gladness
So that I'll no more behold
Misery and sadness.

3. Oh Jesus, show
Me where to go
To heaven's joyful dwelling,
Earth is to your little ones
Trackless and repelling!

4. Oh Jesus, show
Me where to go;
To heaven let us sally
There to join with cries of joy
In the pious' rally!

Hans Adolph Brorson

48 "Well on the wane the passing year"

1. Well on the wane the passing year,
Laid waste is nature soon,
Farewell to pleasure loud and clear,
You short-lived summer tune!

2. Soon will we hear the winter sigh
As all things fade away!
Let them but wither for on high
Is solace every day.

3. The sun may shorten on its course,
And hour of night may grow,
God's arm will never lose its force,
His wisdom not its flow.

4. Each leaf may yellow on its stalk,
Each straw may fade and die,
God's love, I know, will never balk,
On Him you can rely.

5. I know from where pure joy will stem
When empty fields lie white,
The choir that sang in Bethlehem
Will evermore delight.

6. I know a place where hope turns green
When all is fading here,
His tree on Calvary is seen
To bear its crown all year.

7. Each flower may, as leafage falls,
Succumb in turning brown,
My true belief in Him enthalls
Like any new-leaved crown.

8. Eternal spring, the gift He gave,
Not storm and death anew,
For life emerges from the grave
That Christ has broken through.

C. J. Boye

49 "A holy life, a blessed death"

1. A holy life, a blessed death
Will fondly meet each other
Like warbling bird song, sweet in breath,
With sunset glow, its mother;
Those two can never separate,
The Holy Ghost does no one rate
Who wants no consecration.

2. Thus, having fought the better strife
Undauntedly, then wander
Till end of time this way of life,
That's seen as sweet up yonder;
He who has served our Lord in truth,
Has done God's will, e'en from his youth,
In peace he has departed.

3. Oh Simeon, you hearty man,
It was your fate and blessing
How you with snow-white hair began
Quite close to death, expressing
Your mind in gleeful springtime song,
That lasts with Him forever, long,
Like birds in grove of rapture.

4. When you took Jesus in your arms
Your faith in Him did harden,
And you could see the coming charms
Of heaven's promised garden;
You sang, "I travel now in peace

To God in heaven! blest release
Is always in my vision.”

5. Now with his peace without a pause
In Jesus must be taken,
And until then heart's heavy cause
Is mournfully forsaken;
For never is the heart at ease
Before the soul its Saviour sees
And joins in His embraces.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

50 “How wonderful to ponder”

1. How wonderful to ponder,
How strange to think forlorn,
That heaven's king up yonder
In byre should be born,
The kingdom's light and glory,
The living God's own word,
No home with us His story,
In poverty, unheard!
2. A pearl is looked for, really,
If ever it is lost;
A diamond tops, ideally,
The crown, at any cost;
One casts a grape, no never
In dead and withered leaves;
My Lord I watch, however,
This hardship He receives!
3. Why was there not embellished
For you a royal hall?
Whatever you had relished,
You could have had it all;
Why not your birth embolden
Beneath the sun and moon:
A cradle, rich and golden,
With roses overstrewn?
4. Wherefore were not distended
The heavens for your tent,
And starlit torches tended
When you to us were sent?
Wherefore with you in swaddle
Was heav'nly host disbarred,

Their manifest to model
Your service and your guard?

5. The sparrow has its dwelling,
The nestlings to protect;
A martin is a telling
Example in effect;
In holes the beast and creature
Has each its proper nook;
Why should my Saviour feature
A hidden, straw-born look?

6. Nay, come! I'll open gently
My heart and soul and mind,
Then pray and sing intently:
Come, Jesus, come and find
It will not suit a stranger,
But you from up above!
You'll rest here in no danger,
All swaddled in my love!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

51 “Peace with you! And with each being!”

1. Peace with you! And with each being!
Those are blessings, and in short
He will bind them to far-seeing
Orisons from heaven's court;
And whate'er the world will utter,
Benedictions end the clutter
In His parish and His church.
2. Peace with you! is His oration
Which all mothers do acclaim,
Giving children new elation
Who were christened in His name;
If at peace with God a sinner,
Then God's spirit starts an inner
Re-creation of a heart.
3. Peace with all! the Lord will utter
To His parish and His church,
Hearts do sing while foes will stutter,
Heaven's dove completes the search,
Of eternal rest it's cooing
Which is of God's angels' doing,
Never tasted, though, the sweet.

4. Now I'm going to my Father,
These were His own words divine,
But my peace I leave, or rather,
Give you, earthly friends of mine;
Thus, the peace that He consigned us,
Has the virtues to remind us
Of His peace in life and death.

5. With that peace around the manger
There He lay as angels sang:
Peace has reached a world of danger,
During Christmas night it rang;
With that very peace He'd wander
'Midst wroth enemies down yonder
Where His path was strewn with thorns.

6. With that peace, His death defying,
He was hanging on the cross,
Friend and foe alike He, dying,
Prayed for, never at a loss;
With that peace He resurrected,
As a morning gift selected
For His bride in time of strife.

7. Peace with you! And with each being!
Thus the Master's voice was heard,
Peace is found by him who's seeing
How imbued His peaceful word;
Neither pope, nor any vicar
Grant God's grace a moment quicker;
Take it thankfully yourself!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

52 "Peace and pleasure"

1. Peace and pleasure,
For this treasure
Young ones breaking into tears,
The Creator
Gives us later
Peace and pleasure for the years;
Without them the world would look
To us like a devil's nook.

2. Peace and pleasure
Know no measure
As God's angels sing for us,

Sweetly smiling,
Reconciling
Where God's cradles rock, and thus
Peacefully and pleasing we
Catch a glimpse of heaven's glee.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

53 "Refresh yourself in song"

1. Refresh yourself in song
And prayer straight and strong,
In spirit be united
By singing unaffrighted:
*Oh Jesus, be our treasure,
Our only prize and pleasure!*

2. Betake, oh mournful mind,
Yourself, the crib to find,
God's son we are receiving,
So how can you be grieving?
Oh Jesus ...

3. Ye elders, gently tend
To Him your bosom friend,
Ye children, sing out clearly
And follow on sincerely:
Oh Jesus ...

4. Each couple must as such
Make young ones seek and touch
This path of glee and rapture,
God's trusting love to capture:
Oh Jesus ...

5. Ye children small, yet blest,
Need never be distressed,
At home and in God's dwelling
We hear your voices swelling:
Oh Jesus ...

6. Compulsion of the Cross
Nor death, the final loss,
Can tear us from our Jesus,
His arms forever seize us:
*Oh Jesus, be our treasure,
Our only prize and pleasure!*

Hans Adolph Brorson

54 "Happiness is born today"

1. Happiness is born today,
Heaven's joyful gladness,
God's beloved son will stay
Tender years from sadness;
He who was hideous,
Ever fastidious
In his lofty dwelling,
Infant robes now does wear
Lays in a manger bare,
Mortal clay foretelling!
2. Born at midnight open-eyed,
Sun and moon created,
He who owns the world so wide,
Was to byre fated;
He who so far up high
Rides through the starry sky,
In His cradle lying;
He who at doomsday gap
Speaks like a thunder clap,
Listen to him crying!
3. Born is of a virgin fair
Son with will and power:
Roses suddenly, so rare,
Burst on ev'ry flower;
Almighty trinity
Made its divinity
Here below a treasure;
Father our Adam new
Had but in heaven, too,
All of Eden's pleasure!
4. On their night watch, shepherds lay
In a field of flowers,
From on high came word their way,
Angel song in showers;
Born to the Earth a king,
Heaven's new birth, we sing,
He is the Redeemer,
Guarded by silent mules
Yet He already rules,
Fair as dawn's red streamer.

5. Lord in heaven, we are all
Works of your creation,
You are great, and we are small,
You are our salvation;
Down here you have arrived,
Let us, whene'er revived,
Into the hereafter!
Caring your tears were shed,
Teach us sweet songs instead,
And angelic laughter.

Thomas Kingo

55 "God's angels, unite! sing in chorus your praise!"

1. God's angels, unite! sing in chorus your praise,
Like the first Noel,
Of God's child, the child that was born to amaze:
Of Jesus, our hero, our Saviour!
2. God's people on Earth! hold this child in embrace,
Like the first Noel!
The son of our Father brought heavenly grace:
Our Jesus, our hero, our Saviour!
3. The glory above is all God's through and through
For the glad Noel,
We were in his image created anew,
With Jesus, our hero, our Saviour.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

56 "God's peace is more than angel guard"

1. God's peace is more than angel guard,
It never takes the foe too hard,
Does gently and in depth its work
In daylight and at midnight murk.
2. It is this peace of life and mind
That in God's hand your heart will find
So that it at expiry's guile
Defends itself, but with a smile.
3. It is this peace our Saviour found,
His sweat ran cold on him when crowned,
And, as the death became release,
He left us with His word of peace.

4. This word of peace has any soul
In happy christening as its goal,
This word of peace each godly day
All din of battle will allay.
5. You know quite well, God's holy church!
It is your one and only search
That from your mouth and from your heart
The word of faith must ne'er depart.
6. For as God's son arrived with peace,
He asked for faith that would not cease;
For this, not for the world as such,
God's peace and mercy keeps in touch.
7. "God's peace!" is everywhere on earth
Our Lord's response what faith is worth,
So we have faith, with peace shall we
In time God's wondrous glory see.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

57 "God, the great creator"

1. God, the great creator,
He who now and later
Gives me his embrace,
He who me expected,
Clemently selected
Me at birth of grace,
He who knows
How to impose
Life and death for me, emergent,
He reveals what's urgent.
2. God, the great creator
Who makes any baiter
Turn away from me,
He sustains my living,
Food and drink a-giving,
Serve me well does He,
Oft it's fun
As anyone
Has digested, sadly frightened,
He has me delighted.
3. God, the great creator,
Takes your hand, and straighter

As you tend to drown,
As you stand dejected,
No repose expected,
Hardship turns you down,
God will then
Take charge again,
Like a burning straw your sorrow
Is no more tomorrow.

4. God, the great creator,
To the weak ones greater,
That is what He is.
Should or could you perish
If you always cherish
Living things as His?
Everywhere,
His peace and care
Will be rendered by His power,
Like a needed shower.

5. God, the great creator,
Is your liberator
At the bitter end.
This is what He's doing,
Proper aims pursuing
As a rightful friend.
Let that pact
Just be a fact,
That your grave is an illusion,
God the soul's suffusion.

6. God, the great creator,
Beat the dragon traitor
Mightily, did God;
Even if He leads us
Into pain, and breeds us
Sometimes pretty odd,
Be prepared
For strife declared,
For the peace He gives you later,
God, the great creator!

Hans Adolph Brorson

58 "When you take up the Master's plough"

1. When you take up the Master's plough,
Then do not look behind you

At earthly magic woods, or now
Old Sodom's curse will find you!
But plough your furrow, strew God's seed,
Too dry your soil, then cry indeed!
If tears your voice will stifle,
Then think of yield a trifle!

2. But if perchance you look at all
For we are prey to weakness,
Remember then at once your call,
Do not go back in meekness!
Life is a road of no return,
Decline the path: of death you'll learn;
If haste caused, evidently,
Your fall, go forward gently!
3. This life does but a moment last,
And then its course has ended,
For Death is just a doze, though fast,
As we in sleep have tended,
The rest from any mortal coil
We know is worth much more than toil;
What then, when chant's the measure:
Eternal is our pleasure!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

59 "You want to know the seasons"

1. You want to know the seasons
Of spring and autumn here,
The start and end as reasons
For yet one blissful year,
So hark the best of choices,
The name in which rejoices
A host of angel voices,
Salvation all the same:
Our Saviour Jesus' name!
2. Now listen, souls that wanted
Seek penance well sufficed!
Each one who kneels, undaunted,
In name of Jesus Christ,
Will find while he reposes
There suddenly uncloses
A year with cheeks like roses,
With happy smiles and true,
With eyes like heaven's blue.

3. This year that starts a winner,
So much in Jesus' name:
Rise now, you wretched sinner,
And find a peaceful aim!
Its promise fails you never,
He gains who will endeavour
To beat by far, whatever
At eventide, at dawn,
He dreamed of New Year's morn.
4. As changing winds intend so
And leaves fall from the tree,
This blessed year will end, though,
In capital of glee,
With heaven's gate unbolted,
With light of life unjolted,
With joy, now unrevolted,
Surrounding like a sun
Its royal throne is one.
5. It's He who's in the middle
Of heaven and of earth,
Who solves each single riddle
By words of clement worth:
The first one and the latter
Who saw and knew all matter,
Whose heart at last did shatter
So that it could complete
In human hearts its beat!
6. His birth and his interment
Betided here below,
He flourished then, affirmant,
In our God's acre so;
Alive He sits enthroning,
while everyone condoning,
Forever all atoning:
In name of Jesus Christ
Is penance well sufficed!
7. Come then to mortal meetings
The happiest of years!
Come, hark the angel greetings
When happy spring appears!
Come from the East all golden
To flood of joy beholden,
Our harvest to embolden

With penance well sufficed
In name of Jesus Christ!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

60 "Are you tired, says the Master"

1. Are you tired, says the Master,
Is your load a heavy one,
Come to me, then! In disaster,
I shall help till it is gone;
Rest should rather
Last a full year, says the Father.
2. Bend the knee must every being,
Humbleness my very goal,
This I brought from heaven, seeing
Sabbath day is for the soul;
Lifetime thriven,
Time of rest is thereby given.
3. Mild my yoke is on your shoulder,
This you freely can take on,
Loads for young ones as for older
Are like down and straw down yon;
Power, spirit
Follow Cov'nant and must hear it.
4. With my yoke of Cov'nant towers
Self-denial and belief,
Also spirit, holy powers,
Heaven's word to hush our grief;
Peace reposes
In God's love as it uncloses.
5. Jesus is the noble shepherd,
All the parish is his flock,
And his love will never jeopard,
Years of rest no stumbling block;
Learned so sweetly:
Ease his burden thus completely.
6. Go and find the shepherd's guerdon,
Every sinful, homeless soul!
Widely seen as yoke and burden
Granting rest to you his role,
Peace foreshowing,
Life in love of God bestowing.

7. Set apart from death and lying,
Set apart from dark unrest
Soul can learn that 'mid the crying
Grows the Tree of Life, unstressed,
And its River
Will content deep down deliver.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

61 "Voice of God above the ocean!"

1. Voice of God above the ocean!
Voice of God with life and mind,
Voice of God the only motion
As Creation was designed;
Hence will sun and moon be shining,
Hence will cloud have silver lining
Hence will field and meadow bloom!
2. Voice of God above the matter
When creating man from mould,
Never deafened by the latter
Its reverberation rolled;
Loud and clear from tongue intoning
As a human being owning,
"In God's image we were formed!"
3. Voice of God above the ocean,
Voice of God a christening word,
Voice of God the only notion
Of a reborn life we heard,
Grace of God is in the middle,
New Year's living, christening's riddle,
And salvation's certain sign!
4. Voice of God in prayer hidden
At Our Saviour's own request,
Childlike craves such grace unbidden
For his virtue warmly blest,
For his love and his adoration,
For his cross and for his torment,
For his deep humility!
5. Voice of God above the table
In its glory and renown,
In its whole the Word is stable
Like God's manna coming down;
Love and truth belong together

Whether dark or sunny weather
As God's wine and heaven's bread!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

62 "Why do you wail, complaining"

1. Why do you wail, complaining
So urgently, dear soul!
If your sad heart is waning?
Trust your creator's goal!
His calming word receive!
He wants your soul to tarry
With bliss your burden carry,
In Jesus Christ believe.
2. However slim their chances
God never lets them down
Whose trust in him enhances
His fatherly renown;
Though dangerous or odd
May be your situation,
You still shall find salvation
For merciful is God.
3. If by each door excluded,
Where you would ask the way,
If by each light deluded,
Cheer up and live today!
Be silent, suffer, wait!
If God will then support you
The whole world will escort you,
And from that very date.
4. Bring peace of God so bravely
Into the camp of foe!
The stalwart, winning gravely,
Your hero is, you know.
Though all the host of hell
In hate your faith opposes,
Its weakness it exposes,
God's will be done, and well.
5. The World's concerted powers
No child of God may fear,
What we desire as ours
Will come to us, it's clear:
God's help 'gainst all decrease

God's comfort as we suffer,
As all around gets rougher,
In life and death God's peace.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

63 "I found support"

1. I found support in burden's heavy time,
My moist eye saw a picture most sublime;
I asked my God, why breaks the cross my heart?
His answer gave me peace some place apart.
2. Your cross is an affectionate embrace
Whereof the world did never dream the grace;
It bodes you'll find repose in arms divine,
It shows your Christian name as one more sign.
3. Embrace, I see it clearly on the spot,
Embrace, that child from his own father got;
When he the infant presses to his chest,
The child in father's arms will find its rest.
4. Then it may happen that his love anew
Embraces stronger than it wants to do,
The baby winces and will almost yell
Despite the fact that love was meant so well.
5. Yes, I am weak, therefore I cried from loss
As I was wounded by the sharpened cross;
My body hurts, but thanks in any case
That you, my Saviour, give me your embrace.
6. Hence I shall lie serenely at your breast
And by this solace put my heart to rest,
You love me, wherefore your embrace is firm,
Yes, even if my heart has reached its term.
7. But I am faint, my soul is sick and weak,
In night of pain, life's roses kiss my cheek,
And if the cross will break me once again,
Just let me feel your love was not in vain.

Vilhelm Birkedal

64 "I call out loud, oh Master"

1. I call out loud, oh Master,
In deep distress, to you,

Your care for me grows faster,
And you will save me, too;
Your ear should be directed
T'wards me as I obey,
I do not feel rejected
On high when I do pray!

2. Ah, if you paid attention
To sins that we commit
In life our own invention,
Who could endure your wit!
A favour you have granted
Each man at his request,
We love, extol enchanted
Your Majesty's behest.
3. For death by crucifixion
Recall me in your realm!
May words of benediction
My hardships overwhelm!
For you the heart is burning
With eager, endless thirst,
Far more than watchmen's yearning
For rosy dawn to burst.
4. In God and his compassion
We confidently trust,
And in his gracious fashion
That he has felt he must
Pour out on every being,
Our holy God, our Lord,
All of us thereby freeing
From sins' and sorrows' horde!

Steen Bille

65 "I know a little paradise"

1. I know a little paradise,
You'll find it in a trifle
Where faith and christening do entice
So hearts need never stifle.
2. There he of whom God's angels sing
Is powerfully present,
There loud God's children choir does ring
Like meadow birds so pleasant.

3. There we will hear God's simple word,
But not in voice of thunder:
A soft, transcendent sound is heard,
It fills the heart with wonder.
4. The message comes at Christmastide
From Him, our Lord and Father,
To praise his son, in Him confide,
As round the crib we gather.
5. Mind-manger is the fertile earth
That opens at His leisure.
At that, the childlike word of birth
Is like a seed of pleasure.
6. Then we shall hearken with delight
His servant's word, untainted,
When by its words, from heart contrite
The Lord is lifelike painted.
7. It is delicious when you hear
How God's own son was greeted,
An infant, laid in manger dear,
His full-blown life completed.
8. It is celestial when you hear
That, sacrificing dearly,
Divinely He will wander near
His christened ones sincerely.
9. He calls the faith His mother sweet,
She knows His voice when spoken,
In life and death she loves to treat
His comfort as unbroken.

10. At every hero stride on earth
He whispers to His mother,
"When I grow up to show my worth
I'll act like him, my brother."
11. When on the Cross, the plaintive cry,
"Why does my God betray me?"
He whispers, "Praised to God on high,
This once does not affray me!"
12. And when 'tis heard, "He left the grave,
He disappeared from prison,"

The small one whispers, "Mother brave,
Rejoice now! He's arisen!"

13. Now in this little paradise
I wish His Word producèd
So in the big one, bright and nice,
God's imag'ry is lucid.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

66 "Sign and word of cross a shock"

1. Sign and word of cross a shock
And to man a stumbling block
Everywhere the Lord's invited
And where Jesus' name is cited
As the living son of God.
2. Sign is made and will appear
Rather often in the clear,
Not just made by icy fingers,
But by mage or troll that lingers,
Slyly mumbling, "To and fro!"
3. To the cross's word attuned
Making signs is still oppugned
By the world, a deed to weaken,
Is on Zion's hills a beacon,
But in native tongues a blaze.
4. Sign and word of cross present
At the Master's sacrament
Thus the very cross which ever
Christians must indeed endeavour
To support in Jesus' name.
5. Weight of death or weight of pain,
Weight of woe in utter strain,
With no cross as sign, nor spoken
Far and wide we seek a token:
with the cross our stumbling block.
6. Thus, the spirit of Our Lord
Makes the sign as his reward
For our heart and brain to ponder
As a morning star up yonder
Heralds now His sunny day.

7. Thus it glows with radiant light
O'er the spirit's rostrum bright,
Thus the word of cross embraces
Us with life at our own places
In our master, Jesus', name.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

67 "Lift up your eyes, all Christian men!"

1. Lift up your eyes, all Christian men!
See where the birds are cheeping
For up the churchyard path again
The hill and dale are creeping!
2. It winds through field and watershed
Among the corn and flowers,
Where many birds they make their bed
In spring, in summer showers.
3. Prick up your ears, all Christian men!
The Godhead is expected
With life and light and peace, is then
Among us resurrected!
4. His words of life and spirit here
Make sorrow turn to pleasure,
And at his table, feel Him near,
His presence is a treasure.
5. Yes, in each mouth and in each heart
His word will never wizen
He who has torn his grave apart,
Has Easter morn arisen.
6. Therefore the hearts burst into song,
The hearts that burned when fighting
As Jesus met the earthly throng,
The firmament igniting.
7. Let us with singing hasten home,
Apostles there caressing,
And in Jerusalem we'll roam,
With them receive His blessing!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

68 "The Virgin Mary sat in hay"

1. The Virgin Mary sat in hay
At nighttime in the stable,
In manger Jesus gently lay
In swaddling clothes, but able.
2. An angel entered golden-crowned,
So glittering and shiny,
While small suns circled all around
They sparkled, oh so tiny.
3. Like forest beech he towered high
As straight as any willow,
His wings were flashing, fit to fly,
As crests upon a billow.
4. The angel thus appeared at once
For shepherds in the meadow,
A shiver was their first response,
Their instant fears unsaid, though!
5. "Be not affrighted," stated he,
"Cry not at what I'm bringing!
I come from hidden land to ye
With joy and Christmas singing."
6. "I come with song from paradise
To every human being!
God's son is born a child so nice,
Mankind he will be freeing!"
7. "This Christ Child, in the manger laid,
In Bethlehem you'll find him,
He wants you to go unafraid
To heaven right behind him!"
8. And there were little angels, too,
Like stars in bright apparels,
With crowns and wings you never knew
With ringing Christmas carols!
9. They sang till sun arose again
In shepherds' tongue, outgoing,
In chorus, in the sky and then
In heaven's splendour glowing,

10. "Now, glory be, this holy birth,
on high His throne may glisten!
The Christmas message: Peace on earth,
Goodwill to all who listen!"

11. "Sing hallelujah, praise aloud
Our infant Saviour blessing!"
So, evermore, the happy crowd,
Their Christmas joy expressing!

12. With hallelujah on their lip
The shepherds now departed,
A happy Christmas morning trip,
To Bethlehem was started.

13. They came and found her on the hay,
The king's delighted mother,
And in the manger where He lay,
God's only son, our brother.

14. And from the bottom of their hearts
They thanked the Lord devoutly,
From all the world's most distant parts
we Christians do it stoutly.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

69 "My Jesus, let my heart obtain"

1. My Jesus, let my heart obtain
Your favour as a whole,
That night and day you will remain
Most sacred to my soul!
2. So then, each moment in your grace
Is blithesome time so sweet,
For you will kiss me on my face
When in your home we meet!
3. My heart, which in that grave you lay,
Arise white and red,
At eventide let rest and pray
And smile at being dead!
4. Take this poor sinner home to you
In justice fair and free,
Your new Jerusalem come true
In glory I shall see!

Anonymous

70 "As I consider time and day"

1. As I consider time and day
When this my life has ended,
My soul rejoices straightaway
Like birds to sunlight tended,
Oh day so mild,
My strife up-piled
Will have a blissful morrow!
To pleasant glee
On Jesus' knee
I go from woe and sorrow.
2. My soul be valiant, well within,
Rejoice in Christ, your master!
For death, the wages of your sin,
Will save you from disaster;
A loss before,
Now is the door
To a divine hereafter,
My death is now
A sleep somehow,
All sorrow turned to laughter.
3. So, mourn not where you're coming to
When you depart the living,
A friend embraces you so true,
So faithful and forgiving;
God's only son
Will pray for one
That they may stay beside Him,
His calm and peace
He would release
If even sinner tried him!
4. A lonely bedroom is my grave
Where I shall once be rested,
On doomsday I shall leave that cave,
This trust is not contested;
My clay, de cease
And rest in peace,
Let evil be departed!
Do close the door,
God to the fore
And face the day light-hearted!

5. Ah, then I'll die in happiness
And fear not any danger,
My life in Christ is limitless,
And death is not a stranger;
I die where'er,
But live right there
Where life has its creation,
With angel choir
Proclaiming high'r
The joy of God's salvation!

Niels Pedersen

71 "Now sun arises in the East"

1. Now sun arises in the East;
My soul, to God you win,
Pray he will save you as the least
From evil, shame and sin!
2. Our tongue in mercy stand he by,
So lies and broil may flee;
And his redeeming love, our eye
From hostile ruse set free!
3. Purge he our heart and make it fresh
In any closet nook,
So great or small a lust of flesh
Us never overtook!
4. So we, as daylight fades away
To shadows of the night,
May sing our praise of God today
His peace may be our plight.

C.J. Brandt

72 "A thousand tongues my pure desire"

1. A thousand tongues my pure desire,
The finest ring of this my song,
My soul would wishfully aspire
To praise the Lord the whole day long,
To build a paradise above
And therein take my fill of love!
2. All greenwood in unceasing movement,
Please let me hear each little sound,
To help me with my song's improvement

My pledge to God with joy abound!
Ye flowers, bow your splendour down
To hail with me our Lord's renown!

3. Each one of you who moves, come hither,
Each one who's breathing in his breast,
Come, help me, so my thanks ne'er wither
By lending each his voice at best
To glorify the works of grace
Which have surrounded me apace!

4. In all my life I have had many
A giant test of loneliness
In which through glee and plague, if any,
God guided me; I must confess
That he persisted in his goal
When waters reached my humble soul.

5. Away, delight and pain together!
You can oppress my mind no more,
My heart it quivers, like a feather,
For heaven's holy, sacred shore;
All praise and pride and sacrifice,
Unswerving God in paradise!

6. My soul proclaims your love forever
Until my life comes to its end,
Yea, though the trials here may sever
My mouth and tongue, I'll still attend,
To praise you as I used to do,
I choke a sigh and sing anew!

7. Do not reject my thanks, though minor,
That I can give you, treasure dear!
In heaven it will be much finer
As angel tones I chant and hear!
I shall in lofty choir anon
Sing hallelujah ever on.

Hans Adolph Brorson

73 "Oh Holy Ghost, my passion"

1. Oh Holy Ghost, my passion
This city must attract,
This pleasing gem
Jerusalem
Where all my pains turn ashen,

Where need is not a fact.
Oh Holy Ghost, my passion
This city must attract.

2. But ah, these sailing waters!
How do I find my way
Past hidden rocks
Through gusty shocks
To land at gladsome quarters?
By choice I'd rather stay.
But ah, these sailing waters!
How do I find my way?

3. Consolidate this notion:
I'm soon in paradise!
Belief make brave
'Gainst fear of wave,
Do steer across the ocean,
You know how I suffice.
Consolidate this notion:
I'm soon in paradise.

Hans Adolph Brorson

74 "Oh hear us, Master, for your death!"

1. Oh hear us, Master, for your death!
Oh Jesus! help our need of breath,
No one like you advises!
Our aims you know, oh hear our speech,
Then send us light and comfort each
Before distress arises!

2. Dispatch your kind, omniscient mind,
Whose life's delight is love unblind!
Our tongues he makes aglowing
So that we truly sing about
How down below you were, no doubt,
New life from death bestowing!

3. Yea, godhead sun, so strong and mild!
Oh shine now clear and reconciled
Until your light goes under!
Your flowery acre, let it thrive
While birds are singing all alive
Your praise in tones of wonder.

4. Yea, say it in the Lord's embrace,
My Father! Glorify my face
Though childlike tear's a treasure;
So that it's known, at day, at night,
My yoke does fit, my load is light,
My peace a blissful pleasure!

5. Oh then will countless eyes now shut
Be opened, sparkling fairly, but
Restored now by your spirit
And many rosy cheeks' decay
And many children, run astray,
Are healed of weakness near it!

6. From small ones who in secret cried,
God's precious son alive and tried
They did not see when present,
From those shall peal into the sky,
Burst open vault of heaven high
Their hallelujah pleasant!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

75 "Christianity, lo!"

1. Christianity, lo!
You offer the heart what the world doesn't know,
What vaguely we glimpse as the orb looks so blue
Is in us alive, and the feeling is true;
My land, says the Master, is heaven and earth
Of love-founded worth!

2. How blissful our lot
To live here where death now a sting it has not!
Where all that has faded will flourish thereby,
Where all that has fallen will reach for the sky,
Where love is expanding like daylight in spring
That roses enring.

3. How joyous the land
Where glasses run neither with teardrops nor sand,
Where blooms never wither, and birds never die,
Where happiness sparkles while meeting the eye,
Where payment for crowning old age on the bier
Is never too dear!

4. Oh wonder, oh bliss!
You bridge ever faithful the dreadful abyss

Defying the roaring debacle at strand,
From home of the dead to the living ones' land;
This earthly repose will content you the best,
Ye high-born, our guest!

5. Oh hope winging high,
Godsent, newly christened a holy reply!
Do lend us those feathers the spirit bestowed
So oft we can fly to that far-off abode
Where sun of eternity shines all the time
On blessedness' clime!

6. Oh love of our dream,
You calm, little source of the powerful stream!
Fill generous words into benison's cup,
Our Saviour's own words, and then fill it all up;
Be thus our elixir on earth, free from strife
For infinite life.

7. Oh spirit of love,
Eternity, life in perfection above,
By high altar fire you will melt human heart,
In sunlight and mildness the earthly depart,
So happy we feel that our bosoms acquire
The living's desire!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

76 "Rise, all that God created here"

1. Rise, all that God created here,
In joy his praise to render!
The least he did is great and clear,
A proof of might and splendour.

2. If all the kings marched in a row
Of formidable mettle,
They were not able e'en to grow
A leaf upon a nettle.

3. Yes, all the angels' mighty force
That heaven's sceptre wielded,
Could not produce a mote, of course,
To that they always yielded.

4. The smallest straw I wonder at
In forest and in valley.

The needed wisdom, where is that,
Its very form to tally?

5. What can I say when on my stroll
Among the meadow flowers
I hear the warbling birds console
Like countless harps of ours!

6. What can I say when all my mind
In deepness of the ocean
So very little there will find
But mouths in ceaseless motion!

7. What can I say when I may see
How hosts of stars do twinkle,
How each of them will beckon me
With tender smile and tinkle!

8. What can I say! – my meek remarks
Are trifles any hour:
Oh Lord, your wisdom brightly sparks,
Your kingdom, goodness, power!

Hans Adolph Brorson

77 “Rise, ye Christians, and get ready!”

1. Rise, ye Christians, and get ready!
Christian soldiers on the guard,
Foes are powerful and steady,
All prepared for fighting hard.
In accord
Draw the sword!
Hell defies the holy horde!

2. Walk behind this prince of ours,
Trust his strong and stalwart arm.
Satan uses all his powers,
Fuming wrath to do us harm;
Do recall,
Standing tall
Heaven’s hero copes with all.

3. Blood-stained flag of Christ, now grab it;
Join in strife for humankind,
Thus the daily fighting habit
Reinforces soul and mind;

Every sore
Steels the core,
Bringing triumph evermore.

4. Gallant saints of utmost daring
Have perceived this as no sham,
Fortified in victor’s bearing
By the blood of heaven’s lamb.
Why should we
Then go free
From all Christians’ fight and plea?

5. It may be their lives’ desire,
They obtain no freedom, though,
If to God they don’t aspire,
In anxiety they go;
Flesh and blood
In the mud!
Then the soldier’s pluck will flood!

6. Rise in name of Christ to capture
Victory, how great the glee.
Round our heads we tie in rapture
Gospel’s token for to see.
Be the way
As it may!
But the Word shall be for aye!

7. Has our life in God been hidden,
And as dust our bones remain,
Easter morn the sun is bidden
To arise for us again;
Shows anew
This is true,
Jesus conquered Death for you!

8. Then the host of Christ assembles,
Sets itself around His seat,
Crown of life, the light that trembles,
Make us look like Him we meet,
Triumph song,
Harp so strong
Last forever, I’m not wrong!

Hans Adolph Brorson

78 "Oh if I sat as Mary sat"

1. Oh if I sat as Mary sat,
Our Saviour she was gazing at,
With childlike trust besotten!
Sat there at morn and eventide,
In thirst imbibed the words he cried,
My worries were forgotten.
2. Was that my finest morning drink,
Was that at resting time, I think,
My dew and nightfall cooling,
I learned most likely more and more
Of my desire from before
From my Redeemer's ruling!
3. So it became more easy, too,
On happy walks, the thing to do,
To me was wisdom granted,
When, from the bottom of my heart
Such songs of praise my mouth did part,
My life thereby enchanted.
4. Now here I am, oh Lord, my friend!
You speak! I answer and attend
Though low and mean my being
And yours almighty, high and kind!
You find your own words in my mind,
Inept I am, unseeing.
5. You tell me I should be a child
For ever with our Father mild,
For me you this acquired!
You tell me that your spirit will
Release me from expiring still,
Make life what I desired!
6. Each word of yours is like a kiss!
Each hour with you is such a bliss,
Your name a true elation!
You will encourage us right there
To pray the Lord's eternal prayer
In childlike exultation!

Marie Wexelsen

79 "Where'er your path may take you"

1. Where'er your path may take you,
However dark it seems,
From sleep He will awake you,
So trust God's heav'nly schemes!
He who can show the breezes,
The clouds, the waves their trails,
Your troubled path He eases,
In that He never fails.
2. 'Tis clear he offers pauses,
The one and only Lord,
But wonder, too, he causes
While keeping watch and ward;
For if He sees you tarry
In keeping hope and trust
You cry out - He will parry
And hear your cry as just.
3. Trust him and his creation!
His way is not deceit;
Leave him your desolation
With patience to defeat!
Then you will see it truly,
Our master he is wise
He turns all matters duly
To praise of boundless size.
4. Yea, father high above us,
Thou proper king of kings!
Because you always love us,
You know what goodness brings,
Achieving like a hero
With might and courage all
That in your mind from zero
You have resolved to call.
5. As world distress was greatest
You did not spare your son,
For sinners at the latest
A fair release you won;
By means of grace at gloaming
Your pledge is safe and free
However wild and foaming
The cruel earthly sea.

6. Each clime will find you ready,
Each life, each human way,
Your light forever steady
Will shine on every day;
As far as stars do glisten
Your inspiration runs,
Though mortals hardly listen,
You help your little ones.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

80 "As the golden sun emerges"

1. As the golden sun emerges
From the coal-black cloud to see
While its brilliant radiance urges
Utter gloom and dark to flee,
Thus my Jesus from his grave,
From the deep and deadly wave
Gloriously was resurrected
Easter morning, unexpected!
2. Thank you, heaven's greatest victor,
Thank you, hero of all life,
Whom no Death, no vile constrictor
Could confine with hell's dark strife!
Thank you for that Death was put
Down and trampled under foot!
Not one tongue can chant this pleasure
And sufficient praise admeasure.
3. In my heart is consolation
For the soul thereby to find
That relieves excruciation
As your grave I keep in mind,
Thinking how you drew last breath
In the dusky nook of Death,
Then arose in might and glory!
Nought can make such glad furore!
4. Lying on the sinful courses,
Lying in unending need,
Lying with no caring forces,
Lying beggarly, indeed,
Lying ousted, hither hurled,
Left alone by all the world,
As a home the grave I'm gaining,
But there's still some hope remaining!

5. Sin and death and all the arrows
That from hell can now be shot,
Lie as still as fallen sparrows
When you rested in the grot!
There you buried them and gave
Me a safe, consoling stave,
For redress of yours I tarry,
Palm of victory to carry!

6. Now I know you, God's descendant,
Seeing your almightiness,
Resurrection makes resplendent
What I trust, what I possess,
Hope and blessedness and glee;
Yea, my christening is to me
In your death, as in a fiction,
Resurrection, my conviction!

7. Make me all creation's lover
By your power of redress,
Let the soil become my cover,
Worms remove my lividness,
Blaze and water overwhelm!
In that faith and in your realm
I shall die, but to your glory
Rise from deathly territory!

8. Sweetest Jesus, show compassion
By your noble Holy Ghost,
So my very act and fashion
Can be overseen foremost,
So I shall not slip inane
Into dark abyss again.
You removed me when entreated
Death by you was thus defeated!

9. Thanks for how your birth gave pleasure,
Thanks for this your godhead Word,
Thanks for christening's holy treasure,
Thanks for grace at altar heard,
Thanks for bitter, deadly pain,
Thanks for resurrection's reign,
Thanks for heaven's joy behind you,
There I'll see you, there I'll find you!

Thomas Kingo

81 "Sound it, heaven, sing it, earth"

1. Sound it, heaven, sing it, earth:
God, your bounteous gift is worth
So much your love enriches,
Witnessed by the sun and rain
That in any clime again
Field and moor bewitches!
2. Wherefore is God's children brood
Though they're not with wealth imbued
Yet none the less free-handed,
Kindly offer what they own,
Hand and mouth as quick are known,
Their sparkling eyes are candid.
3. Little ones of Jesus Christ
See him as themselves, sufficed
By looking at each other,
Doing what they would have done
If at heaven's gate as one
They'd met the godhead brother.
4. Never they forget his word,
"What you do to this my herd
Down yonder from desire,
I regard as done to me,"
Shall return it certainly
And in eternal ire.
5. God the Father sun and rain
Offers in each clime again
To bad and good as equal
That's the way his children brood
Share like Jesus, then renewed
They'll find a happy sequel.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

82 "Unafraid whate'er my chances"

1. Unafraid whate'er my chances
Be down yonder, bright or dull,
Just this masterpiece advances
Over which I daily mull:
*Yea, if only grace I know,
Unafraid, how things will go!*

2. Unafraid while others worry,
Quite uneasy in their minds,
If I only, in no hurry,
Please my God in what he finds.
Yea, if only ...
3. Unafraid while others sorrow
Over their affrighted lot,
From God's grace I hope to borrow,
All the rest is soon forgot.
Yea, if only ...
4. Unafraid while others frightened
Dread that day, extremely grim;
By God's grace I am enlightened,
I commend myself to him.
Yea, if only ...
5. Unafraid when others tremble,
Yet my death no tremble shot;
Crown with me, on high assemble,
Will I tremble? I must not!
Yea, if only ...
6. Sweetest God, your grace forever
Be with me down here! – You may
Rule my fortune, well, but never
Will my paradise betray.
Yea, if only ...

Ambrosius Stub

83 "'Neath the Cross of the departed"

1. 'Neath the Cross of the departed
Stood his mother broken-hearted,
Mourning for him, deadly pale!
Sun went black as Jesus fainted,
Blackened hearts from scorn had tainted
And for fun abused the frail.
2. Thus the Church knows, mother-hearted,
Better Mary's pain, imparted
Under cross and taunting spell;
But one death for all offences
Clearly sweetens gall-strained senses,
Jesus did all things so well!

3. Break not, heart! Be mother-hearted!
You may drown all pain that smarted,
In your Saviour's endless love!
And whatever children suffer,
God's begotten son is tougher,
Blessing them from high above!

4. Jesus and his mother parted,
Peace he gave her, tender-hearted,
That's the treasure of the Church;
For this peace will every fighter
Suffer, witnessing it brighter,
End in paradise the search!

5. Bless you, mother, open-hearted!
Bless you, mother, dolour-darted,
Bless your sacred female breast!
In God's eyes you found true favour,
By the Cross's riddle braver
Solace won at his behest!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

84 "Though countless the flowers"

1. Though countless the flowers that grow on the
earth,
Yet none has a scent to match faith in its worth;
In word of the truth it will ever endure,
Its deep-reaching roots will ensure;
With scent in his mind
Our Maker himself planted out that kind
In his garden.

2. Though countless the birds that can flutter their
wings,
Yet none can match hope to reach heavenly
springs;
To faith it descended like dew from the sky,
Ascended with smell for on high,
God Father for one
At faith in its hope gave his very son
As a bridegroom.

3. Though countless the fruits that may thrive on a
tree,
Just one golden apple in paradise lee;
And he who fullheartedly life-seed can claim,

The apple gave charity's name;
The twosome is shown,
For faith and for hope this is now his own
Wedding present.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

85 "Worldlings have so many sites"

1. Worldlings have so many sites
And they gather there for pleasure,
Have God's children then no rights,
Meeting here to sing at leisure!
With his heav'nly host that pleasant
Will the Lord himself be present!

2. He is here, yea, heaven's light
Gloriously and bright surround us,
Life and peace are senses right,
Jesus' light and spirit found us,
God and gladness rhyme together,
Gladly free of worldly weather.

3. Little babies, hear them weep,
First they weep and then comes speaking,
Yet, the Word of rapture deep
Souls will all the while be seeking;
Oft we gathered leaden-hearted,
Merrily afresh then parted.

4. Saviour good, protect our wit!
As we're praying, as we're singing,
Clear our eyes, enforce our grit,
Old and young together bringing!
Thus we learn in worldly welter
That your house gives better shelter.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

86 "The Lord is a king, immensely great"

1. The Lord is a king, immensely great,
In heaven he sits enthronèd,
Unseen by those who share the fate
By Christians down yonder ownèd.
But our Father is alive in his heaven.

2. If ever God's Word should choke a child,
His son would expire from treason;

But those King Herod he has beguiled,
Will die from that very reason.
But our Father ...

3. God's angels still, as they did before,
Do all that he has decided,
And ne'er can you lock secure a door,
They slip through the way he guided.
But our Father ...

4. God's angels descend, ascend anew
Wherever the Lord is present,
They bring to his friends good answers, too,
And share his advices pleasant.
But our Father ...

5. Now merry and glad in name of Him!
Our king unlike any other,
The faithful must serve him, heart and limb,
Because he will be their brother.
For our Father is alive in his heaven!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

CONTRIBUTION TO 'A SCORE OF DANISH SONGS, 1915'

87 "The boys of Refsnaes, the girls of Samsøe"
lively and bluffly

1. The boys of Refsnaes, the girls of Samsøe,
They open the ball in a deviant dance
As gale makes the gam so,
That sunshine then shams, oh,
And sailormen wish they were grounded, perchance.

2. Come, everyone who would like it, come hither
To ride on the waves at a furious pace.
Stark whitened they slither
Like chalk floating thither
Up hill and down dale, oh, how pleasant a race!

3. The howling of wind and the roaring of breaker:
A wonderful music for sea-going ball!
But sometimes a shaker,
A billow awaker
On deck; there's no need of dead reck'ning at all.

4. Cheer up, men! And show me how you will
endeavour
To meet with the mermaids in treading the dance!
Ye youngsters so clever,
They want you forever –
Do throw them away, keep your course and your
chance.

Steen Steensen Blicher

88 "Now you must find your path in life"
(**88**: stanzas 1, 3-5)
Manly and calmly

1. Now you must find your path in life,
Use life, abuse it not in strife.
Whatever hardship you may touch,
Trust heaven, not yourself too much.

2. Save up no gold! Discard it not!
Grasp honest assets on the spot!
In weighty deed reject no joke!
Joke so, that weight you may evoke!

3. Suspect no man lest you have cause,
Believe without too much applause.
Do look and listen prompt and well,
But slow in what you choose to tell.

4. Shun clash and conflict when you can,
But if you must, fight like a man.
Keep to the straight and narrow path,
Leave not your guilt as aftermath.

5. For greater load you'll never feel
Than what your conscience can conceal.
So go with God where'er you roam,
Then you will find your proper home.

Steen Steensen Blicher

89 *Maids in the Wood* ("In shadows we wander")
With calm grace

1. In shadows we wander,
We gather in straw
With livelong down yonder
Where flowers we saw.
Pretty, little herb,

Simple and superb,
Standing fresh and green,
Out of sight, unseen.

2. We leave it intently
In shades of the rack,
And hope it will gently
Wind out from the crack.
If it sets its root,
Fate will then bear fruit.
If it dies thereby,
We shall also die.

3. Then there is no comer
So glad thereabout
The following summer,
When flowers do sprout.
Where the cross stands tall
By the churchyard wall,
Pale we're out of ken.
All is over then!

4. The livelong down yonder
Where flowers we saw,
We gather in wonder
Among pale green straw.
Pretty, little herb,
Simple and superb,
Standing fresh and green,
Out of sight, unseen.

Adam Oehlenschläger

90 *Homesickness* ("Odd and unknown evening breezes!")

Sincerely, warmly (not too slowly)

1. Odd and unknown evening breezes!
Will you raise my longing mind?
Scent of flowers mildly pleases!
Say, whereunto do you wind?
Passing over whiter strand
My beloved native land?
Will you there in silent waving
Tell them how my heart's behaving?

2. Misty now behind the mountain,
Flaming red the sun goes down;
Yet, I dwell beside the fountain

With a dark and lonesome frown.
Lonely fells are not my home,
Even so it's here I roam,
In my Hertha's holts no user,
Nor tonight a childlike snoozer.

3. Son of Norway! I remember
What you said with smelting breast
That at home around the ember
Is most quiet, is the best.
Swiss who lives on solid rock!
Said the same words 'round the clock.
Strange, his yearning did embellish
Wonted mountains one would relish.

4. Do you think these rocks can really
On their own impress your mind?
Ah, my heart too scared, ideally
Turns away from such a kind.
Sing the praise of spruce, of fir!
Denmark's beeches where they were!
Sallow river, bending, creeping,
Keeps my restless soul from sleeping.

5. In my country flow no rivers
In a wide and clayey bed;
Silv'ry-blue the sea delivers
Fountains to our lives instead,
Winding with its friendly arms
Round its daughter's bosom charms,
And itself at bloom amuses
On the ample breasts it chooses.

6. Hush, oh hush! The boat is yonder
With the rush and brush in sight;
Damsel songs will sweetly wander
Through the soft and silent night.
What a tune! A gentle zest
Floods delightfully my breast!
Then, what do I miss, descanting
On her pleasant way of chanting?

7. This is not the Danish wording,
These are not the wonted sounds,
Not the ones that I've been herding
In my childhood's wooded grounds.
Better will they ring, maybe,

But alas, no good for me!
Better though her tune is sweeping,
But forgive at least my weeping.

8. Take my plaintive singing only
For an unintended sigh!
In this evening, mild and lonely,
Wistful streams are hieing by.
Often such an eventide
Saw me in my holt abide;
Mem'ries are right now prevailing,
This for certain caused my wailing.

9. Early on I lost my mother,
Oh such woe that brought to me!
Denmark is my second mother,
Shall I e'er my mother see?
Life is weak as well as short,
Fate may give a far retort.
Shall I e'er the end then face her,
In that fading heat embrace her?

Adam Oehlenschläger

91 "As Odin beckons"

With power and courage

1. As Odin beckons
The hero reckons
To swing his sword;
By gory slaughter
The frames cut shorter
A body horde,
As quick as lightning
He hies, but calm,
With Skogul fright'ning,
Her shield on arm.

2. His sword resounding
As foe surrounding
While he is swift.
Valhalla craves him
When it can't save him,
His armoured shift,
This dauntless fighter
Whose fearlessness
Makes fright not slighter,
Nor horror less.

3. In warfare proper
With helmet, copper,
And hardened sheet,
Of goddess image
Through mighty scrimmage,
His spear complete
With steel, and bigger,
His throw a flash
And aims to trigger
The deadly gash.

4. Odin in glamour,
Thor with hammer,
With club stands Tyr,
Each fighting maiden
Comes weapon-laden
To battle here.
When lur has hooted
Like hungry bear,
The gods recruited
Fray children there.

5. What is our being!
A puff that's fleeing
Reluctantly;
A game elation,
Its aspiration:
Eternity.
To this you wander
In morning red
On roads down yonder,
But when you're dead.

6. Mongst mead and maiden,
With blood unladen,
You warlike Dane!
You fortune's minion
Till Skogul's pinion
Has swept and slain.
By sword committed,
By oak wreath crowned
As well befitted
The brave, the sound.

Adam Oehlenschläger

92 "Fortune has lately left you"

Quietly

1. Fortune has lately left you,
You're trampled in the dust
And by your foes derided,
With no more friends to trust.
2. Still, give no heed, if only
You don't yourself betray,
We were sent here to labour,
And not for joy and play.
3. But yonder minds will swim in
The Milky Way to lave,
Where life's white swans are rising
Again from time and grave.
4. They're oft revealed quite clearly,
The notions you recall
That he be pleased most highly
Who suffered most of all.
5. For pain is just the lining
On robe of blessedness,
Light's splendour is reflected
In springs profound, no less.

Carsten Hauch

93 "Our earth I magnify thousandfold"

Intrepidly

1. Our earth I magnify thousandfold,
One side of it always gets greener:
Where here it fades and it turns to mould,
It's born out there with demeanour;
The South grows old and is brushed aside
As now the North stands, a lovely bride.
2. My father removed me from mother's arm,
He gave me his coat as a pillow,
The north wind was whistling my only psalm,
My baptism salt like a billow.
My cradle was the Atlantic's grey wave,
My cradle turned into my father's grave

3. The globe has me as a travelling limb,
I visit the greenest oases,
But ne'er a home can match with my whim
In all these spellbinding places.
Where plumb line two or three fathoms sounds,
It's there that I'm in my own hunting grounds.
4. My brother I found at the viscount's plough,
Three sweating bullocks to draw it;
In his bright-red cap he could sleep somehow,
His head hang low when I saw it.
Like flies that slip on a tarry deck,
His pattens trudged through the dirty dreck.
5. Just horses four in my stable here,
But never a one will be tired,
And never a crack from my whip they fear
For air is all that's required.
No wings, no legs on these mounts to see
While racing the reindeer they're flying free.
6. I met with my brother, grabbed his arm,
And urged him joining my forces;
In front of my coach it snorted alarm,
The fieriest one of my horses.
The north wind we call it, this fiery one,
It listens, apart from itself, to none.

Poul Martin Møller

94 "Rose is blooming now in Dana's borders"

With calm warmth

1. Rose is blooming now in Dana's borders,
Starling whistles sweetly by the bed,
Bees are making nectar, dancing orders,
Stallions graze ancestral graves as warders,
There's a boy who's picking berries red.
2. Here between the gorges of the ocean
Neither spring nor floral splendour's seen;
Snorts the whale in cold and stupid motion,
Silent bird uplifts in wing'd devotion
Quarry from the wat'ry hunting scene.
3. My companions in the Danish summer!
Do you mind this travelled man offhand
Who, recalling Dana's bloom, is glummer

As the souther plays a canvas drummer
Far from his beloved native land.

4. Whether east or west, where'er I wander,
I shall dream of you at Denmark's Sound;
E'en among Constantia vineyards yonder
Longingly on beech leaves I may ponder
Back in Charlotte's grove with you around.
5. Cries the clerk in each Manila hovel,
"Denmark is a seedy little land!"
Java's wealthy sons don't find this novel,
E'en Batavia hucksters groan and grovel,
"Denmark is a seedy little land!"
6. Eastern son in cloak discreetly swinging
Who behind his fan will gasp for air,
Has a gaudy bird, is never singing,
Heartless maids to golden buckles clinging,
Scentless tinsel flowers everywhere.
7. Could you, pledging gold and silver coolly,
Buy yourself a Nordic woman's trust,
Buy yourself a puff of sea air, truly,
Buy yourself a shade in woods of Thule
And a clover field for midday gust?
8. Seedy man who ploughs his Danish acre,
Shakes the apples from his trusty tree,
Is by brains and brawn a true partaker,
Corn in fields and milk in cans, a maker,
Heifer in the grass to o'er its knee.
9. Yes, our Danish soil's a fruitful story,
There is strength in all the Danish bread:
Wherefore Danish man is bathed in glory,
Wherefore Norman knife became so gory,
Wherefore Danish cheek is always red.
10. Eastern prince may with his purchased lovers
Sprawl quite drowsily on purple sod,
Listening to what black man's trill uncovers
'Tween the pillars and the roof that hovers,
Cold and sallow like a marble god.
11. Under pale green beech, this Danish wooer
Wanders with his lavish-figured maid,

'Bove their heads the moon's a keen pursuer,
While the swan's a water-mirrored viewer,
Nightingale sings one more serenade.

12. Whether this as poverty you're reading,
Eastern magnate, satin-clad and fanned!
Happily my Danish bread I'm heeding,
Thanking God as these my lips are pleading,
"Denmark is a seedy little land!"

Poul Martin Møller

95 "Sleep tight, my ducky little dear!"

Mildly

1. Sleep tight, my ducky little dear!
And rest your tootsy-wootsies.
With happy thoughts the angel's cheer
will bless your dream and bootsies.
2. Sleep, tiny tot, in utter calm
Where'er your soul may hover.
The cradle is your mother's arm,
My breast the cushion cover.
3. Sleep in my silken raiment's lee,
My bonnie darling lassie!
While birds sing, high up in the tree
A lullaby so sassy.
4. I see the dainty hands so small
Deep in my bosom boring,
With lines therein and nails and all
Like others I'm adoring.
5. Your peepers they are sleepy now,
Good night I kiss them double,
The sandman soon will show us how
He lulls you with no trouble.
6. From mother sleep will surely flee;
Can sleep be thus respected
With day and night too short for me
To keep the lass protected?
7. Unsafe is any worldly pact
And holy oath, well, maybe,
But mother's mood, it is a fact,
Is always with her baby.

8. Sleep well, my only one, my son!
Now rest your eyes, my laddie,
I get a smile when sleep is done.
Then we go home to daddy.

Poul Martin Møller

96 "Farewell, my respectable native town!"

Briskly and joyfully

1. Farewell, my respectable native town!
My mother's pots of steaming renown,
My father's heifer munches a-noosed,
My sister's rooster sleeps on its roost.
I am running away!
2. Farewell, to my grandfather's homestead snug!
Thank you for beer from our festive mug,
For steps where I sat with my rattle, too,
For mother's milk and for food to chew,
And a barn-dance as well.
3. On clay-pounded floors, in a shirt so small,
I learned to walk, having learned to crawl!
Yet, now I am bored from such timid gait,
For me the parlour is much too strait.
I must hurry away!
4. Let oxen haul at the peasant's plough,
I'd rather the deer in the woods than the cow.
While ducks are rocking by gutter's rand,
Then the snow-feathered seagull flies clean o'er sand
'Tween the sky and the sea.
5. I wander and sail in uneasy calm,
I fear to a hundred odd soles I do harm;
The whole world's malice and quirky misrule,
Be it ever so hot or even too cool,
I intend to behold:
6. Watermelons and grapes and the roots of fir,
Madam and miss in addition to sir!
I shall ski at the North Pole on gliding feet,
And go naked in Otaheiti's heat,
Crowned with coral the while.
7. The cheerful fellow will tempt his fate.
Maybe as a knight from a foreign state,

With white horses pulling a golden coach,
I return with a regal maid and approach
Mother's dwelling again.

8. It's the smell of the porridge I really flee,
I sing aloud to the heavens with glee:
Hurrah, blue-jacketed Danish lad!
Hoist up all the tatters and bale like mad!
Soon we're flying along.

Poul Martin Møller

97 "I take with a smile my burden"

With broad happiness, as if striding

1. I take with a smile my burden,
I bear with a song my load;
I feel how the shepherd's guerdon
Is cattle and grass – and a goad.
2. From north the dewdrops are driven
Cross countryside covered with corn;
As vault of darkness is riven,
'Tween ox-horns sunlight is born!
3. I look over fields that are gleaming
Afar t'ward a blue-tinted bay,
I gaze at the thundercloud steaming,
But words can't express what I'd say.
4. I sling the old shawm to my lips where
I blow it at length so bright,
That brooks begin gurgling and drip there,
While billygoats bleat from delight!
5. – Say, how can you possibly ponder,
As long as the heavens are blue!
My heart will tremble with wonder
As long as grass gathers dew.

Jeppe Aakjær

98 "Now the day is full of song"

With even and calm happiness

1. Now the day is full of song,
And now arrives the peewit,
While the snipe works all night long
His drum of love in free fit.

Picking, picking dewy straw
Picking, picking rush galore,
Picking, picking flowers.

2. Now in bloom marsh marigolds

Make meadows golden yellow,
Willow-herbs the South enfolds
In dancing – what a fellow!
Picking, picking ...

3. Day by day the pond salutes

With flow'ring rush the sunlight,
Stretching high the straightened shoots
That everywhere have shone bright.
Picking, picking ...

4. Now the maid with silken stitch

Will make her linen ready;
She who could no man bewitch,
In dreams is going steady.
Picking, picking ...

5. Hand me a forget-me-not,

And last a curled mint, too.
Merry games our happy lot,
Their pleasure will imprint you.
Picking, picking ...

Jeppe Aakjær

CONTRIBUTION TO 'A SCORE OF DANISH SONGS, 1917'

99 "At last the spring's upon us"

With life and warmth

1. At last the spring's upon us,

Now bushes shelter me,
The nightingale is trilling,
Loud in the verdant tree,
And thickly fresh-grown flowers
Stand by each other here,
And in the silver brooklet
The rounded waves so clear.

2. The evening star a-twinkle

Awakens love's delight.
Oh, see the slender maiden

Full-grown, a lovely sight;
And see the little zephyr,
See how, without a noise,
Fine gauze around her bosom
It snatches and destroys.

3. Oh maiden! sweetest maiden!

Now I have closed my book,
No more I stare at faded,
Old words in this my nook;
The life that I might find there,
Now blooms outside the gate.
Ah come, my love, my kindest!
Why linger there and wait?

4. You blue-eyed Mary, seeing!

You zephyr that can talk!
You lily, ginger being!
You rose that takes a walk!
The nightingales sing sweetly
In vaulted greenwood hall,
You sing and talk so neatly,
You, sweetest of them all.

5. Ah come, surround the singing

Young singer, ah my dear,
His lyre clearly ringing
Behind the beeches here!
Of Cupid's rosy fether
In raptures he will sing.
Ah come, endow him better
With kisses that you bring!

6. See now, how time retraces

Its youth from days of old;
From homes in darkened spaces
As leafage does unfold.
I want no more, when taken
Into my maiden's arms;
In dance the fauns will waken,
Beholding naiad charms.

7. And Pan, the gallant ruler

Of woods and hedges here,
Will chase away the wailing
By sudden panic, fear
That terminates my Dryas,

My animated faun,
And then, unkind, unpiouſ,
Meets name of love with ſcorn.

Adam Oehlenschläger

100 “How ſweet, as ſummer day is fading”

Quietly, romantic

1. How ſweet, as ſummer day is fading
And crimson ſun goes down to reſt,
As deep from beechwood foreſt ſhading
Comes ſong from nightingale’s ſmall breaſt,
To hear the harp’s ſoft hollow ſound
The bliſſful evensong ſurround.
2. Then pluck the ſtrings ſo well adjusted!
Break, gentle ſoul, thy narrow fence,
Unlock that cage ſo long diſgusted
For its conſtricted ſize, and hence
This bird in evening glow of gold
May its angelic wings unfold.
3. Whenever evening glow out yonder
Dissolves behind the foreſt rim,
That’s when our ſouls begin to ponder
Eternity and mortal whim.
Riſe up, my ſpirit, heaven near,
As wave toward the ſcarlet ſphere.
4. Play gently on that harp, ſweet maiden!
With vibrant tone ſo pure and ſtrong,
And ſing for ſkies with colour laden
One laſt, deciſive evensong,
So moving was that ſad refrain
Which will be ſung for us again.
5. “How cloſe to me, my final curtain?
See how the ſands are running faſt,
So ſwift and ſure, can I be certain,
That this next breath won’t be my laſt!
Please God! make for the blood of Chriſt
My parting hour a noble tryiſt.”
6. Yes, bathe me then in flaming fire,
Oh ſetting ſun! to ſouls a balm,
Until the ſcytheman’s fell deſire
Embrace me kindly with your calm,

And at my noble parting hour
Refresh my heart with purple power.

Adam Oehlenschläger

101 “Oft am I glad, ſtill may I weep from ſadneſs”

Heartfelt

1. Oft am I glad, ſtill may I weep from ſadneſs,
For no one’s heart can fully ſhare my gladneſs.
Oft am I ſorrowful, ſtill muſt I laugh,
So no one ſees my tear on that behalf.
2. Oft do I love, ſtill may I ſigh from chillneſs;
Oft is my heart kept ſealed off in its ſtillneſs.
Oft am I angry, ſtill I have to ſmile;
For there are fools who make my reaſon rife.
3. Oft am I warm, and in my warmth do ſhiver;
The world embraces me in frozen quiver.
Oft am I cold – but bluſhing red thereby;
The world does not allow my love to die.
4. Oft do I ſpeak – ſtill ſilence I deſire
Where contemplation freely can reſpire.
Oft am I dumb – and want a thund’rous voice
To drain the anxious breaſt and then rejoice.
5. Oh you, juſt you can fully ſhare my gladneſs!
You, at whoſe boſom I dare weep from ſadneſs!
Oh, if you knew me, if you loved me, too,
Then I could be juſt who I am – with you.

B.S. Ingemann

102 “My little bird, where do you fly”

Somewhat lingeringly, but not too ſlowly

1. My little bird, where do you fly,
Are you to greenwood taken?
Do you remember me thereby?
My heart will break apart, and cry! –
Oh God, how I am forſaken!
2. ‘Mongſt others you were fond of me
If I am not miſtaken,
But, could you juſt my ſorrow ſee,
You came, you ſang, filled me with glee,
Then I felt no more forſaken.

3. My little bird, you do not stray
From greenwood – I am shaken:
But I must go my gloomy way; –
None loves you more than I, this day!
Oh God, how I am forsaken.

H.C. Andersen

103 “Forget she did! my woe is in vain!”

Plaintively

1. *Forget she did! my woe is in vain!*
The end of love brings heartache and pain!
I will walk so merry and strong,
Sunshine glistering all day long,
Thrush is whistling its song.

2. *Forget she did! my woe is in vain!*
The end of love brings heartache and pain!
Offshore wind from my home to try;
Out, out there over sea and sky.
All caprices must die!

3. *Forget she did! my woe is in vain!*
The end of love brings heartache and pain!
New horizons will soon be seen
Laughter rules where weeping has been,
Heart still venting its spleen!

4. *Forget she did! my woe is in vain!*
The end of love brings heartache and pain!
Sunshine glistering all day long,
Silent moon in the starry throng,
Heartache turns into song.

H.C. Andersen

104 “Snow covers the field, oh so deep and white”

Narratively, not too slowly

1. Snow covers the field, oh so deep and white,
Yet, in the cottage a glint tonight;
The girl is waiting by lamplight’s flare
For her sweetheart there.

2. The mill is now quiet, its wheel at rest,
The journeyman combs his hair at best,
Then merrily jumps up, hey, hey one two three
Ice and snow to see.

3. His song vies with that of the biting wind,
His healthy cheek turning rosy-skinned.
The Snow Queen is riding the blackened sky
Town and meadow by.

4. “You’re pretty to me in snow light so clear,
I choose you now as my sweetheart dear;
My floating island will take us so high
Lake and mountain by.”

5. The snowflakes are falling so dense and deep.
“My flowers will catch you for me to keep!
Where snowdrifts pile up in a spotless spread
Waits our bridal bed!”

6. The light in the cottage is no more seen,
In rounds the snow dances white and clean,
A shooting star lights up the sky in vain,
Then it’s dark again.

7. While sun shines brightly on lea ahead,
He’s sleeping so sweet in his bridal bed,
The lass she gets anxious, she runs for the mill,
The wheel, though, stands still.

H.C. Andersen

105 “Now, spring is leaping out of bed”

Calmly and friendly

1. Now, spring is leaping out of bed,
Its golden hair of sunshine wells,
Now, earth is dreaming morning dreams,
The little wellsprings peal like bells!

2. The gates of life swing open now,
Those gates that town has always had,
And he who was most badly off,
Will leave in laughter, rich and glad.

3. It’s singing in the deep blue sky,
A host of larks, the choir of glee;
They’re crowding from the mighty town
The shining, blazing sun to see!

4. They’re coming from the muggy rooms
Where wheel and belt feign larks in song,
Where weary grind and naked light
Have made the gloomy day so long.

5. From chimney towers over town
Where thousands of machines had sung,
One hears for but a single day,
The open landscape's warbling tongue.

Viggo Stuckenberg

106 "Look about one summer day"

Evenly

1. Look about one summer day,
See the farmers rolling:
Land afore and town away,
Lark and bee patrolling,
Barley's earing, berries grow,
Toddlers frisking to-and-fro,
Flow'ring rye, a scent you know,
Around the farms is drifting!
2. Denmark is a little land,
All the way it's thorough,
Thus provides for every hand
In its field and borough.
Rye is with its swollen knee
Growing high in hillock's lee,
Cone of hop and apple tree
Get sun by chalky gables.
3. Ferries with a broader breast,
Clad in steel and plated,
Plough and ply 'tween east and west
'Cross the belts, awaited.
Copper spires, roofs in tiles
See themselves for mirrored miles;
Far away the greenwood isles
Will watch the white sails' swelling.
4. Here the train will groan along,
Smoke is rising higher;
At a gate the colt gets strong,
Canters, snorting shy.
Herdsman couple cows a-tie,
Rush and brush let evening sigh;
From the blacksmith's door will fly
Long-lasting sparks at gloaming.
5. If the towns do wear you, Dane,
And your clothes too greatly,

Look at Denmark's land again
From its hills – how stately:
Closed by heights at times, the sight
Now discovers belt and bight
– Wondrous like the heron flight
As evening sun is setting.

Jeppe Aakjær

107 "There out of the fog looms my ancestors' land"
(**107**: stanzas 1-2, 5, 9)

Weightily striding

1. There out of the fog looms my ancestors' land
With ridges, with meadow and field;
Its back to the south and surrounded by sand
It's striving to shelter its yield;
Yet never by sleeping the sleep of the just,
For seldom the land is at peace,
But gales all alike
And breakers they strike
The coast, with no sign of decrease.
2. There brooklets flow slowly the valley along,
Forbearing, the stream meets their call
And glide out to sea so sedately and strong,
Though never a river at all.
But oh, how it glitters that late summer's eve,
When salmon goes up 'gainst the stream,
When rush and when reed
Bear dewdrops, indeed,
And daylight declines as a dream.
3. The widest of meadows I ever shall know
Are covered by moss and by sward;
Bright-hornèd the cattle on amberlike toe
Are treading the pen with no ward.
The colt growing plump round its loin evermore
From sap of the mellowest lea;
So red is its hue,
Its muzzle like dew,
Its pasterns are springy and free.
4. The fox at the rear of a bank licks his bones
While sunning his body of sin;
The hare in the field turns to sniffing at stones,
She leaps over stubble and whin;
The otter flops down in a fathom deep hole

6. When in time one day I'm ready
For my spirit's final leap,
Make my coffin's journey steady
With your sweet and dear cheep-cheep.

Jeppé Aakjær

109 "There once lived a man in Ribe* town"

Bluffly and merrily

1. There once lived a man in Ribe* town,
His wealth he never could hide;
He gave his daughter a silken shift,
T'was fifteen fathoms wide.
She sweeps up the dew by herself now.

2. And fifteen were the tailormen
To cut up that shift and to sew;
And some of them living in Ribe,
And some of them outside, though.
She sweeps ...

3. And fifteen were the modest maids,
That shift they should lave and mangle;
And some of them met an awful death,
And some had a stitch from wrangle.
She sweeps ...

4. And fifteen were the carpenters,
To hang up that shift across the yard;
And some broke their arms and their legs
in pieces,
And some for a year lay marred.
She sweeps ...

5. They ushered that bride right up to church,
Bedecked in finest skin;
And fifteen fathoms had to be pulled down
Before they could force her way therein.
She sweeps ...

6. And as she stood by the altar's foot,
She lost all sense of reason;
And felled the Holy Saviour's cross,
T'was almost an act of treason.
She sweeps ...

7. She took a coin from out her purse
"My offering" she spoke out;
She broke the beadle's leg in pieces,
And parson's eye did poke out.
She weeps ...

8. The parson by the altar stood,
The Reverend Canute,
"There'll be no Lord's Communion today,
Throw her out, this bridal brute!"
She sweeps ...

9. And when she reached a verdant field,
She swaggered up and down;
And all the herd of oxen there
Stampeded home to town.
She sweeps ...

10. And when she reached the banquet hall,
She laughed aloud with glee,
"Now, certainly I went to church today,
One and all could hear and see!"
She sweeps by herself any dew now.

Anonymous

TWO SONGS FROM VALDEMAR RØRDAM'S
'CANTATA FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE'

110 *Merchant Song* ("A merchant, all day staying")

With calm bluffness

1. A merchant, all day staying
At desk or counter slightly bowed,
Now, thoughtfully surveying,
Strides homeward through the crowd:
The means he adds, and measures
And weights are quite correct –
Still, more than merely treasures
Must grow to prompt respect.

2. Oft must a merchant handle
An awkward problem at a pinch,
Preventing any scandal
Of crash within an inch –
But over crowds of crisis

* [to be pronounced: ri:bé]

Or vict'ry's roaring fame
He's choosing what suffices
The firm's ancestral name.

3. From more than books or stories,
In London, Seattle and Shanghai
You learn the categories
Of how to work, and why.
For every Dane turned greater
Out there through daily grind,
Then freighter upon freighter
Their wealth at home consigned.

4. This is the situation
That all of Denmark is, in short,
As one saltwater nation –
A harbour of a sort.
Our oceanic buoyage
And many matching lights
Prepare a pleasant voyage
For days as well as nights.

5. No prizes for the sleeper.
But give our merchant hope galore,
The earth will fathom deeper
What Danish drive is for.
For countrymen a teacher
In ways of life worldwide.
The buoyant waves will feature
The Danish flag with pride.

111 *Hymn to Denmark* (“Denmark, a thousand years”)

Loudly and with dignity

1. Denmark, a thousand years
Further than saga spheres,
Our people's past,
Fruitful, unfortunate,
Homeland and global gate,
Teach us to cultivate
So rich a past.

2. Denmark, your fate will bring
Once more a stormy spring
Of life and death.
Strife or the working day –
Bold strokes endure the fray!

Rouse us, old flag, that way
In life and death!

3. Denmark, a thousand years –
Seaport and farm, appears
As free men's lot.
Use us where'er you can,
All of us, man by man!
Bide as you once began,
As free men's lot.

THREE SONGS FROM ADAM OEHLENSCHLÄGER'S
PLAY 'ALADDIN' OP. 34

112 “Zither! Touched by this my prayer”

Dreamingly, but not too slowly

1. Zither! Touched by this my prayer,
Gayer grows your voice, and pleasant,
Present is no more my sorrow,
And the morrow I'm not missing
Peace of mind, my ear you're kissing
With your pure and perfect tone.
See this sunset, sanguine golden!
Holden as the scent of roses
Closes in, the moon is greeting
Billows fleeting while it later
Listens as a mute spectator
To the song of love alone.

2. Make it clear, my love's unblended!
Splendidly my singing follows,
Swallows, though, and hides my passion.
It's my fashion just to stammer,
Dearest zither! let's enamour,
Striving for it each our ways.
As the evening's purple hours
Bowers smilingly embellish,
Relish comes from tree crowns darkling,
Sparkling nightingale amazes.
Oh, then praise, sing loud our praises
What demands each person's praise.

113 "Hushaby now, baby li'l!"

Quietly

1. Hushaby now, baby li'l!
Now sleep soundly, now sleep steady
Though thy cradle's standing still,
Down and rocker gone already.
2. Dost thou hear the hollow gale
Sighing over my bereavement?
Dost thou feel the coffin jail
As the hungry worm's achievement?
3. Sleep, my baby! by my song.
Nothing will thy joy devour.
Dost thou hear the gay dingdong
Of thy rattle in the tower?
4. Drawing near the nightingale;
Does its gentle clucking shock thee?
Thou didst rock me without fail,
Now again I want to rock thee.
5. If thy heart is not a stone,
Mark my exploit, mother dearest!
From this elder on my own
I shall cut the pipe thou hearest.
6. Every tone will please thy mind.
How it laments weakly, lonely.
Like ferocious gales thou'lt find
In the wintry branches only!
7. Ah, I have to leave thee now;
It's too cold in thy embraces,
I'll espy no nook, nor how
To return to warmer places.
8. Hushaby then, baby li'l!
Now sleep soundly, now sleep steady
Though thy cradle's standing still
Down and rocker gone already.

114 "Beyond black woods the moon"

Calmly, but striding

1. Beyond black woods the moon
Already rises,
The nightingale in tune
Our Father prizes.
Its tones will softly melt,
Resounding dearly,
The brooklet deeply felt
Makes music clearly.
2. Amid refreshing wood
One bloom may wither,
Soon perishing for good
Its heart goes thither,
But let the bloom just die,
Soon new ones flower
From falling seed nearby
And ether power.
3. Oh, night! soon will maybe
Your fair moon brewing
My sallow visage see
In fatal blueing;
So let it smile good-bye
With no forewarning,
Then meet my final sigh
In blush of morning.
4. Oh, Israfil! you may
Stark Death resemble,
Come Allah's judgment day;
I will not tremble.
His name in state of grace
Absolves each faker.
Break me in your embrace,
He is my maker.

TWO SPIRITUAL SONGS

115 "The greatest master cometh!"

Quietly

1. The greatest master cometh!
Devoted is his deed:
His crucible is refining
The silver pure from the bead.

2. That moment he's awaiting
With studied care so dear
When clearly his very image
Will in that mirror appear.

3. The greatest master cometh
Who melteth soul and mind,
Deep into the heart he's gazing
To see how souls are entwined.

4. Are then those depths reflecting
His image clear and pure,
It pleaseth the highest master,
His deed is done, that is sure!

B.S. Ingemann

116 "Gone are the days, they're past and olden"

With firm dignity

The arrangement of both melodies may be used as it is for four-part mixed choir; but in that case, No. II one tone higher.

1. Gone are the days, they're past and olden,
Like rivers in a sea of waves,
And where the weakling now is holden,
There, too, the strong have found their graves;
But, praise the Lord in heaven high!
The nobles' line will never die!

2. Grave is filled in, while cradle's rocking,
And life effaces trace of Death;
So noble souls again are flocking,
Each with rejuvenated breath,
And mem'ry, like God's mercy, will
Be spread for endless ages still.

3. Then let our eyes rest on that vision
That nobles called our life's delight!
Yea, let us vie with best precision

And challenge Death in gallant fight!
To brave the grave and him we plead
For God's support, and shall succeed.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

EIGHT SONGS FROM HELGE RODE'S PLAY
'THE MOTHER' OP. 41

117 "Wild the storm on blackened waters"

Wild the storm on blackened waters,
Ravens croak in hideous ways,
Rage is rife in heaven's quarters,
Horror rules! The last of days.
Sallow is the new-leaved tree,
Blood-stained dust the world must dree,
Sunshine decomposes.
Wake up, hearts, to fearless flood!
Sun went down in fumes and blood,
But returns in roses!

118 "Like golden amber is my girl"

1. Like golden amber is my girl,
Like Denmark's wheat when reaping,
Her glances blue as they unfurl,
Blue sky in sea a-sleeping.
She's princess Tove of Denmark!

2. My girl can be a little hard
On those she won't admire,
Then finding words that leave them scarred
Or burn with heat of fire.
She's princess Tove of Denmark!

3. The dimple fades behind a cloud,
Her eyes turn grey and troubled;
But smiles again break through uncowed,
The light from blue eyes doubled.
She's princess Tove of Denmark!

4. I look into those eyes and find
Them warm and unprotesting.
Then I am truly in her mind
As though in soft arms resting.
She's princess Tove of Denmark!

119 "When the Eagle would fly to rule"

1. When the Eagle would fly to rule
One and all yelled, You are a fool!
As it rose past the tower's height
Everybody sent up his kite.
Strong the eagle,
Wide its wing span,
Hate is strongest,
Hate is strongest!
2. When the eagle flew high, the lot
Hit its wings with shot upon shot
While the paper-thin kites, like fires,
Rose up high o'er the city spires.
Strong the eagle ...
3. When the eagle from high fell down
Screams rang out over all the town.
No distress was there in that sound,
Each just screamed with the spite he found.
Strong the eagle ...

120 "A mother at the feast was told"

1. A mother at the feast was told
That now her son was dead;
But turning pale, though, she could not,
For she was painted red.
Ah, ah, red,
For she was painted red,
Painted red.
2. This mother makes me redden here,
A lady claimed all right;
But turning red, though, she could not,
For she was painted white,
Ah, ah, white,
For she was painted white,
Painted white.
3. Ugh, from the paint-box of our lives
The black I rather had;
But I cannot be painted sad,

For I am painted glad.
Ah, ah, glad,
For I am painted glad,
Painted glad

121 "Thistle crop looks promising"

1. Thistle crop looks promising
And nettles neatly stacked,
But the rye is just so so,
The wheatfield simply wracked!
2. Grudge and spite abundantly
Show powers hard to beat.
Friendship has a withered hand
Beside its crippled feet!
3. Chickweed green and dandelion
Are thriving far and wide.
Lily stalks are crushed in two,
With roses, worms reside!
4. Vice inhabits mountain top
In wedlock with disgrace.
Virtue lives in cellar nook
If you can find his place!
5. Must and mould accompany
Dry rot beyond repairs,
Walls are heading for a fall,
But, honestly, who cares?
6. Hate and sin with high and low
Uproariously behave,
Love went over yesterday
To dig his private grave!

122 "My heart was truly bitter"

1. My heart was truly bitter,
So weary were my feet,
Unhealthy was my lonely soul
The journey's end to meet,
The hungry crows so hoarsely caw,
Dark gales are gathering.
Come, spring!

*Come, Denmark's gentle summer!
Come, flower-mottled lea!
Come golden day and silver night!
Come, warbling birds, to me!*

2. But trees with bony branches
Despairing out of spite,
Will reach for masses, dark and wild,
That pass us by at night.
Now starved, the sparrow's dropping dead,
The earth a frozen ring.
Come, spring! ...

3. The Cross, though, freezes poorly
Like frozen cries of grief.
The empty hands will only bear
A crucified belief.
The troubled dead recall in sleep
Their wounds and suffering.
Come, spring! ...

123 "Testament, as he was dying"

1. Testament, as he was dying
Pierrot started specifying
To his notary, though crying,
Thus with duty was complying.
Oh what fun, oh what fun! thought the Devil.
2. "To my children I'm denying
All the wealth that they've been eyeing,
Friends the Devil sent a-spying
Devil take 'em where they're lying."
Oh what fun, oh what fun! thought the Devil.
3. "Mr. Notary! I'm dying
And to sainthood I am hieing
Now on strangers I'm relying,
Unknown folk with better buying."
Oh what fun, oh what fun! thought the Devil.
4. After that he's testifying
To the vicar, almost sighing,
"Mr. Parson, I'm relying
God repays me when I'm dying."
What a fun, what a fun! thought the Devil.

124 "There's a fleet of floating islands"

(124: stanzas 1-2, 4-5)

1. There's a fleet of floating islands
Anchored up by Jutland's pier
With a dream of hidden highlands,
Keen on trav'ling far from here.
Hamm'ring hard at stems, the sea
Meets with Denmark's name alee.
Oh, its tone is tender!
Where we stood, where'er we came,
Did the music of thy name
Make our minds surrender.
2. Seas a-roaring, land a-breeding,
Many islands sailed away
On the ocean's wave while feeding
Denmark to the present day.
Onward through a lifelong fight,
Whether murk or noonday light.
Hail the ships! Be greeted!
Flags a-flutter, red and white.
This is Denmark, feel the might
Of its wake repeated.
3. Sea and soil the Danes will furrow.
Friends! How splendid is our mould!
Undulating barrows thorough
Scen'ry chequered green and gold.
Skylark climbing from his bed,
Up his Jacob's ladder led
O'er the dew-soaked heather.
By the gleam of northern night
Over beeches, silent sight,
Heaven sings together.
4. Keep that mem'ry, see it, hear it:
Clear and fervent is our mind.
Fitting is the speech and spirit
Hand-in-glove, both firm and kind.
Guard with wit what shall remain.
Tell the truth, but short and plain,
Happy with its mildness.
Old king Volmer laid the trust:
Danish law is fair and just,
Contrary to wildness.

5. Winter-bright and summer-coloured,
Morning-merry, twilight-swept,
Lashing-straight and laughter-hollered,
Smile-illumèd, sorrow-wept.
This is how we freely spoke,
Unrestrained by foreign yoke,
Freya's words reminding.
Bake the bread your own shall eat;
Denmark's rye and Denmark's wheat
Dybbøl mill is grinding.
6. We'll protect your independence
And your peace in gallant toil,
Reap in free and full attendance
Grain from your eternal soil.
Breathe the breezes of the North,
Flower-sweetened ever forth,
Storms that make them salter.
Thus, a faithful life we lead
Sacrificing all our deed,
Denmark, at your altar!

TWENTY "FOLKELIGE" MELODIES

125 "Simple-rooted, simple-rooted!"

Cheerfully

1. Simple-rooted, simple-rooted!
– Never in the high blue sky! –
This is where you've been recruited,
Where you prove your worth thereby!
All the splendour you've saluted,
All the peaks your soul would try,
Here below be simple-rooted,
All your life to signify.
2. Coming down, look, here's the matter!
Blithe descent like birds at morn,
When with lowered wings they chatter,
– Never drop as lead is drawn!
Coming down, avoid the scatter;
Happy both at dusk and dawn,
Hating no one, love the clatter,
Feel as if you're newly born!

3. Lofty dreaming! Lofty dreaming!
Is that beautiful somehow?
Is your proud flight only seeming?
Are your eyes perfervid now?
Will you think it is redeeming,
If you do not mean to bow!
Will you harvest what is teeming,
If you do not want to plough?
4. Oh, this art is hard to master,
Practised by the very few,
Namely one immensely vaster,
This: a full life carried through,
This: your heaven to grow faster
In your heart, and to pursue
This: avoiding all disaster
You'll adore your Maker, too!
5. Simple-rooted in your being,
Simple-rooted must you build;
Not a crutchy cripple fleeing,
Not a creature, idle-willed;
Need or happiness foreseeing,
With your faith and hopes fulfilled
May you, simple-rooted being,
Build a star bridge and be thrilled!
6. Simple-rooted! Simple-rooted!
I remembered all along,
As with whimsy undiluted
I would float o'er earthly throng.
All the rest can be disputed,
Whether strife or deadly wrong.
– Simple-rooted! Simple-rooted!
That is life's triumphant song!

H.V. Kaalund

126 "Wherefore do our eyes feel pleasure"

Mildly

1. Wherefore do our eyes feel pleasure
At a painting's coloured stir;
For its light is apt to measure
Nature's costume as it were;
2. And that stone, of glamour portion,
Shaped by skillful master's hand,

Measured in its true proportion
By our Maker's tape, is grand.

3. Wherefore are we moved, and waken
At a poet's splendid spree;
For those grapes that can be taken,
Are from life's abundant tree;

4. Wherefore it is all-embracing
Resonance of mermaid song,
For our heart-blood rises, racing
Where its billows swell along.

5. All that holds creation's ardour:
Blaze of roses, oceans' blue,
Forest vault and eyes arched harder,
Lips a-wrinkled as a clue,

6. Utmost thoughts in secret sighing,
Silent language locked in hearts,
Skylark song with brook replying, –
All the textbook of the arts.

Christian Richardt

127 "I only looked back. Life's delight, it died away"

Quietly

1. I only looked back. Life's delight, it died away;
And then my soul resounded with solace in its say:
Look forth, but not aback! – What your heart
wishes for,
Maybe will one day be fulfilled evermore.

2. Let waves roll away, and let leafage loose its sheen:
Still streams rush and run, some day woods turn
fresh and green.
Let sun be eclipsed, and let moon be on the wane,
Still sun and moon will rise from the seas once
again.

3. If rivers of time swallow up all the past,
Still life will stay in souls, and certainly will last.
If this is life unending, there is no need forlorn,
And then we have as good as in paradise been born.

4. A fountain wells out close to life's olden tree,
In oceans run the torrents of immortality;

The seas never age, and the earth is all restored
Each summer to its youth with its green life
aboard.

5. Just one drop of the fountain where first it
sprang free,
Just one bloom from branches of this, life's
apple tree,
Then hair will never grey, and no grief prey on
your mind,
A glow be in your heart of a jubilant kind.

6. The fountain of life wells where I want to go!
The apple tree blooms, is abloom for good, I know!
Look forth, but not aback! – What your soul
wishes for,
Maybe will one day be fulfilled evermore.

7. But e'en though your soul can't achieve just
what it will, –
Then other suns and stars are out there,
revolving still.
And even if all suns and all stars should go out, –
Life's fountain always springs where it opened
its spout!

B.S. Ingemann

128 "Morning dew that slightly trembles"

Somewhat romantically

1. Morning dew that slightly trembles
In the balmy breeze,
Blossom fragrance that assembles
Under linden trees,
Elfin game in halls of beeches,
Bird song heard in springtime breaches,
Moonlight, cast on waves, asunder,
These are Denmark's wonder.

2. Deed that never is forbidden,
The heroic gest,
Famous tales forever hidden
Close to saga's breast,
Hearts that homage render flaming,
Courage death is not disclaiming,
Humble mind through pomp and pleasure,
These are Denmark's treasure.

3. Suchlike wonders, suchlike treasures,
 Who would those forget?
 Who would barter Denmark's homeland
 – And with no regret –
 Where the birds in oaken shading
 Freely nest while serenading, –
 For that land where vassals burrow
 Ore for our tomorrow.

4. No, our home we shall not barter,
 Not for any price;
 We shall act here, we shall settle,
 Danish ways suffice:
 Strong as ancient times of ours,
 'Gainst the foe we're full of powers,
 True to king and country ever,
 We will fail them never.

Carsten Hauch

129 "Earth, whose embrace"

Seriously and expressively

1. Earth, whose embrace is that of hate and slaying
 Ages on end,
 Bloodthirsty earth with loads of sin outweighing
 Skills to befriend!
 How can you follow, thus, your track so lightly
 Under the sun that notes your sores, and then
 Turn so green and sprightly
 Each spring again.

2. Well, since the same who bound the planet under
 Bands of the law,
 Who gave his people in a desert thunder
 Tables of awe,
 He makes his sun paint every straw as golden,
 This is the God who hears the prayers done,
 Whom we are beholden
 To for his son.

3. Therefore, if all our happiness should falter,
 Fade, and forgo,
 Thanksgiving hymns from any earthly altar
 Always will flow;
 Then, though the pow'r of darkness may be
 mighty,
 Ne'er shall our prayers die or be ignored

Nor be seen as flighty,
 Church of the Lord.

4. Teach us, oh earth, in eagle-wingèd spirit,
 Trustful like you,
 Turning around our heaven's glare and cheer it
 Faithfully, too,
 Drawing from him the light that we desire,
 Drawing from him the heat in every breast,
 God and the entire
 Harvest be blessed.

Christian Richardt

130 "The greatest master cometh!"

► 115

131 "There sat a fisherman deep in thought"

Evenly narrative

1. There sat a fisherman deep in thought
 On words that the Lord was saying,
 From gold or silver they were not wrought,
 Nor music from mermaid's playing;
 There on the well smack he sat, Our Lord,
 And crowds of people with one accord
 Ashore, to the Word they hearkened.

2. Now, Simon! patiently spake the Lord,
 His sermon already ended,
 Put straightway now all your oars on board
 And row as your boat's intended;
 Out on the water and haul a seine,
 If I am right, it is not in vain,
 I'd like us to go together!

3. Aye, Master! sudden was his reply,
 It's all that we ever needed,
 We toiled for nothing the whole night by,
 Your Word will not pass unheeded!
 From doubt was Simon not free at all,
 But follow, doubter, his lead and call!
 He did as the Lord did tell him.

4. His plied his trade and he hauled and dragged,
 But found it beyond his powers,
 The boat it faltered, the seine got shagged,
 It got out of hand for hours;

Then Simon beckoned his compeers true,
A load of fish for one boat, nay two,
Had both on the point of sinking.

5. As Simon noted this portent there
To Jesus at once submitted,
Said he, Oh Lord, leave me anywhere,
I'm definitely unfitted:
Oh, were I under the lenient sod,
Be merciful, I'm a sinner, God!
It troubles my humble heart so.
6. Our Master looked at this sinner well,
And uttered, Be not affrighted!
I'll simply teach you to catch and tell
Those people alive, benighted. –
Is that true, Master! you have my word,
Cried Simon jumping – and undeterred –
From all of his past possessions.
7. Thus Simon followed his Master's call,
The Word was his education,
And he caught souls by the thousands, all
Now shining in His creation;
On earth that fishing of men will tend
To grow and never to reach an end
Which Simon with God had founded.
8. In heart's own depth we shall face the test
Where worldliness cannot reach it,
To drag the seine at our God's behest
And find those who will not breach it;
Who wants the world, and no more than that,
Will ne'er a word understand hereat,
Nor fathom our speech, not ever.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

132 *Steen Steensen Blicher* ("Moorland lark was a little bird")

With quiet happiness

1. Moorland lark was a little bird,
Nested behind the heather,
Soared from shelter, and undeterred,
Into heaven-sent weather,
Sparkled like, on Jutland's strand,
Northern lights for folk and land,
Brightening altogether.

2. Moorland lark was a needy bird,
State of its raiment bitter,
Gold still from fortune's wheel occurred,
Gold that always will glitter:
Dreamy gardens' rosy bloom,
String of pearls in pensive room,
Birdsong's magic twitter.

3. Moorland lark was a hasty bird,
Sharp-eyed it was, quite clearly,
Saw what was hidden, even heard
Thoughts of the poor, sincerely;
Painted in its gloomy nook
Scenes of life for picture book,
Old wives' knitting saga.

4. Moorland lark was a luckless bird,
Pain of the heart too near it,
Found, though, a clear and joyful word
That one and all could hear it,
Chanted poems loud and pure
Epic senses to mature,
Roused the people's spirit.

5. Moorland lark earned an honoured name
'Mongst the wingèd being;
Life was dolorous all the same,
Death and its woe agreeing.
With its gleam on Jutland's strand
Folk and land in sparkle stand,
Northern lights they're seeing.

Carl Ploug

133 "Where we would fight and sing"

Fresh and cheerful

1. Where we would fight and sing,
And every word would ring,
Where each person had his little nation,
Here in our very home
Soon will a people roam
Those to whom we then must yield some station.
2. This is the younger blood,
This is the braver flood,
Soon it takes the reins out of our clutches,
Planted beside our own,

Soon it bestrides the throne,
Turning upside down all that it touches.

3. Just think they trampled on
What by our sweat we'd done,
Seeds we tended well so that they lasted!
Were they a Hunnish band!
Yes, painful was their stand
Though our temple arches they had blasted.

4. But, saved the best of breed,
'Bove all we shall precede
Kindred who themselves have zest and power;
Not such who, purposeless,
In feeble pursiness
Only parrot songs that we made flower.

5. Lo, now their day is near,
Soon they will govern here;
Earth, however, grapples with migration.
Schools, whether big or small,
Thus listen to the call
To beget this useful innovation!

6. Chasten the Goth all right,
Guiding his freedom flight,
Tame his vigour, even the defiant!
Cow not his eager grit,
Cool not his blood a bit,
Teach him what's worth loving, self-reliant.

7. Train him in warfare well,
But help himself to tell
What to us is sacred, be respected!
Fight for it evermore,
Make good our every flaw,
And make what we've nicely done, perfected!

Jens Christian Hostrup

134 "When summer song is finished"

Mildly

1. When summer song is finished
And winter cold takes tether,
The dying notes diminished
And drowned in stormy weather,
My home, here in your huddle,

In your maternal cuddle
I liven up anew!

2. And all that breezes frightened,
That frosty force defeated,
Is shielded now and brightened,
By this old hearth it's heated;
Each gleam turns into gladness,
Each sigh reduces sadness,
Each hope suspires in song.

Jens Christian Hostrup

135 "The barques would meet on a sunset wave"

Seriously and expressively

The barques would meet on a sunset wave,
And promptly the air began glowing,
They struggled on top of the open grave,
Profusely red waters were showing.
Here am I, set as a standing stone,
A witness to kindred and nation:
Danish they were, and their crumbling bone
Rots 'neath its ultimate station,
Danish of tongue, and of birth and of trade;
Legends recall them as centuries fade:
Dignified sons of the fathers.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

136 "The noble nature student desires not that wreath"

With noble simpleness

1. The noble nature student desires not that wreath
In waters of time quickly fading;
He looks for and reveres just the glory beneath,
The light that is endlessly pervading.

2. The roads of the desert, they can not stop his feet,
Nor can deadly winds without number,
The breath of the ice pole does not make him
retreat,
He flaunts any wants that encumber.

3. The mighty and ancient ones in graves of this
our world,
These horrors the ocean's deep is hiding,
The twinkling of worlds as the Milky Way is pearled,
And roars in abysses subsiding,

4. The red roses blush and the nightingale that sings,
The nest that the dove reinforces,
The movement of heavens and May flies' flitting
wings, –
Reveal to him the infinite courses.

5. In fetters of the ages he never gets caught,
He misses in cosmos no mystery,
By lightning he's pushed to be messenger of
thought,
And steam as just his bold steed is history.

6. The richest of treasures he'll find in clay or mould,
His mind through abysses will wander,
He offers everything to the world, but not for gold,
His pay is forever to ponder.

7. Those thoughts that are flying like swans up in
the sky
Raise wonder in countries most distant,
And never do they age now, and never do they die
Neglected; they're always existent.

Carsten Hauch

137 "Heavy, gloomy clouds of night"

Quietly, not too slowly

1. Heavy, gloomy clouds of night,
Drawing nigh in welter,
In the woods a hidden site,
Crows in black to shelter.
Twilight spreading far and wide,
As the night is falling.
Through the night, dear God, abide
By us when we're calling!

2. Stay nearby, for without you
I shall be rejected!
Stay nearby, for without you
Darkness is expected!
Hold me by that father's hand
I forever cherish!
Set me free from night-time's band,
Then my fear will perish!

3. Let me feel that every time
Life becomes forsaken,

Such a trouble, Father, I'm
Freed from, and unshaken!
When the night within my breast
This old heart's enfolding,
Oh, let comfort be my guest,
Daylight's trophy holding!

4. Heavy, gloomy, silent night
All the earth has covered,
Yonder at a window's site
Watch lights only hovered.
You, relieving need and woe,
Evil's liberator,
Brighten dreadful death, I know,
Thank you, light's creator!

Jakob Knudsen

138 "Like purest waters rise from deepest spring"

With natural dignity

1. Like purest waters rise from deepest spring,
And taste's drink from darkest well comes flowing,
Thus kindred core becomes a stronger thing
By heritage from memories deep and growing.
Your day is truly short, but long your kin's;
So listen humbly to its root, agreeing:
As thousand years resound in songs and sins,
Its top is whistling t'ward eternal being!

2. We look for ancient traces, vast or slight,
The flint axe, harrow-scarred and hid for ages,
The bog-found trinket, crudely rough by sight,
The chapel's ashlar, laid in solid stages.
Each musty script, each mottled prayer book
Has kept our woe and fate in bits and pieces;
Today they will disclose which way I took,
And lift a corner of what life releases.

3. Now Danish rye is flow'ring by and by,
The larks they warble, cuckoos are returning.
You toddler state, so cosy on the sly,
While all the world around your crib is burning,
To you go all our hopes and manhood dreams,
When village churchbells bless your sandy beaches,
When afterglow succeeds the sunset beams,
And sign of holy peace your forehead reaches.

4. Now let me flutter off like autumn leaves,
 Once you, my land, my tribe, your freedom feeling,
 Just as the Danish voice in song achieves,
 Make stronger, freer souls by such annealing.
 By then some other farmer on his croft
 Will hearken what some other lark composes,
 While summer paints in blue its sky aloft,
 And rye is ripened nigh on cove and closes.

Jeppe Aakjær

5. Thus is our land a paradise
 Of peace and silent merit,
 In pail and pot there's food suffice
 Which man and maid inherit.
 So then go forth, our Danish bread,
 Give cheek its glow, leave hunger dead,
 Deliver us from want ahead,
 As far as sweetness reaches!

Jeppe Aakjær

139 "The Danish bread, it grows on plains"

Evenly and warmly

1. The Danish bread, it grows on plains,
 Delicious in its sweetness,
 A rising smile where mother reigns
 In morning sun's repleteness,
 It strengthens any youngster's arm,
 Enhances virgin bosom's charm,
 Where founts of tenderness becalm
 And spring into the heartbeat.

2. The Danish man is one of peace,
 He neither fumes nor rages,
 His native land makes him release
 His plough and hum for ages.
 His mind sees warfare as abhorred,
 His coulter is his knightly sword,
 And he will rather be adored
 For honest toil and labour.

3. The Danish wife, the Danish spouse,
 She who is titled mother,
 She lays the table, minds her house,
 And cares for every other.
 She is our sunshine all life through,
 Our rooms she's making fair anew,
 Good things of life are not too few,
 Each mouth is fed and sated.

4. The Danish child with fragrant breath
 Is rosy-cheeked in clover,
 While war and hunger, plague and death
 Will ride the whole world over.
 Protected by the elder tree,
 It prattles at its mother's knee,
 While blood is lending sky and sea
 Its colour in the distance.

140 "Gone are the days, they're past and olden"

► 116

141 *The Spider's Song from 'Aladdin'* ("Behold my web, how frail")

Seriously, but gracefully

1. Behold my web, how frail
 The threads are finely plaited!
 A puff, and then the veil
 Will be annihilated:
 A feeble picture, though,
 Of omnipotent might.
 Through bitter moment's woe
 Consoling words I cite!

2. Take heed of this my deed!
 On high he is residing
 So mighty in his lead,
 His eyes intently guiding!
 He pulls the thread at will
 Now out, but then now in,
 Observing, oh so still,
 My tiny web begin.

Adam Oehhlenschläger

142 "Freedom is the purest gold"

Strongly and cheerfully

1. Freedom is the purest gold
 The sun will shine upon, behold
 This gem of yours forever.
 Protect it well for it is worth
 Far more than all your life on earth;
 Thus, freedom craves endeavour.

2. Freedom is a castle wall
 Where lur of courage sounds the call

And ghastly foes have raided;
From there you tell them bravely, "Stop!"
Mere cowards let the drawbridge drop
And slip away, degraded.

3. Freedom is a lovely town,
Consent a matter of renown
Where neighbours give in nicely,
And each so treasures their bequest
That all protect each other best
And follow rules precisely.
4. Freedom is the golden shield
When sword of righteousness you wield
Against the cunning power,
To let the vine of peace bear fruit,
But if it cannot set its root,
No peace will ever flower.
5. Freedom is a bird you find
With mother's voice and father's mind,
Take heed and hold this flyer;
If any rogue makes you believe
Its flight is not beyond retrieve,
He is a graceless liar.
6. Freedom is a royal hawk,
When fled afar, your sweetest talk
Elicits not its sally;
And with it happiness and peace,
It bears away, beyond release,
While scores of eagles rally.
7. Freedom is a beautiful bride
Who travels with you open-eyed;
Respect and love her dearly!
And when you take her as your wife
A splendid harvest fills your life,
She'll nourish you sincerely.
8. Freedom is the safest port,
Set course for there, the last resort
When hope has nearly vanished.
There regal vessel, simple boat
Will find a haven, safe afloat,
Where all distress is banished.

Thomas af Strängnäs

143 "The greenwood leaves are light now"

Mildly

1. The greenwood leaves are light now,
And Denmark's verdant field
'Tween glitt'ring sounds is right now
A silver-edged shield;
The blossoms' white is dotting
The scen'ry with its lights,
While stars above are spotting
The tent of northern nights.
2. Released is now the bird's tongue
From winter's death and ban,
A sunshine choir is heard long
In woods by everyman;
They summon us, those voices,
From workday cage and crew,
Far from their lack of choices
To find you, nature, too!
3. This freedom, gone amissing
In crowded town too soon,
On open fields we're kissing
Some sunny day in June;
Its cheeks are always tender
As apple petal's hue,
And round its hair in splendour
Are wound the pearls of dew.
4. Thou bright, refreshing summer,
Our freedom's youthful bride!
With dust and din we're number;
Now peace and calm preside.
In sunlit days you're fetching
For us our lives' delights,
Above us all you're stretching
The tent of northern nights!

Johannes Jørgensen

144 *The Flood* ("When night it gushes from blackest sky")

Seriously and firmly

1. When night it gushes from blackest sky,
And moonlight hushes till morn is nigh,
While virtue's dizzy so evil's busy,
Of light it's shy!

2. God sends His glances like lightning strong
As Cain entrances the giant throng:
Despite its master the world slips faster
From right to wrong!
3. Our Lord of changes whose stool does stay
On mountain ranges, on clouds pale grey,
Will swear in ire: each peak, each pyre
Is water's prey!
4. But hark now, fearless, young Enoch's son!
Float high and peerless, my favoured one,
Take kin and trestle, go build a vessel
Ere sands have run!
5. The giants mock now with scornful sneers
In Noah's dock how an Ark appears,
T'ward unknown ocean in odd devotion
He perseveres.
6. While others plummet, he's sailing high,
On mountain summit, his God is nigh!
As thunder rumbles o'er earth that crumbles
From cloven sky.
7. Now heaven's sluices release their might,
While sea induces the gloom of night,
The rose is fading, and death invading
Each giant's sight!
8. Below its shelter, secure but dark,
On waves that welter lies Noah's Ark
With rooms a-ringing, and better singing
Than gnats can spark!
9. And God rejoices on billows deep
In skylark voices, in sparrow's cheep,
In mortal clay where His heaven may share
Its treasure heap!
10. With seas now shrunken, in weakness flat,
The mastheads sunken appear thereat,
The Ark is stranded, the world has landed
At Ararat!
11. The battened hatches on mountain crest
He now unlatches to face the test,

This undeceiver, a non-believer
Whose brain can't rest!

12. At cool of nightfall, at eventide,
Comes just the right call from one outside
To gopher vessel, a full redressal
Applied worldwide,
13. "End of disaster! this message clear
In spring our Master has made appear,
From nature's wonder to him thereunder
I carried here!"
14. An olive letter, brought by a dove,
Was ne'er a better behest of love.
Who can explain it? Let us retain it,
This light above!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

CONTRIBUTION TO 'THE FOLK HIGH SCHOOL
MELODY BOOK'

145 "The greatest master cometh!"

► 115

146 *The Daffodil* ("Easter bloom! A potent drink")

1. Easter bloom! A potent drink
From your yellow cup conveys me
Quite a marvel and, I think,
Will refresh me and will raise me:
Thus the swan's wing, swan song teems
Out of everything, it seems;
Wakening I shall see the perished
Throughout Easter dawn be cherished.
2. Now revive in mood and mind,
Rise from graves of past and present,
Childhood days! Come with me, find
Father's garden really pleasant!
Let me, to an Easter song,
Church bell's dignified dingdong,
With my heart embrace this flower,
Breast and head let overtower!

3. Winter bloom, of springtime fame,
Please, unfold in silent bower!
Only fools feel guilt and shame
For their lots and for God's power.
Though but humble is your dress,
Without pomp or gaudiness,
Even though they're often taunted,
Looks like yours I always wanted.

4. Not in pleasant summer air
Did you sprout from morning dozes,
With no lily leaves to wear,
With no balmy scent of roses;
During winter rain and gale
You came out from barren jail;
Seeing you then, he's elated
Who loves all you've vindicated.

5. Peasant bloom! But is it true:
Is your presence here a token?
Has your sermon any clue?
By the dead can graves be broken?
Did he rise as says the Word?
Will his speech once more be heard?
Yellow shroud, is your arrival
Easter Sunday his revival?

6. Oh, how dear you are to me,
Garden bloom for village peasant!
More than roses' worth to be
On our fathers' graves at present!
True your message is of spring,
Of the jubilee you bring,
Gives each noble dead protection
And transfigured resurrection!

7. Yes, I know the truth you tell:
The Redeemer has arisen!
This is each Good Friday's spell
Freed each Easter morn from prison:
What is seal and sword and shield
'Gainst the valiant Lord, revealed?
Only husks, if he respired,
He whose penance was required.

8. When that haps, by lily's name
You'll be called, and always rightly,

Rose with you in equal fame
Woven into garlands tightly;
Daffodils from garden bring
Happy messages of spring,
Memories of dawn's perfection
At the human resurrection.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

147 "Gone are the days, they're past and olden"
► 116

148 *The Spider's Song from 'Aladdin'* ("Behold my web, how frail")
► 141

149 "Earth, whose embrace"
► 129

150 "I only looked back. Life's delight, it died away"
► 127

151 "Wherefore do our eyes feel pleasure"
► 126

152 "The noble nature student desires not that wreath"
► 136

153 "When summer song is finished"
► 134

154 "Where we would fight and sing"
► 133

155 *Song of the Young* ("The stress of years could not jade our mind")

1. The stress of years could not jade our mind
Or break our back with unceasing grind,
Our fight, our calling, all we can bear,
Are hid below the horizon somewhere.
Still our voices lack their strength,
And our deeds aren't done,
But 'tis told of us at length
With the words: We go on!
Onward to the wreath of honour!
Clear the career for the runner.

2. We walk, aye, on our sensible way
 As though to meet a new dawning day,
 We do not grope around in the gloom,
 Shall not be snared in the circles of brume.
 Is the haven far somehow,
 Wind is fair in our sails,
 Sun will rise before the prow
 So that nobody fails.
 Rightly forward! Lights are lighted,
 He knows the way for the frightened.
3. Thus, foot by foot we see where to go,
 But know full well the aim here below:
 To keep our compass deep in the breast,
 Not just to find, but to fill places best.
 Yes, our step must firm abide, –
 We are free first of all, –
 Aspiration must be wide,
 And our conduct recall
 Open-eyed and able-handed,
 Thoughts independent and candid.
4. We hear it call wherever we roam,
 Our good old, sunken ancestral home,
 Millennia did it bravely defy,
 Though now it hopes but to free us to fly.
 We will clean it of its dust,
 Truly guard what is worth,
 Leaves of every spring we must
 Let grow up from the earth, –
 Denmark, mountains not your splendour,
 We are your strength and defender.
5. A lonesome walk is not of our style,
 We flock together once in a while,
 Our wanderlust, unbounded, is free,
 We're keeping step rather well and agree.
 Yes, we'll tear along in song
 Through the town, o'er the rock,
 Never does the way look long
 To our tight-knitted flock;
 Close up now! too short the pleasure;
 Soon we'll be striding at leisure.
6. The time is nigh we're soon on our way,
 And all our arms prepared for the fray
 Have sharpened points and edges that tell,
 And we shall learn how to handle them well;

Learn injustice to remove
 While in flourish of youth,
 And through life's affrays to prove
 Simple courage and truth;
 Even if the fight's repeated,
 Never shall we be defeated!

Jens Christian Hostrup

156 "Simple-rooted, simple-rooted!"
 ► 125

157 "Freedom is the purest gold"
 ► 142

158 *The Flood* ("When night it gushes from blackest
 sky")
 ► 144

159 "There sat a fisherman deep in thought"
 ► 131 (stanzas 1-7)

160 "The barques would meet on a sunset wave"
 ► 135

161 *Steen Steensen Blicher* ("Moorland lark was a little
 bird")
 ► 132

162 "Morning dew that slightly trembles"
 ► 128

163 *Homesickness* ("Odd and unknown evening breezes!")
 ► 90

164 "Rose is blooming now in Dana's borders"
 ► 94 (stanzas 1, 4-5, 7-9, 11-12)

165 "Heavy, gloomy clouds of night"
 ► 137

166 "I take with a smile my burden"
 ► 97

167 *Danish Patriotic Song* ("Sing, Danish man! With all
 your might")

1. Sing, Danish man! With all your might
 In praise of our mother, sing!

The sea and bay in blue and white
Her house will always ring:
The forceful ocean reaches
T'ward verdant coasts and beaches,
And over golden corn fields
Stands Viking menhir upright!

2. Sing out, may grief from passing night
Be joy with each happy day,
Our sky will change its colours' bright,
But ne'er our flag, we say.
As girls bespeak you, blushing
In rosy cheeks' new flushing,
The way to freedom's treasure
The freshness of life will light.

3. Our ancient land! with all our might,
Increasing your ways and means
We'll stride along, in ample fight
Though not through greater scenes.
As steely ploughs do furrow,
So keels at sea are thorough:
The Danish hand stands steady,
A Viking on watch all right.

Holger Drachmann

168 "Fortune has lately left you"

► **92**

169 "Like purest waters rise from deepest spring"

► **138**

170 "Now the day is full of song"

► **98**

171 "Now, spring is leaping out of bed"

► **105**

172 "The greenwood leaves are light now"

► **143**

173 "The boys of Refsnaes, the girls of Samsøe"

► **87**

174 "Farewell, my respectable native town!"

► **96**

175 "Look about one summer day"

► **106**

176 *Maids in the Wood* ("In shadows we wander")

► **89**

177 "There's a fleet of floating islands"

► **124**

FOUR "FOLKELIGE" MELODIES

178 "Teach me, star, precisely"

1. Teach me, star, precisely,
Obedience, but nicely!
Not to leave the track that he,
Heaven's God, allotted me!
Teach me, star, precisely!
2. Teach me, meadow flowers,
To wait for summer showers,
In the midst of worldly woe
To sprout beneath the winter snow!
Teach me, meadow flowers!
3. Teach me, barren heather,
Content in any weather,
Shielding there the lark's brown nest,
To host the song within my breast!
Teach me, barren heather!
4. Ocean waves' profusion,
Teach me my yoke's illusion,
And like you, as sun goes down,
Reflect that peace of His renown!
Teach me, waves' profusion!
5. Teach me, greenwood, shading
If I were able, aiding
Each who passes by my place,
Friend and foe alike, with grace!
Teach me, greenwood, shading!
6. Evening sun unblinking,
Teach me the art of sinking!
T'ward the depth of night to go

And then be born again to grow!
Teach me, sun, of sinking!

Christian Richardt

179 "Singing illumines"

1. Singing illumines, and therefore it's pouring
Over your labour serenity's light;
Singing has ardour, is therefore ignoring
Stiffness and frost as a thaw is in sight.
Singing is timeless, and therefore it's storing
Future and past in a heap for your eye,
Kindles an infinite craving while soaring
Into a flood of desires up high.
2. Singing unites us and also effaces
Discord and doubt in its glorious surge;
Singing unites us and also enlaces
Obstinate souls in unanimous urge:
Urge for the beauty, the deed, for the purest!
– Someone may walk on its bridge all august
Higher and higher to reach for the surest,
That will not open to other than trust.
3. Former day's yearning in former day's singing
Mournfully shrouds us in afterglow's gleam;
Yearning for our age's tone will be ringing
Into posterity's heartfelt esteem.
Youth of all ages thus meeting in chorus
Gambol *in* time with the musical throng;
– More than we know, even spirits, are for us,
Rocked in the night by our jubilant song.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

180 "Of what do you sing"

(**180**: stanzas 1-2, 4, 6-7)

1. Of what do you sing
Up there in the blue?
For whom are you trilling?
Is snowstorm fulfilling
And dead straw too?
By sun were you chosen?
By cold light enthralled?
The landscape is frozen,
The forest bald.

2. "I'm soaring so high,
So far I behold,
The summer so pleasant
Will shortly be present,
Quite soon, I'm told.
Now hear them awaken,
The murmuring streams,
What's idle is taken
By fear, it seems.
3. My sight goes afar,
I'm singing on light
Of fog that is lifted,
Of mead that is sifted
With red and white,
Of barque that is dancing,
Of growing as planned,
Of pleasure, enhancing
The Danish land."
4. Of what do you dream
Up there in the blue?
Can things be exciting
Where eagles are fighting
O'er birds like you?
Can fields us embolden
Or fruit-laden trees
If foe reaps those golden
Returns at ease?
5. "I'm soaring so high,
So far I behold,
From brume I can see it
Is coming, so be it,
And will unfold;
Now hear them awaken
Who slumbered so fast,
What's idle has taken
To flight at last.
6. I'm soaring so high,
In joy I behold
That ancient endeavour
Is cast, then, forever
In children's mould,
That legend, undarkened,
Is flying again,

So boys who have hearkened
Will leave like men.

7. So far I behold,
I sing all the more
Of might disappearing,
Of doves that are clearing
The eagle's claw,
Of peacetime unfolding
With glorious deed,
Of midsummer holding
The Danish breed."

Jens Christian Hostrup

181 "This is the revelation"
(**181**: stanzas 1-3, 5-6)

1. This is the revelation
That lasting love is cleared
In all ordeals' purgation,
No rust therefore appeared;
To living and preceding
Can Danish hearts be bleeding,
Yet never running cold.
2. Thus love is no absconder,
Will never pass away,
But clear itself down yonder
To fathom life some day,
To understand Him clearly
Who is alive sincerely,
Forever love itself.
3. So it has never broken,
Perfection's timeless band,
Our chain to God a token
No rust may break, no hand,
But from each link a flower
Will burst with pinions' power
To greet the Gilded Age.
4. The chain is a reminder
Like that forget-me-not;
A strong and willing binder;
May freedom be your lot;
So hope for its endurance,
From danger an assurance,
And more its gold will show.

5. You say in sheer indulgence
That love can make one blind,
In kingdom of effulgence
The contrary you find;
The man has ne'er existed
Who in the end untwisted
That which he ne'er held dear!

6. In here since ancient ages
We loved our peace, our lives,
And by our wives in stages
Our love for love arrives;
If *this* is life's great question,
It is the best suggestion
To full-grown Danish men.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

TEN LITTLE DANISH SONGS

182 "Two larks in love have nested"

Lively

1. Two larks in love have nested,
I know, and say no more;
On heathy soil they've quested
Some place that no one saw.
2. The nestlings are so downy,
Of sweet and lively form.
They're chirping, small and brownly,
The nest is oh, so warm.
3. The parents guard their steading
But do not raise alarm.
They know for sure my treading
Won't do them any harm.
4. I hide behind a hummock.
I'm very, very near.
I'm lying on my stomach
Alert with eye and ear.
5. For boy will gather berry,
And fox he comes to bite.
That's why I am so wary
And keep my lips shut tight.

Harald Bergstedt

183 "Look! The sun is red, mum"

Evenly striding

1. Look! The sun is red, mum,
The woods are growing black.
Now the sun is dead, mum,
And never turning back.
Foxes pass the willow, mum,
Do lock the hallway door.
Come, sit beside my pillow, mum,
And sing a little more!
2. Look! How great the sky, mum,
With shining stars at night.
Who will live and die, mum,
Upon a star so bright?
Could there be a fellow, mum,
Who takes a look at me?
And does he sleep and dwell, oh mum,
In bedding? Could it be?
3. Why is night like that, mum,
A bitter, windy spin.
Listen to the cat, mum,
It's mewling to get in!
Gulls and terns are winging now
To find a place to rest.
Oh hark, the stars are singing how
My sleep will suit me best!

Harald Bergstedt

184 "Silent as a stream's meander"

(184: stanzas 1-2, 4)

Evenly striding

1. Silent as a stream's meander,
Mirrors heavens out of reach,
Language tells us with its candour
What to learn, and what to teach.
Silent as a stream's meander,
Pure and gentle is our speech.
2. With no boast and brag, but motley
Like a blooming summer beach,
Language sparkles, smells so hotly
Of our landscape's every breach.
Silent as a stream, but motley,
Clear and fertile is our speech.

3. Made from air, on wings of eagle,
Soft its kiss, superb to preach,
Forged into a blade so regal,
Humour whetting all our speech.
Strong as stroke of blade, though regal,
Light as maiden's dance our speech.
4. Warmed by our warm-hearted nation
Grows its wealth, as growth we reach.
Mother tongue has its vocation,
Gives us one more mother each.
Warmed by our warm-hearted nation
Danish is a thriving speech!

Helge Rode

185 "Sparrows hushed behind the bough"

(185: stanzas 1, 5, 7-8)

Quietly, but not too slowly

1. Sparrows hushed behind the bough,
While snow indeed has drifted,
Willows squeak so sadly now
As blizzard's once more shifted.
Lull-lull, spinning wheel
Firmly mother's taming,
And the more the wind, we feel,
So more the hearth is flaming.
2. Cracks of emp'reumatic malt
And cards a frisky rattle,
Barrow grunts in distant vault,
The cat and child in battle –
Lull-lull, spinning wheel!
Mother's foot is plying,
Just so long she stops the reel
As baby sister's crying.
3. Father sealed the frame with straw
And rounded up the cattle,
Chafed the shiny hide of boar,
All ended in a prattle.
Lull-lull, spinning wheel!
Father seeks the ingle,
Mother makes a knot, then she'll
Look up, their smiles can mingle.

4. Toddler in his twilight nook
Quite sleepy, almost yawning,
Soon he drops the picture book,
Gives tiny hands no warning.
Lull-lull, spinning wheel!
Flames the pot are licking,
Gables give a wailing squeal
And hail on panes is clicking.
5. Mum can hardly see to spin
Nor put the thread together;
Hey, the candle's carried in
And lit to brave the weather.
Lull-lull, spinning wheel!
Fleet-a-wing the spindle
At the joist of pine does deal
Such shadow rings that dwindle.
6. From the open hearth, the maid
Swung round the pot, now heated,
In the bed she had it laid,
The cooking now completed.
Lull-lull, spinning wheel!
Supper all entrenches;
Big and small enjoy the meal
On stools and simple benches.
7. Father takes the heavy book,
With God he whispers weakly,
Fumbles at the fastener hook,
His amen ringing meekly.
Lull-lull, spinning wheel!
Loneliness ensweeping,
Gloom out there is dense and real,
And snow drift higher heaping.
8. Here at mother's wheel she most
Of all taught me the spelling,
Singing of 'the heav'nly host',
And of 'his grace aswelling'.
Lull-lull, standing wheel;
But its songs we hearken
Sadly to as hearts do heal,
When eventide will darken.

Jeppe Aakjær

186 "The fiddler is playing his fiddle"

Very lively

1. The fiddler is playing his fiddle,
How fast his bow can enthrall!
They flock around him in the middle,
The children, the big and the small.
2. The fiddler is playing his fiddle,
How fast his fingers enthrall:
You youngsters dance round the middle,
A dance you'll always recall.
3. The fiddler is playing his fiddle,
His patten beats time at the ball.
They dance around him in the middle,
So fast on their feet withal.

Mads Damm

187 "When babies whimper before the candle"

(187: stanzas 1-2, 8-9)

Evenly gliding

1. When babies whimper before the candle,
Will no more frolic, will no more dandle
On horseback of any dapple-grey,
It is the sandman who ends the day.
2. And as you feel you are close to sleeping,
As through the window the moon is peeping,
The little sandman will whisper low,
"To dreamland now we shall ride, you know."
3. The sandman holds his umbrella ready
Above your bed till your eyes get leady,
But as you're closing your eyelids, look:
This nice umbrella's a picture book.
4. The red-topped pixies you're dimly seeing
'Tween anthills play hide-and-peek, a-fleeing.
The dark green spruces the pixie please,
He knows full well they are Christmas trees.
5. The foaming brooklet – but do you figure
How it has turned to be so much bigger
With vessels rocking all to-and-fro,
A sunlit ocean where'er you go?

6. The duck is quacking, the frog is croaking,
Along the marges – and now I'm joking! –
Behind the rush grow some funny gawks
With downy caps on their lofty stalks.

7. What next! all guardsmen they were, but tiny,
Each with his knapsack, his sabre shiny,
So stiff and straight is the troop, okay:
The sandman paints in his witty way!

8. Should mother's kiss wake you up, she's banished
The sandman; just like a shot he's vanished.
And do you know where he's disappeared?
America, I would think – it's weird!

9. While daytime here, children there are sleeping,
The sandman watch over them is keeping;
But when once more we have candles lit,
The sandman's home, and so that is it.

Christian Dabelsteen

188 "Springtime hedge is green"

With youthful emotion

1. Springtime hedge is green,
Cloaks are no more seen,
Sun on rampart maiden cheek caresses;
Oh, how light the air,
Yearning sighs out there
Clearly show themselves on silken dresses.

2. Eggs the lapwing lays,
Pussy willow sways,
Violets are peeping out so slightly;
Busily the geese
Teach their young in peace,
Magpie wagging tail quite impolitely.

3. Journeyman and wife
Join the garden life,
In her pale green shoes she's almost dancing;
How her charms suffice,
Slender foot so nice.
Lads then sell them garlands, how entrancing.

4. Busily the stork
Stalks a balanced walk,

Whets its beak above the farmer's gable;
Grocer with his spouse,
Glad to leave the house,
Puffs his meerschaum pipe whenever able.

5. Damsels fair anew,
Red and white and blue,
Send their glances out like arrows flying,
And like flags of fame
In the am'rous game
Silken bands from lily necks are hieing.

6. Eventide is near,
Beauties disappear,
Do not catch a cold is my desire.
What a lovely flow,
Gentle spirits glow,
And my heart is beating even higher.

7. In the night the moon
Silently has strewn
Coins of gold on boughs forever present.
Ah, the beauties left,
I'm of hope bereft.
Going home alone is so unpleasant.

Poul Martin Møller

189 "In peace, I lay me down to sleep"

Quietly

1. In peace, I lay me down to sleep
As birds they do in number;
For you, my Lord, your watch do keep,
O'er my approaching slumber!

2. I thank you for the day so bright,
Which gives us all such pleasure!
Help all who are in pain tonight,
Your comfort be their treasure!

3. Keep in your care, oh God above!
Myself and all my dearest –
And keep me in eternal love
To your commandments nearest!

Christian Winther

190 "Oh, how glad I am today!"

(190: stanzas 1, 3-4)

Very lively

1. Oh, how glad I am today!
Beeches fly their flags, I say,
Over shores and beaches.
Swallows whistling through the air,
Song and light and scent is there
Over Denmark's reaches.
2. Peasant's ploughing pleased his soil,
Crows observe his careful toil,
Look, the beech is waving!
Cuckoos call and finches sing,
Thrushes' flutes so clearly ring,
Daytime joy a-saving.
3. Forests are the best of halls:
If you get inside their walls,
No return is wanted;
Longer still, and farther in,
Blinded from a dreamy spin,
Yet you walk undaunted.
4. Oh, how glad I am today,
Spring has won its case, hooray!
Darkness was the sinner.
Downy leaves of beech I snatch,
Gladly to my hat attach,
So I am a winner.

Michael Rosing

191 "The Danish song is a fair young maiden"

Broad and mild

1. The Danish song is a fair young maiden
A-humming all through the nation's hall,
Of deep blue offspring, emotion-laden,
Where beech tree hearkens the billows call.
The Danish song with its passion racing,
A bell resounding, the battle's chime,
It floods our senses, all thought embracing,
A saga's echo from heathen time.
2. All Zealand's grace and all Jutland's powers,
The cloven timbre of mild and tough,

Our song must have these respective towers,
For us to feel it is good enough.
As times are changing our manners mellow,
But struggling arts crave a spine of steel;
In altar fires flaming white and yellow,
The legends' forge shall our souls anneal.

3. Let Denmark sing! Make its heart outspoken,
For heartfelt language is song and verse,
The nightingale is thereof a token
Like skylarks gathering to rehearse.
The high wind whistles its wrathful ditty,
The shoreline booms out its solemn song;
From heather moor as from crowded city
The song still rises forever young.

Kai Hoffmann

FOUR SONGS IN JUTLAND DIALECT TO TEXTS BY
ANTON BERNTSEN

192 *Jock Miller and Anne Marie* ("Jock Miller was a fisherman")

evenly, narratively

1. Jock Miller was a fisherman
Of olden sailor kin,
He crossed the oceans big and small
When just a lad within,
He married though, then stayed near home
To fish just out at sea,
His wife went round to sell the fish,
Her name was Anne Marie.
2. It happened then one winter day
The sea was froze to ice,
Jock went out there to spear some eel
And never reasoned twice;
The wind was rising, coming round,
He wasn't quite aware,
The ice it creaked and broke adrift,
Then Jock he got a scare.
3. It cracked and then it parted, and
It sighed and groaned and sang,
And Jock he ran as best he could
And over the cracks he sprang,

But at the shore was Anne Marie
With fear upon her brow:
Oh Jock, oh Jock, my poor wee man,
Oh what will happen now?
(Oh Jock, poor wee man, oh how, Jock! Oh)

4. But Jock he made it back to shore
And plodded staidly home
He scolded Anne Marie and said:
Where did your senses roam?
I've crossed the oceans big and small,
Came always safe ashore,
How did you think that I could drown
At such a little flaw?

193 *Our Daughter* ("She is a blithe and decent girl")
Mildly and heartfelt

1. She is a blithe and decent girl,
I hope you have detected,
We felt so rich with this our pearl
That day she was expected.
Her eyes they are so clear and blue,
And when her joy's consuming,
They look like tiny stars, the two,
And both her cheeks are blooming!
2. She handles roughly us two twits,
This little dear of ours.
From toil we almost lose our wits,
But still we find the powers.
Though more polite she ought to be,
Like parents, so their daughter.
She takes her time, but wait and see
What's coming from that quarter!
3. We care for her as well we can
And ask for God's assistance,
Maybe it's not too bad, our plan,
When taken from a distance.
But what will happen to our child
At last when we must leave her,
The Lord decides and he is mild,
So he will not deceive her.

194 *The One and the Other*

not slowly, march tempo

1. The one studies Latin and Greek until late,
The other digs ditches out there,
One's workload is rough, and another's is straight,
But both are a human affair.
2. The one can reside at a flourishing farm
The other break stones on the way,
The one can be king of the parish calm,
The other has nothing to say.
3. The one has too much and the other too scant,
But some day both of them will be gone,
And then it's as broad as it's long to grant
That you'd rather have been the one.

195 *The Haypole* ("This farmer was a callous bloke")

1. This farmer was a callous bloke,
old fogey vile and mean,
And often when at harvest time
we joined him in between,
Abusing us he let us hear the load was much
too tight,
He couldn't quite get ready then to lay the
haypole right.
2. From early morn till dead of night he bustled
all about,
He talked but little with his wife
for lack of time, the lout.
She minded house and garden
and had kids of slight renown,
She walked so heavily
as if a haypole weighed her down.
3. With all its drudgery his life
turned only worse and worse,
His glee grew thin, but thick became
his wallet and his purse.
The thought of peace in this man's grave
made anybody frown
If not a solid stone
just like a haypole weighed him down.

CONTRIBUTION TO 'THE FOLK HIGH SCHOOL
MELODY BOOK, SUPPLEMENT'

196 "Teach me, star, precisely"

► 178

197 "Singing illumines"

► 179

198 "Of what do you sing"

► 180

199 "Denmark with your verdant shore"

(199: stanzas 1-3)

1. Denmark with your verdant shore

At the glitt'ring ocean!
In your bosom as before
Love and calm devotion;
Birds are singing in the sky
Over barrows flying;
But in dales the smile is shy
From the violet's eyeing.

2. Danish flowers east and west

Fathers are embracing;
Ardour fills the offspring's breast
At his cradle's placing.
In the Danish fathers' trails,
Under shading beeches,
Where the bird of trust prevails,
Light of concord reaches.

3. One is father to us here!

Common, too, our mother:
Denmark is our mother dear,
Denmark's son our brother!
People share one heart aflame,
Shining like a gilding!
Shout with joy your father's name,
Ancient tribe of Scylding!

4. Hail to thee, our king, our land

At the glitt'ring ocean!
Flower islands! Verdant strand!
Springtime beeches' motion!
Here the bird of trust is grey,
Forebear's barrow greener,

Friend is true, blue skies they stay,
Maid has sweet demeanour!

5. Here we've harp, and here we've song,

Blithesome like the weather!
Here we'll slumber on along,
Brotherly together!
Here we'll live and here we'll die,
Follow old endeavour!
Thus, "Long live the king," we cry,
"Denmark live forever!"

B.S. Ingemann

200 "This is the revelation"

► 181

201 *John the Roadman* ("Who's there behind the shelter")

► 22

202 "We mention a name"

1. We mention a name, –
Now seething comes to us
In cornfields of gold,
It's playing in woodland,
It's smelling of mould.
Vibration of sunlight,
Dew falling on bough,
Through mountain a sough.

2. We mention a name, –
Now breaker comes to us
With life from the sea,
With whaling and bird life
And vessel alee.
The call and the answer
Afar in flight
– a world of delight!

3. We mention a name, –
Now mingles with noises
Of seething in corn,
Of whaling and bird life,
A watchman's horn.
The world often listened,
Just standing about,
As horn tone burst out.

Knut Hamsun

203 *Song of the Sea* ("Seas surrounding Denmark")

► 31

204 "We, sons of the plains carry dreams in our minds"
(see also 32)

1. We, sons of the plains carry dreams in our minds,
They turn into song when awaking,
They rise from the summer night mist of all kinds,
Like skylark with flight in the making.
They burst out from longing as spring's on the run
Like hyacinth, crocus unfolding,
And break like victorious smiles of the sun
The cold grip that winter is holding.
2. Then over the redolent acres they sail
Where seeds out of spring soil can trickle,
And passing the forest they gleefully hail
The bay that is twinkling, but fickle;
They tremble in April's most wonderful tone,
In gardens and woods they would quaver
While taking the hopeful delight from unknown
And reticent smiles as a favour.
3. Embracing the evening of May that's in bloom
On branches and hillsides, they tumble,
And into the dewdrops the name, we assume,
Of only the loved one they mumble.
This is not the morning, this is not the night,
Odd thoughts in the brume have been shaken.
A heart will be pounding, and way out of sight
The summer night's singer will waken.
4. Sir Oluf rode cross the bridge of elves,
One midsummer's night; they were sliding,
Four horseshoes all glistening golden themselves
– Sir Oluf, say, where are you riding?
Whereto will you ride before glimmer of dawn,
And where were you bred by your mother,
And whom did you suck and to whom were
you drawn,
Your kirtle's from where? Why bother?
5. O, magic of summer night mists of all kinds!
O, memories, tempting, bewitching!
We, sons of the plains, carry dreams in our minds
And know not ourselves when they're switching.

They'll wait for the hour when redemption
will yield

A yearning for joining the chorus,
Like larks, nesting hidden in clover-patch field
Ere dawn with its first light breaks o'er us.

Ludvig Holstein

205 "There out of the fog looms my ancestors' land"

► 107

206 "Do you feel how your mind from the sunshine
grows lighter"

1. Do you feel how your mind from the sunshine
grows lighter,
Do you see how it's glowing in word and in thought,
How we gather in mem'ry and hope even tighter,
We sons of the North, as one tribe we've been
wrought!
2. Look, they're flying in flock, fabled swans of
tradition,
Their song made our dreams of toil and arms
understood
Over Denmark's lowland and Iceland's emission
And Norway's mountains and Sweden's wildwood.
3. Can we ever regain what was lost over ages
As our strength was enfeebled, and blood, then,
was spilt?
Can we simply forget how hostility rages?
Can we slay the poltroon who created our guilt?
4. Yes, we can if we want to, and following stages
Will see us as brothers forgetting our fights;
And this urge being deed, our desire presages
A return like Cnut Lavard's and Margret's heights.
5. This desire to win, o'er resistance to trample
And stand up erect in the freshness of spring,
By amassing the power to lead by example
The people whom God gave the talent to sing.
6. Yea, the jubilant sun in my mind will glow brighter
For I see how it's growing in word and in thought
That we gather in mem'ry and hope even tighter,
We sons of the North, as one tribe we've
been wrought!

Jónas Guðlaugsson

207 "Jubilation, shouts of glee"

1. Jubilation, shouts of glee
Come with springtime greeting,
Swallows tell with certainty:
Frost is now retreating!
Land and sea and greenwood trees
Far and near adorned to please,
New creation's wonder!
Strength in ev'ry body part,
Healed is now each broken heart,
Happiness hereunder.

2. Flower splendour of the earth,
Forest decoration,
Birdsong give us magic mirth,
Pleasure and elation;
Gales at sea subside, deplete,
Air no more is plagued by sleet,
Pearls of dew in flushes
Gather radiance of the sun
Into strings, and one by one
Round the grass and rushes.

3. How Our Lord is good and wise!
How the world's delightful!
How our minds and spirits prize
That Our Lord is rightful!
Big and small He did create,
Every herb in fields to date
Shape and shade foreseeing.
Day has conquered night for good,
Greet it in a cheerful mood,
Thanks to God for being.

Morten Børup

208 "Winds are so employable"

1. Winds are so employable
And rigged is the boat,
Things are so enjoyable
As long as you're afloat;
Don't wear glasses anyway,
Above all, not those dark and grey,
But use the sunlight's vision,
Then sea will smile the long blue day
And it is very hard to say
Why nakèd dunes can be so Elysean.

2. Waves are making baffling swings,
A carefree young horde,
They break to pieces many things,
But this they can afford.
They are like the sailors bold,
Who squander all their pay, I'm told,
Thus never save a pension;
Their lives with ups and downs unfold,
Why stow away in musty hold
What cannot last, despite the best intention?

3. Dance untroubled, jolly boat,
The seaways along;
Wet the nose or sore the throat,
Both can be cured – what's wrong?
Billow's body, bent and wet,
Upheaves its shoulder now to set
The sun again in motion.
The weather will be fine, I'll bet,
Hoist up the mainsail then and let
Us sail away – good morning! – on the ocean.

Holger Drachmann

209 "My home, where my forefathers' tread"

1. My home, where my forefathers' tread
Resounds each day from bygone ages,
Where present time a link instead
Of chain from there, its former stages!
My home where kindred's inner gold
Was left me with the mead and mould!

2. My home where light so softly shines
And, driving shadows back, assuages,
Where all the bad blood now declines
Which is derived from evil ages,
Where sighs from centuries of wrong
Amended into freedom song.

3. My home, one of a thousand homes
Which Danish peasants have erected,
Where vigorous the sunlight domes
O'er shadows ever are respected.
My home! In song I praise your worth,
You are my paradise on earth!

Peder Rasmussen Møller

210 "There is a hoary hovel just outside this our town"

1. There is a hoary hovel just outside this our town,
The most unusual spot you ever spotted,
With bursting olden alder and willow aroun',
By sprouts both in and out it is dotted.
Yea, walls are built with clay and the roof is

mended well,
But nowhere else is there so wonderful, so sweet
and swell,
And whether you can wholly see it, trust me
when I claim
That pomp of palaces, compared, is humble all
the same...
For me, then.

2. There comes the finest maid, like a spindle erect,
With wavy hair, with limbs so comely mated;
Most certainly there's no one like her, in effect,
These words are by no means exaggerated.
She is so fair and stately, she is so good and kind,
Like silver is her voice, like gold the words of
her mind,
Yea, it's all right if e'en the King turned up with
damsel fine,
What would that lady be, however, as compared
to mine...
For me, then.

3. And now we shall be wedded as springtime
comes along,
With catkins the old pussy willow flowers,
The roses bud in hedges and there is lovely song
From day break and until the early hours.
Then you will get to see what a feast and what
uproar
That suchlike display wasn't come across before,
Yea, it'll be the very best that until now's been seen,
Yea, it'll be the very best that until now has been...
For me, then.

Mads Hansen

211 "If torrents rush against you – dare resist!"

1. If torrents rush against you – dare resist!
If night is gloomy – young man! dare desire!
Sink not, but combat thunder's crimson fist!
With rain at hand, for shelter don't retire!

2. A noble soul of storm is not afeared;
The brave man will stand upright through the
thunder;
He finds his way through fog, though dense
and weird,
In darkest night beholds the starry wonder.

3. Raise thus your visage! it was never born
For hanging down despondently and lonely.
Down there you will but find what is forlorn;
On high are trust and hope and rapture only.

4. In God's own image, you His wish fulfill,
Your feeble voice itself from His resounding.
From dust your dust, from heaven comes your will,
In gloom's embrace, your soul brings light
surrounding.

Steen Steensen Blicher

212 "Now you must find your path in life"

► **88**

213 *Song behind the Plough* ("In shining sun I steer my plough")

► **14**

SEPARATE SONGS

214 *To the Queen of my Heart* ("Shall we roam, my love")

1. Shall we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
When the moon is rising bright;
Oh, I'll whisper there,
In the cool night-air,
What I dare not in broad day-light!

2. I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh;
And thy beauty, more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

3. When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,

How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!

4. Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
How they toss and roar and leap?
5. Those boiling waves
And the storm that raves
At night o'er their foaming crest,
Resemble the strife
That, from earliest life,
The passions have waged in my breast.

6. Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove
When the moon is rising bright,
And I'll whisper there,
In the cool night-air
What I dare not in broad day-light.
P.B. Shelley

*The Shelley Papers Memoir of Percy Bysshe
Shelley and Original Poems and Papers
by Percy Bysshe Shelley, ed. T. Medwin,
London 1833, pp. 123-125*

215 *Serenade* ("The blue waves are sleeping")

1. The blue waves are sleeping;
The breezes are still;
The light dews are weeping
Soft tears on the hill;
The moon in mild beauty,
Looks bright from above;
Then come to the casement,
Oh MARY, my love.
2. No form from the lattice
Did ever recline
Over Italy's waters,
More lovely than thine;
Then come to thy window
And shed from above,

One glance of thy dark eye,
One smile of thy love.

3. From the storms of this world
How gladly I'd fly,
To the calm of that breast,
To the heaven of that eye!
How deeply I love thee
'Twere useless to tell;
Farewell, then, my dear one,
My MARY, farewell.
- Jeremiah Joseph Callanan (The Poems
of J.J. Callanan. A New Edition, with
Biographical Introduction and Notes,
Cork 1861, pp. 86-87)*

216 *Bonnie Ann* ("Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right")

1. Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimplly laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.
2. Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms and conquering arms
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann!
- Robert Burns (The Life and Works of
Robert Burns, ed. Robert Chambers,
Edinburgh 1852, vol. 3, p. 110)*

217 "My soul is dark"

1. My soul is dark – Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again:

If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

2. But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence, long;
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once – or yield to song.

*Lord Byron (Works of Lord
Byron, ed. William Anderson,
Edinburgh [1850], vol. 1, p. 221)*

218 *The Song of the Guide* (“On heights and on slopes my heart is set”)

1. On heights and on slopes my heart is set
As soon as the cuckoo starts calling,
At mountain pasture we'll both be met
With evening sunlight, come, join me yet
While valley's dark is falling.
2. Along the path is a gloomy hurst,
The tuckaway haunt of some fairy.
You open your mouth, and you'll be cursed,
Nay, even the nix, his harp at first
Masterful, now is chary.
3. But up in the mountain rings of glee
Resound as if echo-laden,
Like tinkle bells they're alluring me,
With dulcimer there on pasture lea
Seated my fair handmaiden.

J.S. Welhaven

219a “The ancient woodland road I like well”

1. The ancient woodland road I like well,
It looks just a bit dejected
Most often as t'wards eve I dwell
And red in leaves is reflected.
2. It's quite decrepid and so it hides
When rays of the daylight are burning.

A seldom lumberman's cart subsides,
Through deep hollowed ruts returning.

3. It leads to nowhere you will behold,
Dragging along, and blindly;
A ruggèd relic from days of old
It is always remembered kindly.
4. It leads by the place where foxhunter's horn
Alarms every hare that hears it
To where the deergrass does duty as corn,
And danger no more nears it.
5. The burdock towers undauntedly
As were it queen of the quarter
Where nettle and fern all golden you see
As sunlight glints on the water.

6. But in the midst of banished kin
That knives and scythes are removing,
The graft of oak, to the thralls therein
A prince it is – and improving.
7. – Here is so quiet, so full of calm
As if all were here united
And yet there's done atrocity's harm,
In secret everyone spited.

8. Behind the hemlock's umbellate lace,
Among lilies of the valley
The spider's spinning its web in place
While hooking its claws to sally.

9. You find the rowdy races' strife
Beneath all the docks decaying,
As well by poison as by the knife
Behind the moist leaf there's slaying.

10. The war that's waged is completely hushed
Where vipers creep out of shelter
As if no other attack was rushed
Than breeze-blown leaves in a welter.

Christian Richardt

219b “The ancient woodland road I like well”

► **219a**

226 *Temperance Song* (“On to freedom, to light and to pleasure”)

March tempo

1. On to freedom, to light and to pleasure,
On to cherish our realm, all who can,
On with temp'rance as watchword and treasure,
On in unity, woman and man –
We shall reach our goal, we know,
Down this very road we go,
On to triumph which we trust in time will show.
2. On to fight! Independent descendants
Over banner of freedom stand guard
And want freedom for all the dependents,
By oppressive intoxicants marred.
Heave the yoke's encumb'ring weight,
Heal the wounds and save the pate,
This the fight for free-born kin and future fate.
3. Just as springtime, with nature unfolding,
All finds warmth in the sun's glowing rays,
With our cause and compassion upholding
We help others toward better days;
Joy replaces mother's woe,
Smiles let children's crying go,
Life and light in homes where darkness was the foe.
4. Truth will glister, our oncoming treasure,
Health will follow our cause in its trace.
On to freedom, to light and to pleasure
For each suffering soul with a case.
Thus in tune with all that's right,
Total victory in sight
All in time we will unite – to deed and might!

Moldberg-Kjeldsen

227 *Song of the Young* (“The stress of years could not jade our mind”)

March tempo

► 155

228 *Hallogé's Song* (“My helmet's weighing far too much”)

My helmet's weighing far too much,
My shield makes no one fear me;
I have, still young, a fateful touch
That Death will soon be near me.

Lay down the horrifying steel
At menhirs for the brave one!
My bones will find at last, I feel,
Their grave, but cannot crave one!

I picked the fairest rose in life,
And Freya's name be praised!
Come dearest Death! I'll end the strife,
And then my eyes turn glazed.

Fly, dauntless bird! Fear not the way,
Take wings from finest measure.
You'll soar to an eternal May
And to eternal pleasure.

Adam Oehlenschläger

229 *The Daffodil* (“Easter bloom! A potent drink”)

1. Easter bloom! A potent drink
From your yellow cup conveys me
Quite a marvel and, I think,
Will refresh me and will raise me:
Thus the swan's wing, swan song teems
Out of everything, it seems;
Wakening I shall see the perished
Throughout Easter dawn be cherished.
2. Oh, how dear you are to me,
Garden bloom for village peasant!
More than roses' worth to be
On our fathers' graves at present!
True your message is of spring,
Of the jubilee you bring,
Gives each noble dead protection
And transfigured resurrection!
3. Winter gale and rain and hail
Roar across the whole creation;
But I'm standing as a tale
Of a flow'ring in our nation.
On me nature never spent
Summer splendour, roses' scent!
Just as well that they're elated
Who love all I've vindicated!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

230 *Child Welfare Day Song* ("We boys and girls we waken")

1. We boys and girls we waken
Long before the rising sun.
Then we lie still and listen
To our heartbeat, everyone,
And to a bird adorning
Out there a brilliant morning.
2. We boys and girls remember
Whispering from bed to bed
As mum gets vexed with Polly
And dad gets mad with Fred,
They tell us we must slumber
And dream of trees without number.
3. We boys and girls we're jumping
Barelegged out of bed, you know,
Competing to get dressed then
And nobody is slow!
This teacup! ouch, it's burning!
Freezing hands feel blood returning!
4. We boys and girls we're trudging
Pit-a-pat! our way to school,
We'll write, do sums, and spell, oh,
How long the teacher's rule!
The day, forever scrappy,
The last bell gone, we're happy.
5. We boys and girls we'll twitter
In the quad and 'cross the street,
And birds that know not of it
May think that spring's complete,
We have the spring inside us
Which never will misguide us.
6. We boys and girls we're praying
Now for all the poor and small
Who may in gloomy places
Distress and cold befall.
Let us all both here and yonder
In song and sunshine wander!

Johannes Jørgensen

231 *Catholic Song of Youth* ("Be blest forevermore, our Lord, our God")

With a joyful expression

1. Be blest forevermore, our Lord, our God,
Who led us out of earthly thralldom's plod
By father's hand and to your home within,
Releasing us from 'straining cords of sin.
2. Be blest because you on this earth were born
To cure whatever should be found forlorn –
All have I lost, but even now it's mine,
If only I do wish it to be thine!
3. Oh, blood of rose that blooms beside the church
For fatal wounds a penance we may search,
Hail thee, oh Christ, our friend, our way, our light –
When bread is broke, we see you in the right!
4. Let bliss die down, so life may go astray –
Beyond the clouds there is another day,
At midnight hour a star was lit and sent
As lantern for the splendid Sacrament.
5. In Bethlehem, right there in donkey's stall
We meet one being who will never fall –
Our Virgin Mary, guiltless slender maid,
With mother's hand brush off each tear we paid!
6. Where Peter is we also wish to be!
Within his shade we'll live for him to see.
He is the rock on which we'll build and prize.
To whom, oh Lord, should we turn otherwise?

Johannes Jørgensen

232 "On moorland barren, level"

Slowly, though striding

► **39**

233 "Preserve your soil, each Danish man!"

With dignity, but not too slowly

1. Preserve your soil, each Danish man!
Harvesting weather's rage began.
Now shoals of herring near your shore,
And barns are full as ne'er before.
May peace and quiet e'er increase,
You decent, Danish man of peace!

2. Now eagle, vulture, falcon fight;
Safeguard your children day and night,
Protect their little hideaway
Against the brutal birds of prey;
Storm will give way before too long
To sun and peace and warbling song.
3. Enclose your croft, and safely, too!
Strife's for the many, peace the few.
Prove, for the world to know and see,
That you want peace and honesty.
Raise over Danish field and strand
Your cross of white for peace at hand.
4. Fence in your house and home and earth,
Shield all this country, all its worth,
Some peaceful day before the end
You'll find your enemy a friend.
Shelter your soil, each Danish soul!
So keep our land and people whole.

Anders W. Holm

234 "Are you discouraged, dearest friend"

1. Are you discouraged, dearest friend,
Believing in your Lord,
With childlike prayers to his son,
The Saviour so adored?
2. Look into Heaven's Kingdom then,
Beyond the clouds so grey,
Where in our Father's righteous hand
Just everything will stay.
3. Look out across the earth as well
A child of God who's sure
That all will be of use to those
Who have God's love secure.
4. A saying goes with common folk:
Each devil has his life;
Be certain, though, each man has lost
Who challenged God in strife.
5. God's angels are so many kinds
As in a year the days,
What his commandments signify,
Exactly, he conveys.

6. Each tempest plays God's very game
While blowing e'er so wild,
However roaring it may burn
Each blaze, though, is his child.
7. When all the world is casting lots
For honour, life, and land,
The outcome stems from God's resolve,
His angels are at hand.
8. If you each day profoundly trust
His love for mortal clay,
Then sleep and rise the way he likes,
Lead awful threats away!
9. Our faith it is our fortress strong,
Its spire as hope is prized,
We gain the Holy Spirit there
With Jesus, when baptized.

N.F.S Grundtvig

235 "As dew on grassy acre"

1. As dew on grassy acre,
Thus fall the words of life
On deathbeds from our Maker
That hope and trust are rife;
Support and consolation
Will then forebode salvation
Before the closing breath
Instead of bitter Death.
2. As sun that sets out yonder
In evening's pale blue sea
As birds will ever fonder
Be warbling at the lea,
Thus will, all reconciling,
That soul be kindly smiling
Who feels that with his care
Our Lord is always there.
3. As all our body shivers
In summer morning light
While morning star delivers
A new day shining bright,
While summer day is breaking
With white clouds in the making,

So is, by life enlit,
Our final shiv'ring fit.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

236 *Children's Song* ("Come today and join the chorus")

Somewhat stridingly

1. Come today and join the chorus,
End and mean's a ditty's worth,
We shall drive away before us
Weight of life with tones and mirth,
Banish winter's dark morasses
By our voices light and strong –
As the lovely spring day passes
We shall sing this children's song.

2. When you looked yourself, if ever,
Deeply into children's eyes,
You'll have glimpsed it, for you never
missed that sky-blue light arise –
See how this small heaven switches
Smiles can change to tears so loud,
Smiles like starry vault of riches,
Cries like any rainy cloud.

3. Filling children's minds with pleasure
This is up to one and all,
Children's eyes are such a treasure,
Therefore songs today enthrall.
And whene'er your glance reposes
On a child who's dear to you,
Ponder how that smile discloses
All the joy you gave him, too.

Johannes Dam

237 *Ariel's Song* ("E'en when tempest oppresses")

Not too slow

1. E'en when tempest oppresses,
The ether is free and clear.
Music, Ariel stresses,
The gods' own answer, now hear!
I shall whisper through the storm,
Through the cold come light and warm,
Hide me in your form,
Did you think your hope was wrong.
Ariel,

Trust me well,
I am your music and song.

2. Be not afraid to dwindle,
You're shielded by winds of spring.
All you have done will kindle
And sparkle in thousands that sing.
As you sing, I say, right here,
You are there, too, soul so sheer,
Far as well as near;
And, when one day you do quit,
Then you will
Sparkle still,
Full of beauty, spirit, wit.

Helge Rode

238 *Study on Nature* ("Sunshine over the neighbouring yard")

Light, in unison and unthinking

Sunshine over the neighbouring yard,
Low-rise are outhouse and dwelling,
Room for a midden, a two-yard patch
Of fertility smelling.
All of this yard takes care of itself,
No garden path, not any;
But it still owns one gooseberry bush
Which is as good as so many.
Mummy today has very near hid
Patch and midden completely,
For all her bedding is spread in the sun,
She has arranged it so neatly!
Children quite merrily bask as well,
There midst the pillows a clutter,
Each one a thick piece of bread in hand,
Puts it away with the butter;
Butter melts in the burning sun,
Slumber slowly is showing,
Proudly the rooster thrusts out its head,
Swaggers and struts, a-crowing.
Children, however, bask,
Slumber slowly is showing.

Hans Christian Andersen

239 "The South I'm leaving"

With yearning emotion

1. The South I'm leaving,
Its sun, its flowers,
Without retrieving
Its thorns' distress.
Within my powers
I shall admire
In song, with lyre
Its fieriness.

2. This fire never
Will end, however,
Thus my endeavour
Is heading north.
There summer powers
Bring beautiful flowers
In sun, in showers
For ever forth.

3. There cool the breezes
What sun ignited,
There linden eases
The pelting rain.
What summer lighted
The breezes smother
Till spring another
Year shows again.

4. What fastest dwindles
The keenest spindles
In song that kindles
All sweet I know.
Thus I'm returning,
Northward my yearning
To sunshine burning,
And fall of snow.

5. My tones will hover,
They're quite amazing,
Though cold may cover,
They'll strongly glow.
Elsewhere I'm praising
Through song and leisure
That heartfelt pleasure
The South would know.

Holger Drachmann

240 *Flower Lay* ("Denmark's summer went along")

Lightly and quickly

Denmark's summer went along –
Sunlit flowers sang a song:
Kiss me light! Kiss me tight!
Blend our pollen right!

Yellow, red, and white, and blue
Sang: It's time! Hither, too!
Round about the flying bee
Made as not to see.

Mr. Bee, a busy man,
;:Flies around as best he can,
Loading honey in his boat,;:
Keeping it afloat.

Kiss me light! Kiss me tight!
Take my pollen, come what might!
Flowers sang in grass anew,
Yellow, red, and blue.

Flowers sang to greet the bee:
Spurn me not! Turn to me!
Kiss me light and kiss me tight!
Spurn me not, but turn to me!
Kiss me light and kiss me tight!
And blend our pollen right!

Ludvig Holstein

241 *Christianshavn* ("King Christian looked from his castle gate")

With dignity, but not too slowly

1. King Christian looked from his castle gate
With a mighty stick in his hand,
He mordantly gazed at the wind-swept strait,
So far this was what he had planned:

2. Right here an exchange in 'his usual style',
Cross the stream a new bridge he saw,
And there – as his eyes lit up with a smile –
A finished town on the shore.

3. A fortress indeed 'gainst hostile surprise,
Still, not only that: a port,

A trading centre with toll and excise,
A town with his name, he thought.

4. Mikkel Vibe's house was erected first
And more buildings came in a rush,
In glaucous canals ships even would burst
Each year with their pennants so flush.
5. 'Tween the harbour's bluing, billowing stream
And willowy rush of the moat
There now lies the township – an early dream
Today in the clamour afloat.
6. The town has assumed the mood of the king,
Is young despite three hundred years, –
It's hinted that idyll's a dying thing
If plenty of room appears.
7. What rot! – let yourself expand and be seen,
For then you'll retain your desire
As long as you own this your rampart green
As well as Our Saviour's spire.

Ove Baudiitz

242 *Denmark* ("We dote on our flowering native land")

1. We dote on our flowering native land,
Each forest, each hill, and each hollow,
Our walk always ends at a deep-blue strand
No matter what path we may follow;
A shelter is ready for one and all
And no one gets lost while strolling,
From town to the next can be heard the call
Of church bells consolingly tolling.
This land that has fostered each amiable mind
And smiled all its calm into hearts intertwined,
This is Denmark!
2. When realms that emerged for in fight to die,
Were buried, in darkness dejected,
Then slumbered afar under cloudless sky
Our Denmark, by ocean protected.
It wakened and knew that its heart would beat
With pulse of the thousand beaches, –
And crossing the ocean the Danes and their fleet
Contended for rule of the reaches.
They governed in might, – be it ever so brief,

This land that attracted its people's belief,
This is Denmark!

3. This land they have loved – like we do – sometime,
Our souls have the selfsame devotion;
When listening no more to the warbling chime
We hear then the voice of the ocean;
Our yearning rides on o'er the billows' foam
While skylarks and starlings and sparrows
Tell all men that this is our heart's own home
Where forefathers sleep in the barrows.
This land that possesses our deeds and our names
Embraces us lovingly as it proclaims,
This is Denmark!

Axel Juel

243 *Dawn* ("Dark is failing, day prevailing")

Solid and dignified

1. Dark is failing,
Day prevailing,
Bells are pealing high the morn,
Ghost horse stumbles,
Nation tumbles
Jubilantly into dawn.
2. Eyes see golden
Gems beholden
To old Slesvig's darkish mould.
Hearts a-quiver,
We deliver
The ancestral fam'ly gold.
3. Freya, summer-
Tide a comer,
Far outspread her golden hair.
Woods in motion,
Sunlit ocean
See elation's guardian there.
4. Ended sorrow,
Joy tomorrow
Comes despite desire or shame:
We're with mother
And each other
Sweetly humming Denmark's name.

Hansigne Lorenzen

244 "The Danish bread, it grows on plains"

► 139

245 "Sleep sweetly, little Sonja!"

Gently and gracefully

1. Sleep sweetly, little Sonja!
Now evening time is here!
And when once more you waken,
The sun will then appear.
Those eyes of yours, so small and blue,
Shine bright as little suns – yes, two.
Sleep tight, oh little Sonja,
To all of us you're dear!

Carl Nielsen ?

246 *Song for Danish Labour* ("Food, clothes, and vessel,
tent tight and felted")

Dignified and brisk

1. Food, clothes, and vessel, tent tight and felted
We have since early stone age obtained,
Each generation drifted and melted,
Bloodline endures and the works have remained.
We set our minds to law and to leisure,
Finished much more than the flint axes' form;
Learning and loan got weight from our measure
Ages prior to Harold and Gorm.
2. Once there was one way, now there are many,
Ways in and out, while all force the pace.
Roar of the blaze or spinning wheel jenny
Still let a few basic laws stay in place:
Haste makes for waste, where'er you may cast her,
Will before knowledge so skill is at hand.
Do things yourself. And if you'll be master
Ask yourself as you build your own land!
3. Not till you do good work can you order,
Wind be your wage if petty your part.
Few follow folk from over the border,
Work of our own hand is much better art.
Still it takes more to be worldwide a winner,
Yet we have done it before at a pinch.
Pride of the masses hardly grown thinner,
Fine achievement at inch after inch.

4. Work is in mind and matter united
Closely as are the nerves and the skin.
Hidden ideas then hands have incited,
And from a dream the deed may begin.
Foreman and lawman, sailor and squire
Gathered in labour's fortuitous name,
This is the life that Danes do desire,
Each his value and all share the fame.
5. Exploit abroad, let home be the station!
Take care that ne'er your wits are ignored.
Augment our culture, new to the nation,
Watching and working by spark of the Lord.
Soil or sensation, hatchet or hammer,
Toil will be loved with some humour afire.
Sparks ever blazing from Danish clamour,
Deed may live on though tool may expire.

Valdemar Rordam

247 "Free language of our mother"

1. Free language of our mother,
Sound it cheerful with each other!
By a fraction we'll in action
Better that of our extraction,
And in step so strong a song
We'll back up tradition,
And in that we shall succeed;
On our mission
Meeting Denmark's need.
2. Our posture like an arrow,
Eager ardour to the marrow,
No more slander, only candour
Makes our country free and grander.
Hoist it without lag, our flag,
The Cross is its symbol!
Stay unfurled in white and red!
Tough and nimble,
Denmark's time's ahead.

Johan Brydegaard

248 *Christmas Carol* ("Come, Christmas, come, exalted
guest")

Not too slowly

1. Come, Christmas, come, exalted guest
Who knew your heavenly Father best,

But let be swaddled in mother's way
Awaiting childhood and mortal clay
In wretched manger so hard, oh shame! –
And still you came.

2. Oh humbleness: The star was where
This child saw oxen that rested there,
And praise by heavenly hosts was kept
'Twas heard where lamb with the shepherd slept,
The Magi knelt as they meekly saw
Your cradle's straw.

3. At crib *thus* kneeling I rejoice:
Oh Saviour, this was your home of choice.
My heart's own shed never splendour had,
But Holy Prince, like a child you're clad,
Stay here below the old star again,
It's Christmas *then*!

Johannes Wiberg

249 *Christmas Carol* ("Heaven's gloom a world apart")

Not too slowly

1. Heaven's gloom a world apart,
Lit is Christmas candle;
Stars above are like my heart
Difficult to handle.
Usual times turn sacred when
Daily din has dwindled,
Christmas tree has once again
Children's eyes enkindled.

2. Distant song from sounding brass
Makes us listen wholly,
Of a birth which came to pass
In a manger lowly.
All the bells on earth subdued
I can hear a-ringing
For I'm in a Christmas mood
Filled with children singing.

3. Once you were yourself a child,
Hear the joy so pleasant!
In their Christmas carols mild
Gleefully be present.
Is the world no splendid gem,
Dark with harsh oppression,

Light from star of Bethlehem
Is each child's possession.

4. From the heavens' lofty clime
All the stars are shining.
Christmas night's a tender time
Former life enshrining.
What was lost in time and mould
Of the world's endeavour,
As a Christmas morning's gold
We shall own forever.

Mogens Falck

250 *Homely Noel* ("Homely Noel, splendidly near!")

Not too slowly

1. Homely Noel, splendidly near!
Do you descend to the horror down here?
Glaring you visit our home for to see
How we will go round the lighted tree.
Granting us stars, and serenity, too.
Homely Noel, indeed we love you!

2. Earthly Noel, golden your sheen
Help us join hands for the dance in between.
Do we look smilingly upwards, with glee,
Is it as if we a heaven see...
Freely we follow the steps of the child,
Homely Noel! in starlight so mild.

3. Tender Noel, friends we remain!
Do you bring sweets and some gifts once again?
Garnished the table quite daintily beams.
Indoors the fir still grows, so it seems.
Underneath, do you shield treasures as well?
Do you hide gold, you gen'rous Noel?

4. Festive Noel, so you assure
Magic to thousands of homes of the poor.
Bread you have brought for the mouth that

implores.

Lowered a star in this well of flaws...
Built us in here a whole palace to pass,
Twinkling and pure, from quavering glass.

5. Secret Noel, muted we hear
Tone of the candles in heart and in ear.

Burning, they gleam on all branches but none,
Candlesticks going out, one by one.
Silent as tears that are falling because,
Slumbering kin, you don't want to pause.

6. Homely Noel, this is our song,
Nearing your star we are walking along.
Ev'rywhere gleams for it shatters the gloam,
E'en for a homeless that will be home.
This is your wonder each soul will acclaim,
Homely Noel, may God bless your name.

Emil Bønnelycke

251 *Ballad of the Bear* ("The bear's two cubs were murdered")

The bear's two cubs were murdered
With axes and with knives –
In forest now she bellows,
Demanding life for lives.

In forest walks a maiden,
A hunter's love, and she
Is picking summer flowers
In shade of sapling tree.

She walks, so mild and silent,
In frock of homespun thread
A-binding children's chaplets
:/:From flowers blue and red.:/:

The bear in forest bellows,
Demanding life for lives
Because her cubs were murdered
With axes and with knives.

Its savage eyes are crying,
There's blood around its teeth,
With heavy trudge it reaches
The hillside from beneath,

Assaulting then the maiden
With froth around its jaw,
A black, enormous she-bear
In evening sun, at war.

The youthful hunter chases,
His gun right in his hands,
He hears the bear-paws breaking
Some sticks and twigs, then stands

And drives the silver button
Into the barrel breech,
The heavy bullet grazes
The fur within its reach,

But hits the wretched maiden.
She :/:stagger:/: almost dead,
And over flowers trickles
:/:The heartblood, purple red.:/:

The youthful hunter rushes
Across the rock somehow,
Gets scratched on hands and fingers
From spiny hawthorn bough,

Ignoring the avenger
Her :/:maiden lips to kiss:/:,
He sees her soul extinguished
In azure eyes' abyss.

The bear then turns, but slowly,
Its hairy frame around
And plods along, proceeding
Across the hillside ground.

Its bear-heart now reposes,
Relieved from woe and pain
In feelings of reprisal
Because the girl was slain.

Affrighted birds are screeching,
Now night is closing in,
And all the earthly colours
Go ashen, pale, and thin.

The shaken crofter crosses
Himself on his cart nearby;
That wail in the forest
As if a soul did cry.

Aage Berntsen

252 "Let people, just a few, be right"

1. Let people, just a few, be right,
Is it just folly, quare,
To have a passion for a site
Like eagles for their aerie?
I do confess if you'll forgive:
I thank the Lord for where I live,
I'll always hold to Denmark.
2. I do believe what has been said
From citizens in fashion,
"What force is in a language spread,
All of them may impassion?"
Still, only one is dear to me,
I learned it at my mother's knee,
I learned it here in Denmark.
3. I often heard of southern heat
Removing human pallor
While northern son was mild and neat,
Though quite devoid of valour.
Heroic deed is on the wane.
He fought, e'en though it brought him pain,
Now we have peace in Denmark.
4. I know that pulchritude's ideal
Is far from here located,
In laurel grove, and never she'll
In beechwood be awaited;
Contrarily, the fair-haired maid
Returning glances unafraid,
Is only found in Denmark.
5. A call is heard in distant land,
With gold they are delighted.
Stay where you are, you Danish hand,
Do work and be requited.
The corn that's hidden in our mould
Will sprout and then turn into gold,
Yea, there is gold in Denmark.
6. My old and free and dearest land
I cannot leave behind me;
I'll not let go your verdant strand
Wherever fate may find me.
Whatever hardship is ahead,

I will find solace when I'm dead:
I'm staying here in Denmark.

Peter Faber

253 Denmark ("We dote on our flowering native land")

► 242

254 "So dear my native land, thy name so sweet"

1. So dear my native land, thy name so sweet,
Thy offspring's longings have for thee arisen.
With thy allure unseen we always meet,
Each other country unlike thee a prison.
2. The spring in all its glory comes but there,
The graceful summer only there is beaming,
And beautiful is winter's snowy wear
As on our neighbourhood of youth it's gleaming.
3. Yea, beautiful the mountain capped with ice,
The valley, too, by waterfall besprinkled,
The golden desert was a paradise
As early glee in childlike features twinkled.
4. My native soil the heather's browny land,
My childhood sun a smile at moorland gloaming,
My tender foot has trodden golden sand,
My joy of youth among dark barrows roaming.
5. Fair is to me the empty, flow'rless lea;
My browny moor an Eden altogether –
My bones will rest out there in secrecy
At my ancestor's graves o'ergrown with heather.

Steen Steensen Blicher

255 "Oh, how glad I am today!"

► 190

256 "Silent as a stream's meander"

► 184

257 "Build on lowland, not above it"

1. Build on lowland, not above it,
Live in truth and not in pride;
Do not trim your sails and love it,
Be at odds with those who lied.

2. Humdrum folk are often nearest
To existence rude and plain,
Joy may likewise burn the clearest
From a damaged window pane.
3. Plainness makes you safe and shielded,
Makes the strife at home retire;
Simple hearth has always yielded
Public spirit's purest fire.
4. Show them forth, your deed and action,
Mind them truly all year round,
Great feats give no satisfaction
Weighed against the deed that's sound!

Zakarias Nielsen

258 "Mighty the realms that rend earth asunder"

1. Mighty the realms that rend earth asunder,
Eagles would head up north just to plunder.
High, high we will raise our colours,
Onwards through time we will support our land.
2. Blunted our will, our valour turns faceless,
Bloodstream will flow, then, sluggish from baseness,
Down, down they will crush our colours,
Trouble and thralldom they'll present our land.
3. But if we've steely arm and ambition,
Stiff'ning the spine an act of volition,
High, high we will raise our colours,
Onwards through time we will support our land.
4. Thus, should we die in battle, truehearted,
Springtime will flourish o'er the departed,
High, high we will raise our colours,
Onwards through time we will support our land.

Ahrent Otterstrøm

259 "Look! The sun is red, mum"

► **183**

260 "When babies whimper before the candle"

With an even stride

► **187**

261 "This we know that since the poison"

1. This we know that since the poison
Of the snake delight bespattered,
We ourselves must share our lot with
Winter crops, though more had mattered,
2. Reach not here, which passion calls for,
Summer comfort, fully growing,
Must be pleased with just a greyish
Short-lived spring of never knowing;
3. Carry, e'en with furrowed forehead,
No ripe crop or likewise burdened;
What they praise as fruits of ours
Are but shoots, abundant, verdant.
4. Growing green – that's what we're able,
Putting forth till all is frozen,
Standing straight despite the weather,
Sure of summer – this we've chosen;
5. Growing green – well, that's the matter,
Wide awake and really living,
Living shortly, living longer,
Simply cheerful and forgiving.
6. What this year is growing verdant,
Then the next one should be ready
If we just take root in proper
Ground of life, secure and steady.
7. So it bears and hides what's fading
Faithfully to all creation,
Until winter's lethal anthem
Ends in Easter jubilation.

Jens Christian Hostrup

262 "A fair and lovely land"

(**262**: stanzas 1-3)

Warmly and cheerfully

1. A fair and lovely land
With staunch and tow'ring beechwood
Beside the Baltic strand;
The rolling hill and dale enthrall,
Is known as good old Denmark,
And this is Freya's hall.

2. 'Twas here in days of yore,
The armoured heroes gathered
To rest from mortal war;
Then onward marched to strike the foe,
They linger on in peace now,
The barrow mounds below.

3. This land is beauteous still,
By azure sea encircled,
So green the wood and hill;
And noble women, pretty maids
And fearless men inhabit
These isles and verdant glades.

4. Hail king and fatherland!
Hail every Danish burgher
Who works with eager hand!
So long the azure waters pure
Reflect the tow'ring beechwood
Old Denmark shall endure.

Adam Oehlenschläger

263 "I drive along in a splendid spell"

1. I drive along in a splendid spell
In Sunday peace with a pealing bell.
Sun raises all forms of life with passion
From gnat to seed in an equal ration.
And people pass on their way to altar,
Through open doors I will hear the Psalter.
*Well met, you greeting touched more than me
Though in the passing you didn't see.*

2. My company is superb and splendid
If sometimes cunningly unattended;
But where you saw me in Sunday glee
The reason was we were more than me
And where you heard then my quiet singing
They sat together in tone, just swinging.
Well met ...

3. One follows me with a noble soul,
For me she gave up her life in whole;
Yes she who laughed as my boat was heeling,
Did not turn pale during thunder's pealing,
Yes she whose white arms did so receive me
With warmth of life and of trust, believe me.
Well met ...

4. Look, so I have like a snail relation,
My house I carry on per'grination
And those who think that the wind is hard,
Should know how good it is for a bard
To creep in under the roof thereafter
Where she stands light 'mongst the children's
laughter.

Well met ...

5. No son of thought or of poetry
Such mighty arches or wells can see
Like from the heavenly love to where
It's mirrored in the cradle when'er.
No soul is shining, no heart allaying
Like one who's rocking a child while praying.
Well met ...

6. Who cannot love on a lesser scale,
Can find no wealth when the mem'ries pale;
Who cannot put up his own abode,
Whate'er he builds time will soon erode.
Defeating Moscow or Cartagena,
He dies, though, lonely at Saint Helena.
Well met ...

7. If once a footing you have erected,
Your neighbour, even, is oft protected;
Though built through children's and women's deed,
This footing still makes your soul succeed
So that it's whole in all fight or danger
And thus encouraging friend and stranger.
Well met ...

8. A single home may support a land
By well providing its saviour hand
And many thousands of homes come out
To save the land in a battling bout;
And what will bring it to peace condition
Is homes' pulsations in busy mission.
Well met ...

9. Despite the grace of a foreign scent
With clean fresh air is your home content;
You're seeing there just the child's devotion
And sin is kissed off with wild emotion;
An open church is a place of breeding,
From there it came and to there it's leading.
Well met ...

10. Well met, young man, on your way to church,
 We pray each one for our own, in search;
 For prayers take us ahead a bit
 Between the twain homes we won't omit.
 You enter, I have to drive round Norway
 As hymns attend from the open doorway.
*Well met, you greeting touched more than me
 Though in the passing you didn't see.*

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

264 "An old smallholder at his ground"

1. An old smallholder at his ground
 From gable end is staring.
 A poor and needy fish, he's found
 How harsh the lot he's bearing;
 Then straightens up his crookèd frame
 While shaking off his burden,
 He listens, he's awake to name
 The singing lark his guerdon.
2. Beyond his ken for years its ring
 This merry warble flutter
 As he in summer, autumn, spring
 O'er soil was bent to scutter.
 For first time round he's wide awake
 Whose silence had been steady,
 His humming may that stillness break
 As skylark song is ready.
3. He only saw the acres which
 With oxen he would furrow,
 But not the thoughts that might enrich
 His mind and make him thorough.
 His hand is shading now his eye,
 As o'er the world's derision
 He now perceives from thoughts on high
 A bright and cheerful vision.
4. That sight is wage for work, for scorn,
 For evil he did suffer;
 It rises at the peep of dawn
 And makes him smile, now tougher;
 It shows him justice and in sum
 What trust in love enables,
 That grows for many days to come
 Around smallholder gables.

Johan Skjoldborg

265 "You and I, everyone must qualify"

1. You and I,
 Everyone must qualify,
 Only idler's station
 Has no obligation.
 But the skilled among us know
 Those who slack are bound to go
 To pot, and unprotected.
 For work code, it must be respected,
 By bosses and those they've directed.

2. Common lot
 In the long run all have got.
 But till that condition:
 Equal rights' omission.
 What is right for those who so
 Live where gloomy shadows grow,
 Whose need for bread's neglected.
 But work code, it must be respected,
 The naked, and he who's selected.

3. Day by day
 Grows our cause, it's here to stay.
 In its strains enshrouded
 Tens of millions crowded.
 Troops advance, in faith and glow,
 Menacing on Jericho
 Whose donkeys bray, dejected.
 But work code, it must be respected
 In alleys and streets, it's perfected.

4. Throngs in time
 Render power, courage, climb.
 Men of aspiration
 Are like hate-armed nation.
 Are the times not yet our kind,
 We shall harden labour mind
 The best to be collected.
 For work code, it must be respected,
 In future by freedom protected.

L.C. Nielsen

266 "In shadows so bracing"

1. In shadows so bracing,
 In darkness diffused by the roses
 Where warbler is placing

The nest that its twitter discloses;
Where brooks, frolic-taken,
Now lull, now awaken
The darling of Muses, the sensitive bard,
By still running rapids, unmarred.

2. Where herds low, appealing,
T'wards sons of the forest that gambol,
And breathe as they're feeling
The wealth they defend in a scramble;
Where, singing, the reaper
With heaps growing deeper
Can count up his riches and call from the slope
To she who has crownèd his hope;

3. Where billows in dances
May splash at this wight on a wander
Who, staring, now glances,
On Sweden's gray rises to ponder,
And, musing, now hurries
To sails and to flurries
And, searching the foreigner's flag underway,
Forgets the decline of the day.

4. Where grief and affliction
Found gladly your stamp, my Creator:
The noblest conviction
To make one's compassion much greater;
Where kindness enhances
All virtuous chances;
Right there I could sing and the woods at the sea
Resounded our Maker's decree.

Johannes Ewald

268 *Danish Weather* ("Whistling wind and washing wave")

Strongly and cheerfully

1. Whistling wind and washing wave,
That's how Danish days behave.
Breezes born way out at sea
Travel salt and fresh and free.
Daily guest,
Wind's unrest!
To each rotten stump a test.
Sweep and knock it down, take hold
Of what's only fit for mould.

2. Glimpse of sun and clouds in haste
By each other are replaced.
Rain and sun in endless change
Made our loam for croft and grange.
Bring about
Any sprout!
Forcefully your spring came out!
Let the talents shine, amaze
Like the summer lightning's blaze.

3. Eventide is now in sight,
Stellar light and moonlit night
Shadows creeping everywhere
Blur your memories right there.
Dark will build
A fulfilled
Bridge between the fights that thrilled,
Lead along its old abyss
Denmark to a sunrise kiss.

4. From that weather, ev'ry kind,
Denmark gained its state of mind,
Fruitful, fickle, stiff and swift,
With emotions all adrift,
Soon at rest,
Soon possessed,
Soon in tears, soon cheeriest.
Showers, sunshine from above
Made your children fall in love.

Ove Rode

269 "It's spreading everywhere with us"

With a cheerful mind

1. It's spreading everywhere with us,
That obstinate dissension,
And he who leaves the fight is, thus,
In view despite intention;
But we would like to take our turn
The moment we might enter,
Instead of being thralls we'd earn
Our places near the centre.

2. We do not try, for dogs that bay,
At once to find reaction,
But first we find what force today
Is best for satisfaction;

It's true if we are helped to see
With these own eyes of ours
And grasp what time demands and be
Alert to untrue powers.

3. Our wisdom is of poor renown,
But looking up in wonder;
Though we will not tear heaven down,
Just build secure thereunder;
We're not, for all our daily woe,
Deprived of hope's conviction,
We'll never be enticed to know
Of life as an affliction.
4. We trust that He who offered that,
Will kindly meet desire,
With meagre lot, and claim thereat,
The more it may acquire;
We trust if heavy weather raves,
And so we'll not be shaken,
No, every honest fight it saves
A life from being taken.
5. And this belief we'll not let go
As off to fight we're setting,
With it we blaze our trail and so,
Each one his skill is whetting,
We bring it with us, then, of course,
As traineeship has fruited,
To join in Denmark's fighting force
Whenever we're recruited.
6. This force does not want blood on earth
When lures of war are ringing,
But newborn peace at freedom's birth
That equal rights are bringing,
And it will march along, withal,
Not leave the fight at leisure
Until the smallest of the small
Can share in life's own pleasure.

Jens Christian Hostrup

270 "Out in the fields I was watching the sheep"

Light and easy

1. Out in the fields I was watching the sheep,
Under palms I would harp without falter,

Glad as a bird all the strings I would sweep,
Jump around, and be humming my Psalter!

2. Out of the blue came my father's request:
Hurry home, dress yourself, feast is brewing!
Wanted, the seer says, is one more guest,
This is you, don't be late in your doing!
3. Red-cheeked I waxed even more than before,
Like a bird, like a wind were my choices,
Paled only fleetingly outside the door
As I heard all the vigorous voices.
4. Goblet of gold with the glistering wine
By the seer in there I was handed,
Then was anointed with oil truly fine,
As if dew in my valley had landed.
5. Plenty around looked askance at my luck,
No one knew, though, of my satisfaction;
Hidden inside came a fountain of pluck
Like a springing oasis' attraction.
6. Regal became thus my mind and my mood,
For my flock I was dauntless and daring,
Lions and bears I defied, and pursued
To defy Court deceit which was flaring.
7. Brag did Goliath with helmet and shield,
I was grasshopper-like to the giant,
Hit by my sling he was felled in the field,
Then I cut off his head, quite defiant.
8. Wildly I covered the desert sometime,
Treading high and low gruelling paces,
Till I rejoiced at the crown in my prime,
But my heart underneath hurt in places.
9. King I became, though, of greatest renown,
While Jerusalem saw my endeavour;
And as the thrones of the world tumble down,
David's harp is remembered forever!

N.F.S. Grundtvig

271 "Apostles convened in Jerusalem"

1. Apostles convened in Jerusalem
Awaiting the Lord's revealing,
Their ears started ringing, all of them,
Like thousands of small bells pealing.
2. Thus touched, everybody was wonder-struck,
They'd never had such adventures;
In Heaven they spoke of mutual luck,
All names marked in prime indentures.
3. They spoke of the ones who'd now proclaim
The Word of the life with vigour,
Of joy at His table, in His name,
Appearing on Earth, much bigger.
4. On Zion was heard then a sough that rode
On high and that never faded:
With forces from Heaven the low abode
On Whitsunday was pervaded.
5. Then tongues like fire aglow were seen,
Past lips of God's friends intruding;
In all of the tongues God's message was clean,
Embracing and not excluding.
6. On Earth then, this light from our Lord was lit
As far as the sunshine reaches,
And each living reader God's Holy Writ
In mother tongue always preaches.
7. And if until now on the Word of worth
Like children we've only stammered,
From heavenly fire which came to Earth
Of one spark we're still enamoured.
8. That spark is smould'ring each hour of God
And bursts into flame when healing,
Reminds us with pleasure it's far from odd
That Heaven's small bells are pealing.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

272 *River of Gold* ("The river that runs to perpetual sea")

Thoughtfully

1. The river that runs to perpetual sea
With wonderful force, we're told;
All mountain ore in its wave debris
Its stream has turned into gold.
2. This gold stream runs to perpetual sea
From nature's heavenly shore;
It flows with a force the Godhead might free
Deep down, and forever more.
3. It permeates nature of ev'ry kind
Where Godhead life has its lair:
It turns and changes in ev'ry man's mind
Black earth into heaven fair.
4. It rushes through the breast of a bard
With life, eternal and strong:
Each sorrow it turns into dismal guard,
Each sigh it melts into song.
5. So even the stone under mountain weight
Dissolves into golden grains;
Transfigured, the kin of stone in its spate
The ocean of life attains.
6. Gold river, run to perpetual sea
With wonderful force as told!
All being's ore in your wave debris
Recast into purified gold!

B.S. Ingemann

273 "On straw and on feather the brooding call"

1. On straw and on feather
The brooding call,
At wheaten root nether
The skylarks small.
2. Now green'ry is hiding
The trusty bird;
Her eyelid's subsiding,
No sound is heard.

3. Like seed and, moreover,
Oh, bird alive,
On wheat and on clover
Small hearts will thrive.

4. Your own one must hurry
From day to day,
Small beats in a scurry,
In firm display.

5. Your deep eyes will glisten,
Your heart will beat,
Unselfish you'll listen
Midst sheep and wheat.

6. Up high it's recurring,
Your bliss so strong,
From wings always whirring -- --
Your lover's song.

Ludvig Holstein

274 *We of Jutland* ("Jutes we're born and jutes we're staying")

March tempo

1. Jutes we're born and jutes we're staying,
Loving Jutland's name.
Nothing else, so goes the saying,
Thank you all the same!
And we carry forth the stable,
Downright healthy, Jutish label
Ever since the childhood squall
Till the milestone, last of all!

2. We are Jutes! We're speaking clearly,
So it can be heard.
What we do is done sincerely,
Trust us, take our word!
Sober, forward ways we've taken;
If we stand we can't be shaken.
Fighting for his right, a Jute
Dies before he'll follow suit!

3. Mother Jutland, one is heir to
Sun and rain combined:
Smiles and riches make us dare to
Thank your forceful mind.

You have urged that we endeavour
To be firm and strong and clever,
Understanding, even mute,
Jutland, Jutland, Mother Jute!

Vilhelm From Bartrumsen

275 "Thoughts must be lit, then exceeded"

1. Thoughts must be lit, then exceeded ...
Ancestor visions come true,
– Pyramid, bridge, and what's needed –
Shimmer as yet in the blue.
Hand, lips have crumbled forever,
Dreams have been covered with clay.
But for eternal endeavour
Speaks the victorious way.

2. Space we call empty, contriving:
Bottomless vessel as gift!
Rich is the day that's arriving,
Facing the day gone adrift.
Thinkers are graced by the stigma,
Passed from the stars and their bowls:
Space as enigma's enigma,
Darkness round luminous goals.

3. Into this gloom we shall wander,
Steered by our passionate call.
Let us bring light as we ponder
Even if something should fall.
Painting the woods is a splendour
Which evanescence receives.
But for the shoots that surrender,
Life murmurs on in the leaves!

Hans Hartvig Seedorff Pedersen

276 *Homecoming* ("I wander over my ancestors' earth")

1. I wander over my ancestors' earth
By precious pathways, known to me since birth,
The woods, the acres, a decaying dwelling,
Where'er I look, beloved things, compelling.
The old grey smithy's lost its roof since then,
Deep in the hearth a cold, bright day again!
The nearby fount will hum along, still streaming,
As when it witnessed children's games and
dreaming.

2. Where haunches smoked and crackling pork
was browned
 Below the roof where darkness was profound,
 Are now but groundsill stones in black remaining,
 The memories of toil right here are waning.
 The tow'ring swing that made the child fly high
 All shiv'ring from alarm and joy thereby
 Through ice of shadows and through sun afire,
 Lies broken now 'tween beeches in the mire.

3. But from the valley on to slopes uphill
 The spruce ascends like winter's spreading chill;
 I saw it planted, low and light and golden,
 Come gale, the land is to its strength beholden.
 My childhood home, in memory of you
 No feebleness and no lament will brew,
 But I shall learn from how the spruce tree said it:
 That strength of mind will do your birthplace credit.

Frederik Poulsen

277 "A silent file will reach"

1. A silent file will reach
 Throughout the din of battle
 With pray'r in ev'ry speech;
 Will, cross on shoulder, bend in gloam
 Towards the fallen's rattle
 With pray'r from peace and home.
2. It is not only found
 Where battle wounds are bleeding,
 But all the world around.
 It's universal love's renown
 From noble, gen'rous people
 That silently kneel down.
3. It's labour's strong disgust
 For warfare's cruel slaying
 That prays for peace and trust;
 It's every sufferer on earth
 Aware of need and anguish
 Who mourns his brother's birth.
4. It's every groan of pain
 From wounded and from ailing,
 It's Christian pray'r again;
 It's the abhorred ones' muted grope,

The injured's lamentation,
 The victim's final hope; -

5. A rainbow bridge of pray'r
 Through heavy earthly weather
 In faith of Christ up there:
 That all distress that e'er occurred
 Be slain by love eternal,
 Thus spake *His* very word.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

278 "Country to come!"

Cheerfully

1. Country to come!
 Thither they're steering in thousands, each need,
 Each of the sighs, that did never succeed,
 Making a landscape of clouds all aglow
 Over our woe, -
 Blissful the dream of conditions that must
 Grow from our trust
 In country to come.
2. Country to come!
 All of the labour fulfilling our aims
 Grows in descendants forgetting our names,
 Gathers for others, rejuvenates then
 Desire again.
 This has the power to carry it forth,
 Unfailingly forth,
 In country to come.
3. Country to come!
 Tears being shed at those things that are bad,
 Blood-sweat for rights in a fight you have had,
 Bless and anoint the victorious will.
 Breaking us, still,
 Evil it stops, and goodness it sows,
 Everyone knows,
 In country to come.
4. Country to come
 Dawns with its lines and in colours and lays,
 Twinkles like sunlight on those happy days,
 Glimpsed in the eyes of the children, a way
 Down as you pray.
 Are we successful, and triumph is sound,

We shall be found
In country to come.

5. Country to come
Steadily rises; in splendour of morn
Hearts are aglow and our senses reborn.
Turn then our homeland t'ward sunrise out there,
Our calling aware, –
Are we like Moses when, gasping for breath
At moment of death
In country to come!

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

279 "Morning cock again did crow"

1. Morning cock again did crow,
Flapped its dewy pinion,
Golden sun with happy glow
Heralds light's dominion
As we thank him secretly,
Heavenly he's dressing,
Blush of dawn his scenery,
School of life his blessing.
2. He created day for strife
Dusk for rest from worry,
No one measured thread of life
Therefore let us hurry,
Doing good the whole long day
Testing power and vigour,
Knowing well that, come what may,
Good conditions figure.
3. Spoken word and printed tome
Form a vital story,
Render youth its proper home,
Living for God's glory;
When our manhood strong and sage
Answers to its label,
Taking stock of schoolyears' wage,
Shows the youth is able.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

280 "Nigh to Noel, how very sad"

Seriously

1. Nigh to Noel, how very sad,
Shorter the days in snow and coldness,

Mind is bending at last to bad,
Not knowing where to regain its boldness;
Lesser the light that the days deliver,
Frost and despair make the heartstrings shiver.
When comes Noel?

2. Midsummer Day when all was light,
Bright stood the year 'tween the summer flowers,
Sun has now lost all its glitt'ring might,
Wilting on snow-sheet o'er lengthy hours,
Freezing while feeling its powers ended,
This is the way how Noel ascended.
When comes Noel?

3. Earth fought like that through winter's cold,
Deeply in need for a sunshine weather,
Fought with a winter, millennium old,
Winning come springtime and altogether.
But as it felt all its powers ending,
Just then the Lord sent his sun ascending.
Then came Noel.

4. Deep in the dark and the cold as well,
While this our sun declines and dwindles,
God is ascending as Noel,
Midsummer light in Heaven kindles,
Just as the earth is too distressing,
Comes a salvation's wealth of blessing,
Then comes Noel.

Jonas Lie

281 "In shadows so bracing"

Easy and romantic

► **266**

282 "Dannebrog, flag in a flutter"

Proudly

1. Dannebrog, flag in a flutter,
We will utter
How you bring to mind the battle
With its rattle
As above the Dane you flew,
Then so new.

2. Wake again in Denmark's keeping
What's been sleeping,
Bellow to each ear this message

As a presage:
Look how far behind the night,
Day's in sight.

3. Now arise, it's time for spirit,
Who can hear it
What the day of morrow causes.
Without pauses,
Listen to our merry calls,
Danish halls.

Steen Steensen Blicher

283 "Now, did the rake get its latter prong"

1. Now, did the rake get its latter prong,
All of my boys, are you ready?
Dew has been falling the whole night long,
Sharp is the scythe, now be steady.
Arms are refreshed from a wholesome doze.
Jubilant greeting as sun arose;
Lilacs hide an adorning
Cuckoo that calls: good morning.
2. Mum has blown on a hearth that glows,
Busy with breakfast and table,
Look how steam from her porridge flows
Softly across to the stable.
Bread is buttered, enough and good,
Beer is bottled, a box of wood
Hiding a jar of some liquor
Out of respect for the vicar.
3. On the wagon now each of you,
Colts on cobbles are scraping.
And wide open to eastern hue
Gates in wonder are gaping.
Swallows turn at the wagon team,
Day's awaiting each joyful dream,
Faintly a surge of feeling
Echoes the church bell pealing.

Jeppe Aakjær

284 "Autumn's near"

1. Autumn's near, near.
My breast holds in here
A bird that is sitting wing-shot.

It listens in to my heartbeat there,
Then asks me:
Will it come, sunlight glare,
When I'll soar with a song into springtime?

2. Autumn's near, near,
Is solace right here
If wing-shot poor bird's in a cage?
Ah, yearn not away from my shelt'ring heart,
My wee one,
The two of us never shall part.

3. Yet, when no longer my heart will beat,
The wound of your wing is healed so neat,
Soar with a trill into sunlight.

Alma Rogberg

285 "Denmark, now slumbers the Northern night"

With a mild warmth

1. Denmark, now slumbers the Northern night
Close by your bed while you're sleeping.
Cuckoo calling from out of sight,
North Sea, Kattegat, moonlit white,
Sing as the dew is coming,
Softly like cradle-humming.
2. Denmark, you waken to meres of blue,
Sated like orbs of mothers.
What this night was embraced by you
Basks in the golden sunlight, too,
All as profuse presages
Out of our bygone ages.
3. Lark from its egg-shell in spring appears,
Dwindling in rays from heaven.
Tones that descend, as from shining spheres,
Same old song for a thousand years.
Thrill out of depths rejoices,
Ringing from fledgling voices.
4. Fragrance of elder in parlour room
Drifting from Danish gardens.
Corn is rip'ning in summer's womb,
Cockcrow greetings for minds in bloom
Rise behind house and hedges,
Whetted like cutting edges.

5. Horses and cattle and sheep on grass
Over abundant pasture,
Bursting barns with their harvest mass,
Cliff and headland that sails do pass,
Shower a sudden drummer,
Such is the Danish summer.

6. Girls with their laughter and golden hair,
Games that are never ending,
Eyes deep and blue as lakes somewhere
Promise of Denmark ever there,
Sun over green expanses,
Joy in the starlight dances.

Thøger Larsen

286 *Retrospect* ("What happened to blooms that relished")

Seriously

1. What happened to blooms that relished
Your senses with their scent?
To sunshine that embellished
The summer's balmy tent?
What happened to bursting green'ry,
Competing all along
Untainted springtime scen'ry
And birds' refreshing song?

2. And creature's life, if hidden
As by a gloomy cloud,
Is it for them forbidden
To live again – and proud?
The dog that died from sorrow
Upon his master's grave,
Shall it again the morrow
As trustworthy behave?

3. Oh, look at bygone seasons
And see what you have been!
From what imperfect reasons
Came any fruit you've seen?
Where is desire's candle,
The garland of your care?
What heart of yours did handle
A sparkling eye back there?

4. Old times should be inspected
And pondered on again,

Somewhere should be collected
What time consumed – and when;
Not only glints we're gazing
From flashes of the mind,
But ev'ry earthly blazing
Of ev'ry earthly kind.

5. United there be taken
What piecewise fell from view;
There all the old will waken,
Restored to youth anew:
The soul you had elected
The goal at which you aimed,
The dream you here perfected,
Will yonder be acclaimed.

6. Still, here is consolation!
Our faith we'll never lack:
What's lost at this location,
We yonder will get back.
For ruin was created
Not e'en the smallest seed;
While shell was desolated:
The core of life shall breed.

Frederik Paludan-Müller

287 *Iceland* ("In former ages, – 'Fore hundred thousand years of time's rampages")

In former ages,
'Fore hundred thousand years of time's rampages
When all lay hid in darkness, without motion,
Then Iceland slowly rose up from the ocean.

Up high 'twas raised upon volcano's shoulder;
In rumbling thunder coming from the smoulder
The cracking earth gave its infernal din.
In steam the ocean, lava flows a-wheezing,
While all the world's wild winds were freezing.
The earth had borne a son from deep within.

From pole to pole the world entire quaked,
Against a newborn sun the axis ached,
While snow was drifting, hot springs' gushing
through,
And booming falls were Iceland's earliest song.

Then light advanced in all its brilliant might.
Behold!
Dispersed the dark, the snow lay still and cold,
And there was Iceland, wonderful and white,
Its glaciers gave the clouds a silver lining,
And northern lights among the stars were shining.

Iceland, you proud and stormy, wind-swept land,
You Saga Isle with stories to remember,
Still, waves they break against your rocky strand,
Still falls they roar from where the mountains
stand,

Reflecting later, calmly, skies at hand,
As sunset makes the glaciers look like ember.

Forever, Iceland, you will always be,
With snow-white crown, a king of Northern Sea,
Your noble Northern place upheld, surviving,
'Till Twilight of the Gods one day's arriving.

Otto Lagoni

TWO SONGS FROM ADAM OEHLenschLÄGER'S
'MIDSUMMER EVE PLAY'

288 *Maids in the Wood* ("In shadows we wander")
► **89** (stanzas 1, 4)

289 "As moonlight entrances"

Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha! Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha!
Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha! Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha!
As moonlight entrances,
We bird, oh so small,
Exchanging quick glances
With each other, each call,
Glory be we're alone here
On twigs of our own, dear.
If we only had
Peace to hop and eat,
Oh, we'd be so glad!
So glad! So glad!
Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha! Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha!
Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha! Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha!
Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha! Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha!
Tweet-tweet-tweet-cha! Tweet-tweet-tweet, so glad!

290 "Lay down, sweet flower, your head"
quietly, sincerely
► **23**

291 "A fair and lovely land"
Broadly, but not too slowly
► **262** (stanzas 1-3)

292 "The fiddler is playing his fiddle"
Very lively
► **186**

TWO SONGS FROM 'CANTATA FOR THE OPENING
CEREMONY OF THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION IN
AARHUS 1909'

293 "Foaming high, the waters rushed heavily ashore"
Not too slowly

1. Foaming high, the waters rushed heavily ashore.
Hey, this is fun! What a ballroom right there!
Spray and gurgling white-tops with a guttural roar
Floated in rainbow-coloured air.

2. There, before the maelstrom, silent, dumb stood I,
Eyes flashed around, thoughts were running astray.
Trough and crest of waves, and sea foam flying
up high,
Moments that came and passed away.

Olaf Hansen

294 "Denmark, ye corn-golden daughter"

1. Denmark, ye corn-golden daughter
Of the male and rich mould and the open
female sea,
Born below the heavens so soaring
That your eyes became blue from exploring:
We hail you from the sea, from the mould, from
where we came,
We bring you our success, and our action, and
our aim,
Mother, in honour of your name!

2. Denmark, ye song-smiling sister
Of the sun-shining South, of the cold and
wintry North,

Growing up where icebergs have vanished
As they met with the spring and were banished:
We bring you from the North, from the South,
and from our lives
The best of that to which almost everybody strives,
Mother, our tribute now arrives!

- Denmark, ye most fecund daughter
Of the wind that embraced and the flower that
gave in,
Ripened during tempests so forceful
That you see even pain can be remorseful.
From fragrant, vernal flowers we'll bind for you
to wear
With ears from golden acres, with leafage bright
and fair,
Mother, a wreath around your hair!

L.C. Nielsen

TWO SCHOOLSONGS

295 "Flower pollen from profusion"

not too slowly

- Flower pollen from profusion
Gambols high and low;
Every child's mind in seclusion
Wafts away, we know.
Pollen knows not of direction,
Finding mould or sheer abjection,
Guard your skill if you possess it,
Cultivate, don't mess it!
- Learning many things comes prior
To your getting wise.
Least: to grasp a book, desire
Doing exercise;
Greater: labour to admire,
Good or bad luck to acquire
To whate'er you may aspire,
Greatest: be entire!
- Don't believe that school is only
Lessons round about,
Where you pale while working lonely
When the sun is out.
Lessons were our task for ages,

But from books' unfeeling pages
Flows what secret was when written:
May your life be smitten!

- Some will say it may be urgent
If you know of Cain,
And of all the world's divergent
Quantities of rain.
Better were if you detected
What it was that Cain rejected;
All the life a drop is bearing
When a shower's faring.
- Not just comprehension's treasure,
Wisdom's plenteous gold,
Not just being apt to measure
Sun and man and mould,
Learn how truth must be respected,
Learn how beauty is reflected,
Then for life the school has thriven
And its best has given!

Viggo Stuckenberg

296 "It's over for a short respite"

- It's over for a short respite
Your drudgery and letters,
Now you may go all free and wight.
And cast away your fetters!
Now you may holler when you please
And, if you can or want to,
Do somersaults above the trees,
- There's no-one here to daunt you!
- Ah, short respite! No, barely so
Is winter time created
As but one day in woods to go
Windblown and sunshine-sated.
So let the school year thus elapse,
Though half of it be wasted,
Or else you never had, perhaps,
The fruit of summer tasted!
- Cross over mead to stream or dike
As sunset softly follows,
Hear buzz of gnat, hear flip of pike,
Look in the sky for swallows!
Each evening over lake and mead

Is set a priceless treasure,
Calm, glee, and spirits – let them lead
So long may be your pleasure!

4. Come back then when again you must
Exchange the forest twilight
With red-brick school and so adjust
To where there's work in highlight,
Melt into that and grasp it right,
That echo, an expression
Of what you seized one summer night
While streams did purl and freshen!

Viggo Stuckenberg

SEPARATE SONGS

- 300** *Danish Patriotic Song* ("Sing, Danish man! With all
your might")

► 167

- 301** *Siskin Song* ("You are, in truth, a curious pet")

You are, in truth, a curious pet,
So fine and set,
You're reading whichever book you get,
And yet –

And yet you are neither daring nor sly;
What happens? And Why?
To look at a rosebud, and then to sigh –
Oh my!

For that you have filled up your brain to the brim.
Oh yes! What whim
Can make a girl fancy a fellow so prim
As him?

To zither, to work on a verse at night –
Come, come! All right! –
Not ample! But we comprehend despite
We're light.

Becoming it is, a man who is shy;
But frightened you fly,
The damsel's alone in the woods by and by:
Oh fie!

Birds have a totally different style;
Somewhile we smile,
Pursuing each other, we'll kiss and resil:
No guile.

Dear Sir! Like us you must let it show;
Success will grow!
I see the fair maiden waiting below:
Now go!

Emil Aarestrup

- 302** *Serenade* ("Gladly we listen when music may carry")

1. Gladly we listen when music may carry
Messages up from on high for our souls,
Gladly we're lifted in order to tarry
Far above worldly life's nebulous roles,
Gladly we follow the rhythm in dancing,
Closely embrace as feelings rejoice,
But we prefer making tones, all entrancing,
Singing them out at the top of our voice.

2. Singing's elation, and singing is pleasure,
Singing refreshes like winds of a kind,
Singing makes labour feel almost like leisure,
Singing can comfort the worrisome mind,
Mostly when voices in rhythm are fighting
And with each other in joy succeed,
With all these harmonies let us be slighting
That in the world there is discord and need.

3. Thanks to the lady who's kindly inviting
Young people's choir, for all to be heard,
She who can grasp the magic uniting
Music around the poetical word.
Thank you for welcoming smiles, with their
treasure,
Hearken, all ears, alert to the bones,
Thank you for hours so rich in their pleasure,
Jubilant evenings with beautiful tones.

Hother Ploug

- 303** "Come, God's angel, silent Death"

quietly, sincerely

1. Come, God's angel, silent Death,
Lay me, mother's knee my pillow

When in peace I've ceased my breath,
Under moss and weeping willow.

2. I am sick of daylight blue,
Sick of night-time's starry yonder –
Crown of thorns I'm wearing, too,
Can no longer watch and wander –

3. I may ponder more and more
Over riddles of existence
Till I'm deaf and dizzy or
Lead myself as at a distance.

4. It was young and firm, my heart,
In its pain a-pounding,
With my bliss it fell apart;
Coldness now abounding.

Emil Aarestrup

304 "Yea, take us, our mother"

► **28**

305 *Child Welfare Day Song* ("We boys and girls we waken")

► **230**

306 "There's a fleet of floating islands"

Firm and dignified

► **124** (stanzas 1-2, 4-5)

307 "A fair and lovely land"

warmly and cheerfully

► **262** (stanzas 1-3)

308 "A fair and lovely land"

Warmly and cheerfully

► **262** (stanzas 1-3)

309 *Homesickness* ("Odd and unknown evening breezes!")

Not too slowly

► **90** (stanzas 1, 6-7, 9)

310 "I take with a smile my burden"

With broad happiness, as if striding

► **97**

311 *Zealand Singers* ("On Zealand's fair and lovely summer isle")

Wamly moving

With a small-size choir the notes in brackets may be left out

1. On Zealand's fair and lovely summer isle
Where stream winds merrily, its vale traversing,
Where beech is mirrored in a lake awhile
And nightingales are mournfully rehearsing,
With olden mem'ries deep in mould, we would
Know where our home, our happy cradle stood.

2. We learned it from the skylark's happy song
To sing with joy, with pleasure of our yearning,
And when our day at times was grey and long,
Or path of life filled up with toil and spurning,
Then came the song as comfort in distress
And gave our lips a smile in its caress.

3. We love the song as it were precious gold
And will with all our might and force defend it,
It raises minds above dismay of old,
And under gleaming star of hope we rend it.
The song will not be dying for a while,
But sounding fresh and free on Zealand's isle.

Karl Elnegaard

312 "Gone are the days, they're past and olden"

Dignified, though not too slowly

► **116**

313 *Springtime* ("Springtime, springtime breaking through")

Not slowly, yet hymnlike

1. Springtime, springtime breaking through,
Joyful in its coming,
Swallow cheeps announce anew,
Cold, no longer numbing.
Field and bight and wood arose
Sweetly from their winter's doze,
Newborn won all trials.
Vigour rouses mind and skin,
Every pore is sucking in
Spring in brimful vials.

2. Lea by lea hold flower balls,
While each greenwood shelter

Does resound with warbling calls
In a golden welter.
Twinkling waves afar repeat,
Air is blue, bygone is sleet,
Tears of dew are smiling;
Clouds evaporate in light,
Sun is shining; town and bight
Springtime warm are whiling.

3. Land and sea will shout with glee,
Thanks for God's affection.
Splendour here, to His will be
But a pale reflection;
Touched by Him is everything,
Up and down and round He'll bring
Tint and tone that splinter;
He himself is less like those
Than a spring of beams and glows
Looks like glooming winter.

Marinus Børup

314 "From flame your life was given"

Objectively

The second stanza to be sung piano all the way through; b.17:
the last stanza allargando.

1. From flame your life was given,
Likewise your christ'ning passed.
From worldly turmoil driven,
On pyre you will be cast.
Your final run unaided,
You reached the last ordeal
When melted down and faded
You'll stay as proof as steel.
2. From crucible they're scraping
Your body's last remains.
A home then in the shaping
Of what your urn contains.
Therein you'll be admitted
In Death beneath the cope
Awaiting dawn, acquitted
At last in urn of hope.
3. From spirit was created
Your clay, it's now returned,
From light it was elated
Like something swiftly burned.

This forceful pyre will order
One's life, its shame and sin,
And space will with no border
Forever slough the skin.

4. Thanks for the stunning far sight
Above our earth unfurled,
The gleams of golden starlight,
This flow'ring of the world!
Now rest in peace, departed,
Behind the phantom's cope,
Await the dawn free-hearted
Inside your urn of hope!

Sophus Michaëlis

315 "Bid me to live, and I will live"

1. Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.
2. A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart Ile give to thee.
3. Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall doe so for thee.
4. Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.
5. Bid me despair, and Ile despair,
Under that cypresse tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.
6. Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

*Robert Herrick (Works of
Robert Herrick, ed. E. Walford,
London 1859, pp. 150-151)*

316 *I Love My Jean* ("Of a' the airts the wind can blaw")

1. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I loe best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

2. I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

3. Oh blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Among the leafy trees;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

4. What sighs and vows among the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

Robert Burns/John Hamilton

The Life and Works of Robert Burns, ed.

Robert Chambers, Edinburgh 1851, vol. 2,
pp. 268-269 (stanzas 3-4 by John Hamilton)

317 "You suffer throughout an age of pain"

► 9

318 *To Asali* ("I dreamed up to now as good as each night")

► 3

319 "Come, glistering sun!"

1. Come, glistering sun! Come, glistering sun!
At pole of the heavens so mildly you've spun!
Let sunbeams be cast on our borough today,
Each burgher will then be delighted and gay
As meets him the school in a beautiful way,
In splendour of May.

2. He praises the Lord, he praises the Lord
That winter has ended, so dull and abhorred.
He listens to tones inconceivably sweet,
A proof of how blissful the summertime treat,
While wishing prosperity always thereby
From over the sky.

Albert Thura

320 *Danish Patriotic Song* ("Sing, Danish man! With all your might")

► 167

321 *Evening* ("The woods are dimly listening")
dreamingly

1. The woods are dimly listening,
The golden stars are glistering
In heaven mild and pure;
As nature is exhaling,
At eventide goes sailing
A misty whiteness o'er the moor.

2. How calm the Earth reposes
In veils of night, and dozes
From summer warmth so deep;
Like such a shrine you see it
While mis'ry is – so be it –
Forgotten in the arms of sleep.

Carsten Hauch

322 *To the Schnapps in 'Bel Canto'* ("Although I'm more convinced than not")

with subtle roguishness

"Here two-thirds of the choir should articulate an unpitched but strong "Ah" while the rest sing as indicated, in such a way, however, that the low fermata-chord gradually becomes unpitched.

1. Although I'm more convinced than not
That you're as false as you are hot,

Tomorrow you'll be teasing me.
My dear, yet you are pleasing me,
You're through and through appeasing me,
I'm seizing ye,
(drinking) Ah - !
You're easing me.

Aage Berntsen

323 *Song of the Young* ("The stress of years could not jade our mind")

March tempo

► **155** (stanzas 1, 3-4)

324 *The Daffodil* ("Easter bloom! A potent drink")

► **229**

325 *Child Welfare Day Song* ("We boys and girls we waken")

► **230**

326 "Preserve your soil, each Danish man!"

Dignified, but not too slowly

► **233**

327 "Ah, Bethlehem, your Christmas snow"

Ah, Bethlehem, your Christmas snow
Will fall in flakes, fall lightly,
Will sow the seed that comes to grow
On timeless ground so sprightly!
Let snowy kernels fall and find
Their places in each frozen mind
Which cold is nagging nightly!

Ah, Infant Jesus in the stall,
Let now no voices carry!
There is no other nook at all
Where I would rather tarry.
My fall, my peril I condemn,
Lend me abode in Bethlehem
With you and with Saint Mary.

Johannes Jørgensen

328 "Banner, we hail thee!"

Cheerfully

1. Banner, we hail thee!
White is your cross!

If we'll not fail thee
When in a toss:
Certain the morals,
Lasting the laurels,
Freed from distress and from loss.

2. Enemies tremble,
More than at sword,
When we assemble
With you, unawed;
Where we upheave you
Triumph won't leave you,
Blessed is the host of our Lord.

3. You to inherit
Gave Constantine
Glory and merit,
Gold coronal fine.
In God's empire,
Higher and higher
Rose your celebrity's sign.

4. Strong foes we're meeting,
Cross! in your track,
Clay we're defeating,
Taken aback,
Wins in addition
Heaven's admission,
Never disturbed by attack.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

329 "A fair and lovely land"

Warmly and cheerfully

► **262** (stanzas 1-3)

330 "The Danish song is a fair young maiden"

Broadly and mildly

► **191**

331 *To My Native Island* ("You're gently rocked in blissful bed")

1. You're gently rocked in blissful bed
On cushions blue,
While over mottled flower spread
Small larks anew
Will praise your beauty in eternal paeans.
And every summer morning's dawn

When light above each town is born
You're blessed by hosts of happy birds for aeons.

2. As there you're swinging, mild and round,
You flower isle,
In waves of brine, so fresh and sound
You even smile, –
A bathing goddess happily exposes
Her bodily magnificence
While Flora gen'rously presents
Around her bosom's curve a band of roses.
3. Of Bragi, singing's warden e'er,
A saying goes
That he was born at Odin's chair,
On Funen rose,
Became the first of scalds in Northern nation,
And verse and song and music's might
Came under his regime; this right
Made Funen singing's core to all creation.
4. And Ithunn, fairy of the youth,
Became his bride;
Each tone would tremble with, in truth,
Its joy untied
As Singing married Youth as they desired;
Then Bragi made a splendid song
Of hearts and how they're feeling strong, –
Two, from the greatest pow'r on Earth inspired.
5. And Youth with Singing, this is trust
In spring of life.
The noble two would then adjust
As man and wife,
Since then they lived together, fondness-ridden,
While Funen was a singers' hall,
Protection for each kaldic call, –
So many names on Yggdrasil are hidden.
6. And as your day was born in song,
You picked up this:
What's ringing cheerfully along
You'll no more miss,
And thus, when strings are tuned, you listen,
Exerting happier your call
In field and mead, in barn and stall,
But best when in your breast their traces glisten.

7. From verdant wood, from lake and lea,
From nook and keep
The notes are in the sky set free
In swelling sweep;
Not few have lifted legend through the ages
But more, though, have in skylarks' ways
Exulted all their worldly praise
So Bragi's legacy, still kept, engages.
8. And thus, your Funen talk was like
The warbling bird's.
No sound of steel from swords that strike
But tuneful words
And more from strickle's rap on scythe and cutter;
The smiling sun has passed away
Like mist of moor, like scent of hay,
And, day bygone, like beeches' gentle mutter.
9. So hail thee, hail thee, precious isle!
Your past will show
How woods turn green, how seeds awhile
Begin to grow,
You're then the paradise of Northern nation.
Let songs emerge from every breast –
So jubilant from joy impressed
By plain, devoted life amidst creation.

S.P. Raben-Korch

332 *Lay of the Nordic Harp* ("Nordic harp, how resplendent!")

Proudly and firmly, but not too slowly

1. Nordic harp, how resplendent!
Single string is weak –
No one's denying whether
This harp possesses might
As long as its strings unite –
Brother souls together.
2. Nordic harp, how resplendent!
Strings in fives lie tight,
Heavily o'er its framing.
Saga's tremendous hand
Has played it with wit well planned,
Twiny tones inflaming.

3. Nordic harp, how resplendent!
Blood of bears alike
Flooded its heart entire.
Crushed by assault awhile
The Nordic would even smile
Through distress and fire.

4. Nordic harp, how resplendent!
Brother strings in scores
Rising t'ward stars ascendant –
That harp possesses might
As long as its strings unite –
Nordic harp, how resplendent!

Aage Berntsen

CONTRIBUTION TO 'MELODIES FOR THE
SONGBOOK 'DENMARK''

333 "Denmark with your verdant shore"
➤ 199

334 "A fair and lovely land"
➤ 262

335 "Rose is blooming now in Dana's borders"
➤ 94 (stanzas 1-2, 4-9, 11-12)

336 "Let people, just a few, be right"
➤ 252

337 "Morning dew that slightly trembles"
➤ 128

338 "Look about one summer day"
➤ 106

339 *Danish Patriotic Song* ("Sing, Danish man! With all
your might")
➤ 167

340 "You gave us the flowers that glistered to show us"

1. You gave us the flowers that glistered to show us
Their fairy-light beauty when once we were small,
The gay-coloured meadows were eager to show us
To run for the red ones and blue ones and all,

The blest water lily in whiteness would know us
And open its secret for us to befall.

2. You gave us the acres so wide and so waving,
Ears ripened and golden from sun overhead,
With clover in fragrance of summer behaving
As sweet as a violet, as healthy as bread,
Where skylark at dawn, for the heights it is craving,
Reveals for the skies what the rooster has said.

3. You gave us the forest so deep and embracing
With sun-spotted shadow, with sunken road spell,
Where workday is festival, silence enlacing,
From springtime in May till October farewell.
On footpaths, in high-vaulted halls we'll be facing
The Midsummer's eve and the white-clad Noel.

4. You gave us the heavens where clouds always hurry
To play and to fight in their blustery lope
Till once more in stillness they smile with a flurry,
Reborn now and blessed in the sunbeams'
mild scope.
The short summer night, where the day rests
from worry
With half-open eyes, is unquiet from hope.

5. You gave us the wastefully wandering waters,
Our path and protection named: come and allure,
While cruising along by our beeches and quarters
As dark as the grave, blue as heaven when pure,
And weaving a garland like one from your daughters
And sounding the anthem, "May Denmark endure!"

Helge Rode

341 *Denmark* ("We dote on our flowering native land")
➤ 242

342 "There's a fleet of floating islands"
➤ 124

343 "So dear my native land, thy name so sweet"
➤ 254

344 "There out of the fog looms my ancestors' land"
➤ 107

345 *Homesickness* ("Odd and unknown evening breezes!")

► **90** (stanzas 1-4, 6-9)

346 "The tedious winter went its course"

1. The tedious winter went its course,
The day so dim, the night in force
Will cautiously
Quite altered be;
The heavy gale, the gloomy sea
Must flee.
You do not fear that persons meet,
When going out, with snow and sleet;
For let us go,
Behold and lo
How finely nature, like erewhile,
Will smile.
2. Ah, see how nice the sun out there,
With rays of brightness in its hair;
The ring of light
Is coming right
To everything that now may sprout
About.
Look, birds in flocks will fly and call
In airy, spacious summer hall:
One flies a twig
Not very big,
Another gathers wool and straw
Galore.
3. Ah, see a lovely sight right now
In greenwood's verdant bushy brow;
Its top up high
Is dressed thereby
As spring adorns the beech a bride
With pride.
The herdsman watches cow and corn,
A yap of dogs, a sound of horn
Are all his play;
Hark far away
How fair the greenwood gives a shy
Reply.
4. Ah look how mirror-like and bright
This mere, however, is set right;
It is as if
The sun will sniff

At watercolours of its air
Down there.
The frog will rattle off and hide
Around the sleepy eventide.
I shall suggest
Myself a rest
And end with this my stroll so long
In song.

5. Thus is all heaven, water, earth
Enlivened by its maker's worth;
I went around
Midst all and found
God's will in each one born to be
You see.
He hits undoubtedly the time
When skies again become sublime;
I shall maybe
Descry and see
My winter into spring appear
This year.

Ambrosius Stub

347 "Jubilation, shouts of glee"

► **207**

348 "Springtime hedge is green"

May also be performed as a two-part song by omitting the lowest part.

► **188**

349 "Now the day is full of song"

► **98**

350 *Maids in the Wood* ("In shadows we wander")

► **89**

351 "The greenwood leaves are light now"

► **143**

352 "Oh, how glad I am today!"

► **190**

353 "Now sun arises in the East"

► **71**

354 "In peace, I lay me down to sleep"

► **189**

355 "Silent as a stream's meander"

► 184

356 "Sun arises! Treetop guises"

1. Sun arises!
Treetop guises
Glisten now like Gimlè slate!
Cockcrow message
As a presage
Of a day in bright'ning state.
Wake up, wake up, Danish brave men!
Buckle on your sword and glaive, then!
Day and deed a giant rhyme.
2. Loud resounding,
Lures are rounding
Fighters up from morning doze,
Beams go under,
Blazes thunder
Over verdant grove and close.
Wake up! not to wine and laughter,
Nor to royal grace thereafter!
Hildur's game is now at hand!
3. Swords and targes
'Gainst the charges
For Rolf Krage's bravery!
Straight he gazes,
Dreads no blazes,
Naught, but sight of knavery.
Sparkling ring and sword with edges
Mildly offered he for pledges;
Who is his defender now?
4. Rolf may crumble,
Bjarka stumble,
Hjalta welter in his blood,
Lejre's building,
House of Scylding,
Bow for Hjartvar with a thud,
Lost the battle, though, the latter,
Just as embers cool and scatter,
Final spark it kills him off.
5. Sun arises,
Treetop guises

Glisten now like Gimlè slate!
Cockcrow message
As a presage
Of a day in bright'ning state.
Wake up! wake up, Danish brave men!
Buckle on your sword and glaive, then!
Early morn in gold is born.

N.F.S. Grundtvig

357 "The barques would meet on a sunset wave"

► 135

358 "Grown together, sundered nation"

1. Grown together, sundered nation,
In this hour of destiny.
One the tribe, one its elation,
One its ardour for to see.
Spring will now from winter well.
Healed are wounds of bitter spell,
Mended Denmark's lesion.
Sorrow-laden bound'ry stream,
Once again your wave shall gleam,
Bringing glad cohesion.
2. Walls were toppled, chains repented,
Strangled lung now draws the air,
Vessels of our wrath were vented,
Danish tongue had suffered there.
Unrestrained by foreign yoke
Sound the decent words of folk,
Mother's words reminding.
Bake the bread your own shall eat,
Denmark's rye and Denmark's wheat
Dybbøl mill is grinding.

Helge Rode

359 "Gone are the days, they're past and olden"

► 116

360 *Song of the Young* ("The stress of years could not jade our mind")

► 155

361 *Hymn to Denmark* ("Denmark, a thousand years")

► 111

362 "Is your dwelling low and tight"

1. Is your dwelling low and tight,
Raise then more your spirit,
Set it loose in hearty flight,
Sing for all to hear it.
Whistling lonely, realize,
As the world you wander,
Only songs from hundreds rise
T'ward the wide blue yonder.
2. As so oft your kite did rise,
Bragging with its whiteness,
High in gusty summer skies,
Played upon its lightness, –
Will your thinking free and strong
T'wards the height aspire
Riding on your breath of song
Turn into a flyer.
3. Open then your eyes to know!
Listen now discreetly!
O so much will come and go,
Fore your heart completely.
Days will come and days will pass,
Each of them you're toiling,
That in time you may amass
Knowledge, never spoiling.
4. Life will call you before long,
Pull your strength together!
Let your soul in choir of song
Ride on wave and weather.
Whistling lonely, realize,
As the world you wander,
Only songs from hundreds rise
T'ward the wide blue yonder.

L.C. Nielsen

363 "Simple-rooted, simple-rooted!"

► 125 (stanzas 1, 5-6)

364 "Build on lowland, not above it"

► 257

365 "We free Nordic nation"

1. We free Nordic nation,
Take the whole world as our station,
Land and sea will so awaken
Good old Denmark's youth who've taken
Turns that they'll be worth their salt.
Your fate you can't flatter,
Fit and proud, go meet it, then,
That's the matter,
That's the aim for men.
2. We small Nordic nation,
Fill but modestly this station.
No one, if he's not a snatcher,
Adds a cubit to his stature,
But an inch or so will do.
He is fortune's minion,
He who braves abuse and force.
Proud opinion,
You will lead our course.
3. We, free Nordic nation,
Take our place within this station.
Over land and sea we're bidding.
Good old Denmark's youth is striding
With the whole world's might in step.
Give sweat, blood, give caring,
Just give everything you can.
Only daring
Will make free the man.

Valdemar Rørdam

366 "Mighty the realms that rend earth asunder"

► 258

367 *Song of the Sea* ("Seas surrounding Denmark")

► 31

368 "When summer song is finished"

► 134

369 "Sleep, my child, sleep sweetly"

1. Sleep, my child, sleep sweetly,
I rock your cradle neatly,
Fan away the fly I find,

Calling dreams into your mind;
Sleep, my child, sleep sweetly.

2. Strong as vines a-winding
You cast off ev'ry binding,
Leave your mother's gentle arm
For the wild and worldly harm,
Strong as vines a-winding.
3. Don't forget your childhood
Nor mother's sighs and mild mood!
When you outgrow youthful play,
Don't forget to pray each day,
Don't forget your childhood!

4. Rose of joy is glowing,
But round it thorns are growing;
Thorns I take when coming through,
Roses set aside for you,
Rose of joy is glowing!

5. Wake up with a twinkle
Like merry birds that tinkle!
Here your nest is soft and calm:
Mother's knee and mother's arm;
Wake up with a twinkle.

Christian Richardt

370 "Sparrows hushed behind the bough"
► 185

371 "Farewell, my respectable native town!"
► 96

372 "Now you must find your path in life"
► 88 (stanzas 1, 3-5)

373 "Two larks in love have nested"
► 182

374 "Look! The sun is red, mum"
► 183

375 "The fiddler is playing his fiddle"
b. 9: Or other syllables which imitate instruments.
► 186

376 "When babies whimper before the candle"
► 187

377 *Boxers* ("Wanna hit me")
* b. 4: Hum, Hem, etc. as brutal punches.

1. Wanna hit me,
Try and twit me,
Wanna come and get a clout?
Hum, hem, hum, tsim, tam!
You got me then,
Take that again,
Now now! A bloody snout.

378 "Thread has broken, wheel has stopped"

1. Thread has broken, wheel has stopped,
Tune too; what a pity.
Song of youth will soon become
Just an ancient ditty.

H.C. Andersen

379 "Watchman, I beg you, please stop with your song"

1. Watchman, I beg you
Please stop with your song
To wish me a good night,
When you sing I waken at once,
But when you hush, it's then I can sleep.

Ludvig Holberg

380 "It is not always the case"

1. It is not always the case
That from nothing ever comes nothing.
You became minister, something thus
Comes then, from a naught:
A fool.

Ludvig Holberg

381 "You will laugh at harm and famine"
Original in C major for treble and tenor.

1. You will laugh at harm and famine and
You need not fear all the beasts on earth,
For with fieldstones you will have a covenant,
The wildlife always will be at peace with you.

Book of Job 5.2.2.

382 "Silence and Darkness"

1. Silence and Darkness,
Sun will arise to delighted devotion
Wander its (golden) path,
Quietly sink to the sea.

E. Christiansen after Carl Nielsen

SEPARATE SONGS

383 *Grasshopper* ("Grasshopper sits in the meadow")

Fast

The stanzas to be sung immediately after each other.

1. Grasshopper sits in the meadow
By aestival evening glow,
Singing his am'rous numbers,
Courting his sweetheart so.

2. Songbird he does not resemble,
His wings are at most for show;
Fiddler out in the open,
How's your music a flow?

3. Lively he plays on his fiddle
While nodding the time therein;
This leg, it is his bow and
That wing his violin.

B.S. Ingemann

384 *The Spider's Song from 'Aladdin'* ("Behold my web, how frail")

► **141**

385 "Come, glistening sun!"

► **319**

386 "Come, glistening sun!"

► **319**

387 *Morten Børup's Song of May* ("Jubilation, shouts of glee")

with cheerful expression

► **207**

388 *Child Welfare Day Song* ("We boys and girls we waken")

► **230**

389 *Children's Song* ("Come today and join the chorus")

Somewhat stridingly

► **236**

390 *Hymn to Denmark* ("Denmark, a thousand years")

► **111**

391 *Danish Patriotic Song* ("Sing, Danish man! With all your might")

► **167**

392 "Like golden amber is my girl"

► **118**

393 *Hymn to Life* ("Universal power")

With fresh dignity

1. Universal power, who the sun made pregnant,
Life forever drips your consecrated fire.
Unrepentant Maker, ever potent, regnant,
Light for us in darkness, infinite desire.
2. Deep in darkness' belly, solar mothers' notions
Sink like golden semen germs of starlight seed.
Awe of birth begins to grow in deathlike motions,
Wave engenders wave in lakes of aeons' breed.
3. Fount of love and passion, vigorous renewer,
Life and death take turns around the selfsame pole.
Light will never die. Behind the clouds a truer,
Godlike fountain's day inflames empyrean whole.
4. Beam produces beam, and power follows power.
Death is but the shadow that the night will bring.
Life's eternal miracle will always flower
And will fill the universe with holy spring.

Sophus Michaëlis

394 "A fair and lovely land"

► **262** (stanzas 1-3)

395 "Silent as a stream's meander"

Calmly but not too slowly

► **184** (stanzas 1-2, 4)

396 "Skylark wings I used to carry"

1. Skylark wings I used to carry,
May like his my song suffice,
I have felt that, though I tarry,
Still I'll come the paradise.
2. I have felt my soul is clinging
There, where fun and song reside;
Echoes of my youthful singing,
Here on earth with me abide.
3. Leave my eyes in tears and blindness!
Given wings, my soul in truth
Will re-find the way of kindness
To the castle of my youth.
4. Head held high I will go striding
Into darkness with a song
And I know, where Death is riding,
Spring will sprout again ere long.

Michael Rosing

397 "I drive along in a splendid spell"

► **263**

398 "On straw and on feather the brooding call"

► **273** (stanzas 1-2, 5)

399 "Denmark, now slumbers the Northern night"

► **285**

400 "Denmark, now slumbers the Northern night"

► **285**

CONTRIBUTION TO 'NEW MELODIES FOR JOHAN
BORUP'S DANISH SONGBOOK'

401 "Morning cock again did crow"

With an enthusiastic ring

► **279**

402 *Springtime* ("Springtime, springtime breaking
through")

Hymn-like

► **313**

403 "Springtime hedge is green"

► **188**

404 "Nigh to Noel, how very sad"

Seriously

► **280**

405 "We're spinning now for Lizzy Lass"

In a narrative style

1. We're spinning now for Lizzy Lass, for bodice and
for hose,
Too roo-de-nay, and too roo-de-noo,
But bodice made from silver and the hose from
gold – are those,
Falderille, falderille, too too too.
2. And Lizzy walks her way along so soft and red
and round,
Too roo-de-nay ...
She'll meet out there a little prince in scarlet
abound.
Falderille ...
3. Now listen, bonnie lass, to father's castle now
we'll go,
Too roo-de-nay ...
For there we'll play together, be trusty friends,
you know.
Falderille ...
4. Alas, you dear and youthful prince, you cause me
great distress,
Too roo-de-nay ...
For I can never part from my Granny, I confess,
Falderille ...
5. For blind she turned, poor woman, from too
much worldly harm,
Too roo-de-nay ...
Her loins are ever aching, as is her leg, her arm,
Falderille ...
6. If she had cried her eyes out for that little child
of hers,
Too roo-de-nay ...

Then may she head the table in finest clothes
and furs,
Falderille ...

7. If legs and loins from graft ache and hurt in
the extreme,
Too roo-de-nay ...
She then shall ride a noble coach, yes, one with
double team,
Falderille ...

8. Now granny spins the supple yarn for tick and
cushion best,
Too roo-de-nay, and too roo-de-noo,
Where little Lizzy Lass together with her prince
will rest,
Falderille, falderille, too too too.

Martin Andersen Nexø

406 "Wonder whatever I get to see"

Metrically free

1. Wonder whatever I get to see
Over the lofty mountains?
Snow a cover on house and lea,
All around me the verdant tree,
Stuck in this ground of gravel;
When will it dare to travel?
2. Eagle rises with sturdy strokes
Over the lofty mountains,
Rowing along in daylight evokes
Vigorous valour and feral croaks,
Sinking where'er it chooses,
Looking afar as it cruises.
3. Leaf-laden apple tree with no will
Over the lofty mountains,
Twitches, come summer, standing still,
Waits for the next time if it will,
All of its birds are swinging,
Unconscious of their singing.
4. He who has longed, then, to leave each year
Over the lofty mountains,
He who knows that he won't come near,

Feels he grows smaller year by year,
Hears what the bird is singing
Which, childlike, you are swinging.

5. Chattering bird, what would you find here
Over the lofty mountains?
Nesting o'er there was best, I fear,
Wider the view and trees growing near;
I'd wish for wings, returning,
But all you brought was yearning!
6. Shall I then never, never get
Over the lofty mountains?
Will this enclosure my thinking set
Whether with snow-ice or dread I'm met,
Locking me up as a favour,
Coffin at last for cadaver?

7. Out will I, out, oh so far, far, far,
Over the lofty mountains.
All so oppressively tries to bar
Youthful courage, even to mar,
Let it the steep rise betoken,
Not 'gainst the edge being broken.

8. Once, I am sure, reach out there it would
Over the lofty mountains.
Maybe your door's left ajar, as it stood?
Master, my God! Your home is good;
Still I renounce sojourning
And be conceded my yearning!

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

407 "Sparrows hushed behind the bough"

► **185** (stanzas 1, 5, 7-8)

408 "In shadows so bracing"

Warm and romantic

► **266**

409 "A sailor with a plucky breast"

Bluffy

1. A sailor with a plucky breast
Is never short of money,
Loss whets the wish to fill his chest,

And penury is but a test
Until again it's sunny.

2. The sea may plunder then its friend
And cast him into trouble,
He'll only laugh and make it send
Back what was stolen and extend
Its value more than double.

3. He saddles dauntlessly the sea
Whene'er his heart beseeches,
He rides atop the waves with glee
And gives that steed a rein so free
T'ward gold-encrusted beaches.

4. Straightway he's rich as he could want,
With wealth and passion laden,
Sets royal sail the wind to taunt
And takes off on a merry jaunt
Back to his waiting maiden.

Johannes Ewald

410 "An old smallholder at his ground"

Calmly

► **264**

411 "You and I, everyone must qualify"

March tempo

► **265**

412 "I drive along in a splendid spell"

Mildly

► **263**

413 "Dannebrog, flag in a flutter"

Proudly

► **282**

414 "I'm really so delighted"

Light and easy

1. I'm really so delighted,
But up to now was blind,
This friend again I've sighted
With whom I stand united:
My splendid state of mind.

2. No more I go unaided
By hope of God and friends,
But I'm with joy pervaded
And fortitude that faded
Enjoyably ascends.

3. Oh hark, how all's providing
A welcome home again.
Maybe it's not abiding;
But then, as spring is riding,
The shoots come up again.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

415 "This force which gave me my little song"

Mildly

1. This force which gave me my little song
Has caused that life order's joy and sadness
Were sun and rain of delighted gladness
As urge for spring in my soul's made strong,
Whate'er betided
It broke no one,
By song it's guided
Till love begun.

2. This force which gave me my little song,
It gave me friendship with all that yearning,
And so just shortly, could I be turning
To smug self-righteousness, bad and wrong;
I must draw nearer
Howe'er 'tis done,
And see it clearer
With love begun.

3. This force which gave me my little song
May give me strength to get through to others
So that I, searching for sisters, brothers,
May please some beings the road along.
I know not whether
You find more fun
Than song together
In love begun.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

416 "Now, did the rake get its latter prong"

Fresh and bluffy

► **283**

SEPARATE SONGS

417 *Lullaby* ("Sleep my lad now, my lovely, my tot")

Sleep my lad now, my lovely, my tot,
Sorrow's on guard as you're sleeping,
Mother with rags has made up your cot,
You're lulled by our sighs and our weeping.

Carl Nielsen ?

418 "We sov'reign Nordic nation"

March tempo

1. We sov'reign Nordic nation,
Take the whole world as our station,
Land and sea will so awaken
Good old Denmark's youth who've taken
Turns that they'll be worth their salt.
Your fate you can't flatter,
Fit and proud, go meet it, then,
That's the matter,
That's the aim for men.
2. We sov'reign Nordic nation,
Fill but modestly this station.
No one, if he's not a snatcher,
Adds a cubit to his stature,
But an inch or so will do.
He is fortune's minion,
He who braves abuse and force.
Proud opinion,
You will lead our course.
3. We, sov'reign Nordic nation,
Take our place within this station.
Over land and sea we're bidding.
Good old Denmark's youth is striding
With the whole world's might in step.
Give sweat, blood, give caring,
Just give everything you can.
Only daring
Will make free the man.

Valdemar Rørdam

419 *Student Thoughts in the Gymnasium* ("Inglenook, printed book")

March tempo

1. Inglenook, printed book
Made more bent than bright your look,

Thews and plain race to train
Straighten it again.

2. Early morn, chest reborn,
Dancer's leg like blacksmith's brawn,
More, it's clear, year by year
We are getting here.

3. Here unawed, as abroad,
We'll resist the hostile horde.
Upright guard, no holds barred,
Come, we'll hit out hard.

Ernesto Dalgas

420 "God's peace is more than angel guard"

► 56

421 "The South I'm leaving"

Broadly swinging

► 239 (stanzas 1-4)

422 *Springtime* ("Springtime, springtime breaking through")

► 313

423 "My welcome, little lark!"

1. My welcome, little lark!
Your lyre I love to hark,
So sweet and pure and joyful altogether,
A sound of harp, it swells
Like merry pealing bells
That ring in spring despite the wintry weather.
2. You bird of faith and spell
That tarries for Noel
And ceases only at the yearly gloaming,
Then in a paean, he,
With shoots for all to see,
Will bode aloud a genial spring while roaming. –
3. Come, teach me every note
Of hope that's in your throat,
That forces you at first light to awaken,
Teach me, the best you know,
To see, through gloom and snow,
The Whitsun radiance, hid in mist, unshaken!

Christian Richardt

ENGLISH TITLE INDEX

Capital letters: title of collections

Italic: song titles

Roman: first lines and secondary titles

Numbers in bold: song numbers referring to both music and English translations

A fair and lovely land | Der er et yndigt Land **262, 291, 307, 308, 329, 334, 394**

A holy life, a blessed death | Et helligt Liv, en salig Død **49**

A merchant, all day staying | En Købmand, han staar bøjet **110**

A mother at the feast was told | Ved Festen fik en Moder Bud **120**

A sailor with a plucky breast | En Sømand med et modigt Bryst **409**

A silent file will reach | Der går et stille tog **277**

A thousand tongues my pure desire | O, havde jeg dog tusind Tunger **72**

A wondrous isle is the world, indeed | Det er et Under paa Verdens Ø **44**

Afflictus sum **297**

Ah, Bethlehem, your Christmas snow | Ak, Julesne fra Bethlehem **327**

Ah, my rose will fade away | Ak, min Rose visner bort **38**

All hail, you hawk over fir-tree crest | Vær hilset Høg over Granetop **21**

All the developing shadows | Alle de voksende Skygger **220**

Although I'm more convinced than not | Endskønt jeg ganske sikkert ved **322**

An angel stood beside me | Der stod en Engel hos mig **34**

An old smallholder at his ground | Den gamle Husmand staar ved Gavl **264, 410**

Anxiety | Angst **221**

Apostles convened in Jerusalem | Apostlene sad i Jerusalem **271**

Apple Blossom | Æbleblomst **11**

Are you discouraged, dearest friend | Est du modfalden, kære Ven **234**

Are you tired, says the Master | Herren siger: Er I trætte **60**

Ariel's Song | Ariels Sang **237**

As dew on grassy acre | Som Dug paa slagne Enge **235**

As I consider time and day | Naar jeg betænker Tid og Stund **70**

As moonlight entrances | I Maaneskin titter **289**

As Odin beckons | Naar Odin vinker **91**

As the golden sun emerges | Som den gyldne Sol frembryder **80**

At last the spring's upon us | Nu er da Vaaren kommen **99**

Autumn's near | Det är höst **284**

Ballad of the Bear Op. 47 | *Balladen om Bjørnen, op. 47* **251**

Banner, we hail thee! | Hil dig vor Fane! **328**

Be blest forevermore, our Lord, our God | Velsignet være du, vor Herre, Gud **231**

Behold my web, how frail | Betragt mit svage spind melody a: **141, 148**, melody b: **384**

Benedictus, benedictus Dominus **299**

Beyond black woods the moon already rises | Alt Maanen oprejst staar bag sorte Skove **114**

Bid me to live, and I will live | Byd mig at leve **315**

Bonnie Ann | *Tag jer iagt for Anna!* **216**

Boxers | *Bokserne* **377**

Build on lowland, not above it | Byg paa Sletten, ej paa Tinden **257, 364**

Catholic Song of Youth | *Katholsk Ungdomssang* **231**

Child Welfare Day Song | *Børnehjælpsdagens Sang* **230, 305, 325, 388**

Children's Song | *Barnets Sang* **236, 389**

Christianity, lo! | O Kristelighed! **75**

Christianshavn **241**

Christmas Carol (Come, Christmas, come, exalted guest) | *Julesang* (Kom, Jul, til Jord, kom høje Gæst) **248**

Christmas Carol (Heaven's gloom a world apart) | *Julesang* (Himlen mørkner stor og stum) **249**

Clamour rises in morning light | Raabet stiger i Morg'nens Skær **37**

Clouds floating by you, cyclades of beauty | Svømmende Skyer, dejlige Cyclader **1**

Come, Christmas, come, exalted guest | Kom, Jul, til Jord, kom høje Gæst **248**

Come, glistening sun! | Kom blankeste Sol! **319, 385, 386**

Come, God's angel, silent Death | Kom, Gudsengel, stille Død **303**

Come today and join the chorus | Kom, i Dag maa alle syng **236, 389**

CONTRIBUTION TO '60 DANISH CANONS' | BIDRAG TIL '60' DANSKE KANONER **377-382**

CONTRIBUTION TO 'A SCORE OF DANISH SONGS, 1915' | BIDRAG TIL 'EN SNES DANSKE VISER 1915' **87-98**

CONTRIBUTION TO 'A SCORE OF DANISH SONGS, 1917' | BIDRAG TIL 'EN SNES DANSKE VISER 1917' **99-109**

- CONTRIBUTION TO 'MELODIES FOR THE SONGBOOK 'DENMARK'' | BIDRAG TIL 'MELODIER TIL SANGBOGEN 'DANMARK'' **333-376**
- CONTRIBUTION TO 'NEW MELODIES FOR JOHAN BORUP'S DANISH SONGBOOK' | BIDRAG TIL 'NYE MELODIER TIL JOHAN BORUPS SANGBOG' **401-416**
- CONTRIBUTION TO 'THE FOLK HIGH SCHOOL MELODY BOOK' | BIDRAG TIL 'FOLKEHØJSKOLENS MELODIBOG' **145-177**
- CONTRIBUTION TO 'THE FOLK HIGH SCHOOL MELODY BOOK, SUPPLEMENT' | BIDRAG TIL 'TILLÆG TIL FOLKEHØJSKOLENS MELODIBOG' **196-213**
- Country to come! | Fremtidens Land! **278**
- Dancing Ballad* | *Dansevis* **19**
- Danish Patriotic Song* | *Fædrelandssang* **167, 224, 300, 320, 339, 391**
- Danish Weather* | *Dansk Vejr* **268**
- Dannebrog, flag in a flutter | Dannebrog, vift med din Vinge **282, 413**
- Dark is failing, day prevailing | Mørket viger, Dagen stiger **243**
- Dawn* | *Gry* **243**
- Denmark* | *Danmark* **242, 253, 341**
- Denmark, a thousand years | Danmark, i tusend Aar **111, 361, 390**
- Denmark, now slumbers the Northern night | Danmark, nu blunder den lyse Nat **285, 399, 400**
- Denmark with your verdant shore | Danevang med grønne bred **199, 333**
- Denmark, ye corn-golden daughter | Danmark, du kornblonde Datter **294**
- Denmark's summer went along | Danmarks Sommer gik sin Gang **240**
- Do you feel how your mind from the sunshine grows lighter | Kan I mærke, det lysner af solskin i sindet **206**
- Dominus regit me **298**
- Earth, whose embrace | Jord, i hvis favn **129, 149**
- Easter bloom! A potent drink | Påskeblomst! En dråbe stærk **146, 229, 324**
- EIGHT SONGS FROM HELGE RODE'S PLAY 'THE MOTHER' OP. 41 | OTTE SANGE FRA HELGE RODES SKUESPIL 'MODEREN' OP. 41 **117-124**
- E'en when tempest oppresses | Selv naar Tordenen tynger **237**
- Evening* | *Aftenstemning* **321**
- Farewell, my respectable native town! | Farvel, min velsignede Fødeby! **96, 174, 371**
- Filled with flowers flushes branch of apple tree | Fyldt med Blomster blusser Æbletræets Gren **13**
- FIVE SONGS FROM L.C. NIELSEN'S PLAY 'WILLEMOES' | FEM SANGE FRA L.C. NIELSENS SKUESPIL 'WILLEMOES' **27-31**
- Flower Lay* | *Blomstervise* **240**
- Flower pollen from profusion | Blomsterstøv fra Blomsterbæger **295**
- Foaming high, the waters rushed heavily ashore | Skummende laa Havet **293**
- Follow he who follow can! | Følger hvo som følger kan! **29**
- Food, clothes, and vessel, tent tight and felted | Føden og Klæden, Baaden og Teltet **246**
- Forget she did! my woe is in vain! | Hun mig har glem! min Sorg hun ej see! **103**
- Fortune has lately left you | Vender sig Lykken fra dig **92, 168**
- FOUR "FOLKELIGE" MELODIES | FIRE FOLKELIGE MELODIER **178-181**
- FOUR SONGS FROM LUDVIG HOLSTEIN'S PLAY 'TOVE' | FIRE SANGE FRA LUDVIG HOLSTEINS SKUESPIL 'TOVE' **32-35**
- FOUR SONGS IN JUTLAND DIALECT TO TEXTS BY ANTON BERNTSEN | FIRE JYDSKE SANGE TIL TEKSTER AF ANTON BERNTSEN **192-195**
- Fowler Lay* | *Fuglefængervise* **33**
- Free language of our mother | Du frie, danske Tunge **247**
- Freedom is the purest gold | Frihed er det bedste guld **142, 157**
- From flame your life was given | Af Flamme blev du avlet **314**
- Genre Painting* | *Genrebillede* **6**
- Give shelter for two poor creatures | Gi Husly til to Persowner **25**
- Gladly we listen when music may carry | Gerne vi lytter, naar Strængene bringer **302**
- God, the great creator | Gud skal al Ting mage **57**
- God's angels, unite! sing in chorus your praise! | Guds Engle i Flok! **55**
- God's peace is more than angel guard | Guds Fred er mer end Englevagt **56, 420**
- Gone are the days, they're past and olden | Udrundne er de gamle Dage **116, 140, 147, 312, 359**
- Gone is the daytime | Vegen er Dagen **18**
- Good Night* | *Godnat* **26**
- Grasshopper* | *Græshoppen* **383**
- Grasshopper sits in the meadow | Græshoppen sidder paa Engen **383**
- Greeting* | *Hilsen* **16**
- Grown together, sundered nation | Søndret Folk er vokset sammen **358**
- Halloges Song* | *Halloges Sang* **228**

- Happiness is born today | Glæden hun er født i Dag **54**
Hawk | Høgen **21**
- Heaven's gloom a world apart | Himlen mørkner stor
og stum **249**
- Heavy, gloomy clouds of night | Tunge, mørke natte-
skyer **137, 165**
- Hold on to me, around me | Hold fastere omkring mig
221
- Homecoming | Hjemstavn* **276**
- Homely Noel | Hjemlige Jul* **250**
- Homely Noel, splendidly near! | Hjemlige Jul, straal-
er Du nu! **250**
- Homesickness | Hjemvee* **90, 163, 309, 345**
- How impressive to live in the realm of the dreams | Det
er herligt at leve i Drømmenes Land **222**
- How sweet, as summer day is fading | Hvor sødt I Som-
mer-Aftenstunden **100**
- How wonderful to ponder | Forunderligt at sige **50**
Hunter's Song | Jægersangen **35**
- Hushaby now, baby li'l! | Visselulle nu, Barnliil! **113**
- Hymn to Denmark | Hymne til Danmark* **111, 361, 390**
- Hymn to Life | Hymne til Livet* **393**
- HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS | SALMER OG AANDE-
LIGE SANGE **38-86**
- I call out loud, oh Master | Jeg raaber fast, o Herre **64**
- I dreamed up to now as good as each night | Før
drømte jeg fast hver eneste Nat **3, 318**
- I drive along in a splendid spell | Jeg kører frem gen-
nem Straalefryd **263, 397, 412**
- I found support | Jeg fandt en Trøst **63**
- I know a little paradise | Jeg ved et lille Himmerig **65**
I Love my Jean | Længsel **316**
- I met with a song as I walked on my way | Jeg mødte en
Sang paa den alfare Vej **30**
- I only looked back | Jeg så kun tilbage **127, 150**
- I take with a smile my burden | Jeg bærer med Smil
min Byrde **97, 166, 310**
- I truly like your easy gait | Jeg synes om din lette Gang
225
- I wander over my ancestors' earth | Jeg vandrer over
mine Fædres Jord **276**
- I'm really so delighted | Jeg er saa glad i Grunden **414**
Iceland | Island **287**
- If day has gathered all its woe | Har Dagen sanket al sin
Sorg **5**
- If torrents rush against you | Om strømmen mod dig
bruser **211**
- In former ages, – Fore hundred thousand years of
time's rampages | I gamle Dage – for over hundred
tusind Aar tilbage **287**
- In peace, I lay me down to sleep | Jeg lægger mig saa
trygt til Ro **189, 354**
- In Seraglio Garden | I Seraillets Have* **2**
- In shadows so bracing | I kølende Skygger **266, 281,**
408
- In shadows we wander | I Skyggen vi vanke **89, 176,**
288, 350
- In shining sun I steer my plough | I Solen gaar jeg bag
min Plov **14, 213**
- In the tower sat the page | Pagen højt paa Taarnet sad
6
- Inglenook, printed book | Ovnekrog, Lærebog* **419**
- Irmelin Rose | Irnelin Rose* **4**
- Is your dwelling low and tight | Er din Stue lav og
trang **362**
- It is not always the case | Ikke det altid slaar til **380**
- It's over for a short respite | Nu er for stakket Tid forbi
296
- It's spreading everywhere with us | Den trænger ud til
hvert et sted **269**
- Jock Miller and Anne Marie | Jens Madsen å An-Sofi* **192**
- Jock Miller was a fisherman | Jens Madsen wa en Fe-
skermænd **192**
- John the Roadman | Jens Vejmand* **22, 201**
- Jubilation, shouts of glee | Frydeligt med jubelkor **207,**
347, 387
- Jutes we're born and jutes we're staying | Vi er Jyder,
Børn af Landet **274**
- King Christian looked from his castle gate | Kong Chri-
stian stod paa Slotsholmens Grund **241**
- Lake of Memories | Erindringens Sø* **12**
- Lay down, sweet flower, your head | Sænk kun dit Ho-
ved, du Blomst **23, 290**
- Lay from 'Mogens' | Vise af 'Mogens'* **10**
- Lay of the Nordic Harp | Kvadet om Nordens Harpe* **332**
- Let people, just a few, be right | Lad en og anden have
Ret **252, 336**
- Lift up your eyes, all Christian men! | Luk Øjne op, al
Kristenhed **67**
- Like golden amber is my girl | Min Pige er saa lys som
Rav **118, 392**
- Like purest waters rise from deepest spring | Som dy-
best Brønd gir altid klare Vand **138, 169**
- Listen, how its pinions scuttle | Hør, hvor let dens
Vinger smækker **108**
- Little Helen | Hellelidens Sang* **17**
- Little Helen shoulders her peasant's coat | Helleliden
aksler sin Kofte graa **17**
- Look about one summer day | Se dig ud en Sommerdag
106, 175, 338

Look! The sun is red, mum | Solen er saa rød, Mor **183, 259, 374**
Lullaby | Vuggevis **417**
Maids in the Wood | Pigerne inde i Skoven **89, 176, 288, 350**
Merchant Song | Købmands-Vise **110**
 Mighty the realms that rend earth asunder | Vældige Riger rives om Jorden **258, 366**
 Moorland lark was a little bird | Hedelærken, den liden fugl **132, 161**
 Morning cock again did crow | Morgenhanen atter gol **279, 401**
 Morning dew that slightly trembles | Morgendug, der sagte bæver **128, 162, 337**
 MUSIC TO FIVE POEMS BY J.P. JACOBSEN OP. 4 | MUSIK TIL FEM DIGTE AF J.P. JACOBSEN OP. 4 **1-5**
 My heart was truly bitter | Saa bittert var mit Hjerte **122**
 My helmet's weighing far too much | Min Hjelm er mig for blank og tung **228**
 My home, where my forefathers' tread | Mit hjem, hvor mine fædres fjed **209**
 My Jesus, let my heart obtain | Min Jesus, lad mit Hjerte faa **69**
 My little bird, where do you fly | Min lille Fugl, hvor flyver du **102**
 My soul is dark | Min Sjæl er mørk **217**
 My welcome, little lark! | Velkommen Lærkelil **423**
 Native land! Native land! | Fædreland! Fædreland! **27**
 Neath the Cross of the departed | Under Korset stod med Smerte **83**
 Ne'er may his words be forsaken! | Aldrig hans Ord kan jeg glemme! **223**
 Nigh to Noel, how very sad | Ind under Jul, hvor er det trist **280, 404**
 Nordic harp, how resplendent! | Nordens herlige Harpe! **332**
 Now, did the rake get its latter prong | Har I nu Tænder i Riven sat **283, 416**
 Now I shall wish you good night | No wil a sej Jer Godnæt **26**
Now Is the Time, Smallholders! | Kommer I snart, I Husmænd! **37**
 Now, spring is leaping out of bed | Nu springer Vaaren fra sin Seng **105, 171**
 Now sun arises in the East | Nu Sol i Øst oprinder mild **71, 353**
 Now the day is full of song | Nu er Dagen fuld af Sang **98, 170, 349**
 Now you must find your path in life | Ud gaar du nu paa Livets Vej **88, 212, 372**

Odd and unknown evening breezes! | Underlige Aften-lufte! **90, 163, 309, 345**
 Of a' the airts the wind can blow | I hvor jeg end slaar Øiet hen **316**
 Of what do you sing | Hvad synger du om så højt i det blå? **180, 198**
 Oft am I glad, still may I weep from sadness | Tidt er jeg glad, og vil dog gerne græde **101**
 Oh hear us, Master, for your death! | O hør os, Herre, for din Død! **74**
 Oh Holy Ghost, my passion | O Helligaand! mit Hjerte **73**
 Oh, how glad I am today! | O, hvor jeg er glad i Dag! **190, 255, 352**
 Oh if I sat as Mary sat | O, sad jeg, som Maria sad **78**
 Oh Jesus, show me | Drag, Jesus, mig dog efter dig **47**
 On heights and on slopes my heart is set | Tilfjelds over Bygden staar min Hu **218**
 On moorland barren, level | Alt paa den vilde Hede **39, 232**
 On straw and on feather the brooding call | Nu ruger paa Reden i Fjer og Straa **273, 398**
 On to freedom, to light and to pleasure | Frem til Frihed til Lys og til Lykke **226**
 On Zealand's fair and lovely summer isle | Paa Sjølund's fagre, sommerskønne Ø **311**
 Once I had, oh once I had a daughter's son, oh yea! | Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Dattersøn, o ja! **10**
 Once there was a king | Se, der var en Gang en Konge **4**
Our Daughter | Wo Dætter **193**
 Our earth I magnify thousandfold | Vor Verden priser jeg tusindfold **93**
 Out in the fields I was watching the sheep | Jeg gik i marken og vogtede får **270**
 Peace and pleasure for this treasure | Fred og Glæde, for dem græde **52**
 Peace with you! And with each being! | Fred med dig! og Fred med eder! **51**
 Preserve your soil, each Danish man! | Fredlys din Jord, Du danske Mand! **233, 326**
 Refresh yourself in song | Frisk op! endnu en Gang **53**
Retrospect | Gensyn **286**
 Rise, all that God created here | Op al den Ting, som Gud har gjort **76**
 Rise, ye Christians, and get ready! | Op, I Kristne, rust eder! **77**
River of Gold | Guldfloden **272**
 Rose is blooming now in Dana's borders | Rosen blusser alt i Danas Have **94, 164, 335**
 Roses lower their heads, weighed down | Rosen sænker sit Hoved tungt af Dug og Duft **2**

- Seas surrounding Denmark | Havet omkring Danmark **31, 203, 367**
- Serenade* (Gladly we listen when music may carry) | *Serenade* (Gerne vi lytter, naar Strængene bringer) **302**
- Serenade* (The blue waves are sleeping) | *Serenade* (See! Luften er stille) **215**
- Shall flowers, then, all wither? | Skal Blomsterne da visne **20**
- Shall we roam, my love | Skal vi vandre en Stund **214**
- She is a blithe and decent girl | Hun æ så møj en hwallé Piig **193**
- Shooting down from the crest a kite | Glenten styrter fra Fjældets Kam **35**
- Sign and word of cross a shock | Korsets Tegn og Korsets Ord **66**
- Silence and Darkness | Stilhed og Mørke **382**
- Silent as a stream's meander | Tyst som Aa i Engen rinder **184, 256, 355, 395**
- Silken shoe over golden last | Silkesko over gylden Læst! **8**
- Simple-rooted, simple-rooted! | På de jævne, på det jævne! **125, 156, 363**
- Sing, Danish man! With all your might | Du danske mand! af al din magt **167, 224, 300, 320, 339, 391**
- Singing illumines | Sangen har lysning **179, 197**
- Sir Oluf, your table has fork and dish | Hr. Oluf der bredes dig Dug paa Disk **19**
- Sir Oluf's Song* | *Hr. Oluf's Sang* **18**
- Siskin Song* | *Sidskensang* **301**
- SIX SONGS TO TEXTS BY LUDVIG HOLSTEIN OP. 10 | SEKS SANGE TIL TEKSTER AF LUDVIG HOLSTEIN OP.10 **11-16**
- Skylark wings I used to carry | Jeg har båret lærkens vinge **396**
- Sleep, my child, sleep sweetly | Sov, mit Barn, sov længe **369**
- Sleep my lad now, my lovely, my tot | Sov min lille, min dejlige Dreng **417**
- Sleep sweetly, little Sonja! | Sof sött, du lilla Sonja! **245**
- Sleep tight, my ducky little dear! | Sov ind mit søde Nusseben! **95**
- Snow covers the field, oh so deep and white | Højt ligger paa Marken den hvide Sne **104**
- So dear my native land, thy name so sweet | Kær est du, Fødeland, sødt er dit Navn **254, 343**
- Song behind the Plough* | *Sang bag Ploven* **14, 213**
- Song for Danish Labour* | *Sang for Dansk Arbejde* **246**
- Song of Old Anders the Cattleman* | *Gamle Anders Røgters Sang* **36**
- Song of the Sea* | *Havets Sang* **31, 203, 367**
- Song of the Young* | *De unges sang* **155, 227, 323, 360**
- SONGS AND VERSES BY J.P. JACOBSEN OP. 6 | VISER OG VERS AF J.P. JACOBSEN OP. 6 **6-10**
- Sound it, heaven, sing it, earth | Ton det, Himmel, syng det, Jord **81**
- Sparrows hushed behind the bough | Spurven sidder stum bag Kvist **185, 370, 407**
- Springtime* | *Foraarssang* **313, 402, 422**
- Springtime hedge is green | Grøn er Vaarens Hæk **188, 348, 403**
- Springtime, springtime breaking through | Vaaren - Vaaren er i Brudd! **313, 402, 422**
- Steen Steensen Blicher* **132, 161**
- STROPHIC SONGS OP. 21 | STROFISKE SANGE OP. 21 **20-26**
- Student Thoughts in the Gymnasium* | *Student-Tanker i en Gymnastiksal* **419**
- Study on Nature* | *Studie efter Naturen* **238**
- Summer Song* | *Sommersang* **13**
- Sun arises! Treetop guises | Sol er oppe! Skovens Toppe **356**
- Sunset* | *Solnedgang* **1**
- Sunshine over the neighbouring yard | Solen skinner i Naboens Gaard **238**
- Teach me, star, precisely | Lær mig, nattens stjerne **178, 196**
- Temperance Song* | *Afholdssangen* **226**
- TEN LITTLE DANISH SONGS | TI DANSKE SMAASANGE **182-191**
- Testament, as he was dying | Dengang Døden var i Vente **123**
- The ancient woodland road I like well | Den gamle Skovvei huer mig vel **219a, 219b**
- The barques would meet on a sunset wave | De snækker mødtes i kvæld på hav **135, 160, 357**
- The bear's two cubs were murdered | De dræbte Bjørnens Unger **251**
- The blue waves are sleeping | See! Luften er stille **215**
- The boys of Refsnaes, the girls of Samsøe | De Refsnæsdrenge, de Samsøepiger **87, 173**
- The Daffodil* | *Påske-Liljen* **146, 229, 324**
- The Danish bread, it grows on plains | Det danske Brød paa Sletten gror **139, 244**
- The Danish song is a fair young maiden | Den danske Sang er en ung blond Pige **191, 330**
- The fiddler is playing his fiddle | Den Spillemand spiller paa Streng **186, 292, 375**
- The Flood* | *Syndfloden* **144, 158**
- The great, white flock begins to show | Den store, hvide Flok vi se **41**
- The greatest master cometh! | Den store Mester kommer! **115, 130, 145**

- The greenwood leaves are light now | Nu lyser Løv i Lunde **143, 172, 351**
- The Haypole* | *Æ Lastræ* **195**
- The larks are coming | Den første Lærke **24**
- The light from heaven, golden white | Det gyldenhvide Himmellys **15**
- The Lord is a king, immensely great | Vor Herre, han er en Konge stor **86**
- The noble nature | Naturens ædle dyrker **136, 152**
- The One and the Other* | *Den jenn å den anden* **194**
- The one studies Latin and Greek until late | Den jenn ska studier bådde Græsk å Latin **194**
- The Realm of Dreams* | *I Drømmenes Land* **222**
- The river that runs to perpetual sea | Der strømmer en Flod mod det evige Hav **272**
- The Seraphim* | *Seraferne* **7**
- The seraphim have rolled away celestial bodies | Det har Seraferne: Seraferne har rullet bort de klare Stjerner **7**
- The Song of the Guide* | *Vejviseren synger* **218**
- The South I'm leaving | Og jeg vil drage fra Sydens Blommer **239, 421**
- The Spider's Song from 'Aladdin'* | *Edderkoppens Sang fra 'Aladdin'* melody a: **141, 148**, melody b: **384**
- The strain is not too great | Det koster ej for megen Strid **45**
- The stress of years could not jade our mind | Vi fik ej under Tidernes Tryk **155, 227, 323, 360**
- The tedious winter went its course | Den kedsom Vinter gik sin Gang **346**
- The Virgin Mary sat in hay | Maria sad paa Hø og Straa **68**
- The woodland birds wag their tails for you | I Skoven vipper de Fugle smaa **33**
- The woods are dimly listening | Alt Skoven sig fordunkler **321**
- There is a hoary hovel just outside this our town | Der er en gammel rønne **210**
- There is a scrub by the winding road | Der staar en Purle ved Vejens Sving **36**
- There is a way from mortals hid forever | Der er en Vej, som Verden ikke kender **43**
- There is an earthly prayer | Der er en Bøn paa Jorden **42**
- There once lived a man in Ribe town | Der boede en Mand i Ribe By **109**
- There out of the fog looms my ancestors' land | Der dukker af Disen min Fædrenejord **107, 205, 344**
- There sat a fisherman deep in thought | Der sad en fisker så tankefuld **131, 159**
- There's a fleet of floating islands | Som en rejselysten Flaade **124, 177, 306, 342**
- This farmer was a callous bloke | Mi Håsbond wa en piinwon Rad **195**
- This force which gave me my little song | Den Magt som gav mig min lille Sang **415**
- This is the day that the Lord did create! | Denne er Dagen, som Herren har gjort! **40**
- This is the revelation | Nu skal det åbenbares **181, 200**
- This we know that since the poison | Det vi véd, at siden slangens gift **261**
- Thistle crop looks promising | Tidselhøsten tegner godt **121**
- Though countless the flowers | Utallige Blomster paa Jorderig gro **84**
- Thoughts must be lit, then exceeded | Tanker skal tændes og skride **275**
- Thread has broken, wheel has stopped | Traaden brister, Rokken staar **378**
- THREE MOTETS OP. 55 | TRE MOTETTER op. 55 **297-299**
- THREE SONGS FROM ADAM OEHLenschLÄGER'S PLAY 'ALADDIN' OP. 34 | TRE SANGE FRA ADAM OEHLenschLÄGERS SKUESPIL 'ALADDIN' OP. 34 **112-114**
- THREE SONGS FROM HOLGER DRACHMANN'S PLAY 'SIR OLUF, HE RIDES - ' | TRE SANGE FRA HOLGER DRACHMANN'S DRAMA 'HR. OLUF HAN RIDER - ' **17-19**
- To Asali* | *Til Asali* **3, 318**
- To my Native Island* | *Til min Fødeø* **331**
- To the Queen of my Heart* | *Til mit Hjertes Dronning* **214**
- To the Schnapps in 'Bel Canto'* | *Til Snapsen i 'Bel Canto'* **322**
- Tonight* | *I Aften* **15**
- Tove's Song* | *Toves Sang* **34**
- Tread softly, my companion | Træd stille, min Veninde **12**
- TWENTY "FOLKELIGE" MELODIES | TYVE FOLKELIGE MELODIER **125-144**
- Two larks in love have nested | Jeg ved en Lærkerede **182, 373**
- TWO SCHOOLSONGS | TO SKOLESANGE **295-296**
- TWO SONGS FROM ADAM OEHLenschLÄGER'S 'MID-SUMMER EVE PLAY' | TO SANGE FRA ADAM OEHLenschLÄGERS 'SANCT HANSAFTENSPIEL' **288-289**
- TWO SONGS FROM 'CANTATA FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION IN AARHUS 1909' | TO SANGE FRA 'KANTATE VED AARHUS LANDSUDSTILLINGS AABNINGSHØJTIDELIGHED 1909' **293-294**
- TWO SONGS FROM JEPPE AAKJÆR'S PLAY 'THE WOLF'S SON' | TO SANGE FRA JEPPE AAKJÆR'S SKUESPIL 'ULVENS SØN' **36-37**

TWO SONGS FROM VALDEMAR RØRDAM'S 'CANTATA FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE' OP. 31 | TO SANGE FRA VALDEMAR RØRDAM'S 'KANTATE VED GROSSERER-SOCIETETETS HUNDREDAARSFEST' OP. 31 **110-111**

TWO SPIRITUAL SONGS | TO AANDELIGE SANGE **115-116**

Unafraid whate'er my chances | Uforsagt, hvordan min Lykke **82**

Universal power | Himmelkraftens Herre **393**

Vagrant | *Husvild* **25**

Vibeke's Song | *Vibeke's Sang* **30**

Vocalise-Étude | *Vocalise-Étude* **267**

Voice of God above the ocean! | Herrens Røst var over Vandet! **61**

Wanna hit me | Ve' du sla' mej **377**

Watchman, I beg you, please stop with your song | Vægter jeg beder, hold op med i Sang **379**

We boys and girls we waken | Vi Børn, vi Børn, vi vaagner **230, 305, 325, 388**

We dote on our flowering native land | Vi elsker vort blomstrende Fædreland **242, 253, 341**

We free Nordic nation | Vi fri Folk fra Norden **365**

We mention a name | Vi nævner et navn **202**

We of Jutland | *Vi Jyder* **274**

We, sons of the plains carry dreams in our minds | Vi Sletternes Sønner har Drømme i Sind **32, 204**

We sov'reign Nordic nation | Vi frie Folk fra Norden **418**

We're spinning now for Lizzy Lass | Nu spinder vi for Dittemor **405**

Well on the wane the passing year | Dybt hælder Aaret i sin Gang **48**

What happed to blooms that relished | Hvor blev den Blomst, som fyldte **286**

When babies whimper before the candle | Naar Smaabørn klynker ved Aftentide **187, 260, 376**

When night it gushes from blackest sky | Når nat udvælder fra sorten sky **144, 158**

When summer song is finished | Når somrens sang er sungen **134, 153, 368**

When the Eagle would fly to rule | Dengang Ørnen var flyveklar **119**

When you take up the Master's plough | Har Haand du lagt paa Herrens Plov **58**

Where we would fight and sing | Dér, hvor vi stred og sang **133, 154**

Where'er your path may take you | Paa alle dine Veje **79**

Wherefore do our eyes feel pleasure | Derfor kan vort øje glædes **126, 151**

Whistling wind and washing wave | Sus af Vind og Bølgeslag **268**

Who's there behind the shelter | Hvem sidder der bag Skjærmen **22, 201**

Why do you wail, complaining | Hvi vil du dig saá klage **62**

Wild the storm on blackened waters | Vildt gaar Storm mod sorte Vande **117**

Winds are so employable | Vinden er så føjelig **208**

Wonder whatever I get to see | Undrer mig paa, hvad jeg faar at se **406**

Worldlings have so many sites | Verdens Børn har mangt et Sted **85**

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right | I Knøse! tag, det raader jeg **216**

Yea, I shall love Thee, Thou my vigour | Dig vil jeg elske, du min Styrke **46**

Yea, take us, our mother | Ja, tag os, vor Moder **28, 304**

You and I, everyone must qualify | Hver har sit, du har dit **265, 411**

You apple blossom fine and white! | Du fine hvide Æbleblomst! **11**

You are, in truth, a curious pet | Du er, min Tro, en underlig Pog **301**

You gave us the flowers that glistered to show us | Du gav os de Blomster, som lyste imod os **340**

You idle bay that stretches | Den dovne Fjord som gynger **16**

You suffer throughout an age of pain | Det bødes der for i lange Aar **9, 317**

You want to know the seasons | Har nogen Lyst at kende **59**

You will laugh at harm and famine | Du skal le ad Ødelæggelse **381**

You're gently rocked in blissful bed | Blidt vugges du i Himmelseng **331**

Zealand Singers | *Sjølunds Sangere* **311**

Zither! Touched by this my prayer | Cithar! lad din Bøn dig røre **112**

SONGS WITH TEXT IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

The following list comprises original translations sanctioned or accepted by Nielsen and included in contemporary printed editions of his songs.

LIEDER VON J.P. JACOBSEN COMPONIRT VON CARL NIELSEN, OP. 4, 6 (Nos. 2, 4-6, 8-9)

Translation by Wilh: Henzen

2 *Im Garten des Serails*

Rose senket die Krone
schwer von Thau und Duft,
die Pinien schwanken so still und matt
in weicher Luft.
Quellen entwallen von Silber schwer
in tragem Lauf,
Minarete entragen zum Himmelszelt
im Glauben auf.
Der Halbmond gleitet so eben hin
über das eb'ne Blau,
und die Rose küsst er, der Liljenflor,
alle die Blümlein
im Serailgarten,
im Serailgarten.

4 *Irmelein Rose*

1. Hört, es war einmal ein König,
viele Schätze nannt' er sein.
Name was für's Allerbeste,
jeder wusst' es, Irmelein,
Irmelein – Rose,
Irmelein – Sonn',
Irmelein – Alles was herrlich.

2. Alle Ritterhelme zeigten
ihrer Farben muntre Pracht,
und mit jedem Reim und Rhythmus
war ihr Name schön bedacht:
Irmelein – Rose,
Irmelein – Sonn',
Irmelein – Alles was herrlich.

3. Grosse Freierschaaren zogen hin
zum Schlosse fort und fort,
freiten theils mit süssen Minen,
theils mit blumenzartem Wort.
Irmelein – Rose,
Irmelein – Sonn',
Irmelein – Alles was herrlich.

4. Doch sie jagte sie von hinnen,
denn ihr Herz war hart und kalt;
gestern war's die schlechte Haltung,
heut' die Sprache die sie schalt.
Irmelein – Rose,
Irmelein – Sonn',
Irmelein – Alles was herrlich.

5 „Und wenn der Tag all' Sorg und Qual“

Und wenn der Tag all' Sorg und Qual
hat ausgeweint in Thau,
so öffnet Nacht den Himmelssaal
mit ew'gen Tiefsinns stummer Qual.
Und Ein bei Ein
und Zwei zu Zwei
gehn ferner Welten Genien hervor
aus tiefen Himmels dunklem Thor,
und hoch über ird'sche Freuden und Schmerzen,
in Händen haltend Sternenkerzen,
schreiten sie langsam über den Himmel.
Und wie sie fliegen
und leidvoll gehen,
wunderlich wiegen
bei Aethers kaltem Wehen
flackernd hell sich die Kerzen der Sterne.

6 *Genrebild*

Hoch vom Thurm der Page sieht
weit in alle Lande,
bringt in Vers und Reim und Lied
zarte Liebesbande.
Aber er kann nicht sich sammeln,
kann nur stammeln,
immer stammeln nun von Sternen,

nun von Rosen
findet keinen Reim auf Rosen, Rosen.
Setzet verzweifelt sein Horn an den Mund,
greift an sein Schwert im Zorne,
bläst sein Lieben über'm Berg
laut aus seinem Horne.

8 „Seid'ner Schuh über Leisten von Gold!“

Seid'ner Schuh über Leisten von Gold!
Eine Jungfrau freit ich hold!
Freite mir ein' schöne Jungfrau hold!
Ihres Gleichen kennt hier auf Erden kein Ort,
nein! sie ist einzig und ein!
Wie Himmel im Süd' und wie Schneeglantz im
Nord
ist sie rein.
Aber in Erd'wonne blüht dieser Himmel
und Flammengluth schlägt aus dem Schnee.
Keines Sommers Rose hat röth'ren Schein,
als ihr Auge ist schwarz.

9 „Dafür wird gebüsst“

1. Dafür wird gebüsst wohl Jahre lang
was kaum uns noch Lust will scheinen,
und was wir in flüchtiger Stund erlacht
nie können hinweg wir es weinen.
Es rinnet Qual, rinnet Weh' von rothen Rosen.
2. Das dreht sich auf goldnem Glückes Rad
so schnell, das wir nicht gewahren;
doch knechtisch drückende Sorge harrt
wenn nicht mehr wir fahren.
Es rinnet Qual, rinnet Weh' von rothen Rosen.
3. Es lebt, wie im Traum, in Freuden sich,
der Trauer sind Traum' verloren:
mit wachen Augen sie schaut auf Dich
Augen die saugen und bohren.
Es rinnet Qual, rinnet Weh' von rothen Rosen.
4. Kein Lächeln wird leuchten, wenn krank Du bist,
dann weint nur das Weh' lange Stunden,
weil Lächeln Abglanz von dem, was ist,
Weh' Schatten von dem, was entschwunden.
Es rinnet Qual, rinnet Weh' von rothen Rosen.

LIEDER VON LUDVIG HOLSTEIN, OP. 10 (Nos. 11-16)

Translation by Eugen v. Enzberg

11 *Apfelblüthen*

1. Du feine weisse Apfelblüth',
wer gab dir diesen Lichtesschein?
Ach, ich bin Sonne's Liebchen fein!
ach, Sonne's Liebchen fein!
2. Wem dankst du diese Purpurgluth
dir flammend auf der feinen Haut?
Ach, ich bin Sonne's Frühlingsbraut!
ach, Sonne's Frühlingsbraut!
3. Gesegnet von des Bräut'gam Kuss
ich leb im Hauch von seinem Mund
'ne kurz' glücksel'ge Frühlingsstund.
4. Und wann sein letzter warmer Kuss
im Abendrothe streifet mich,
da flüstere ich: Ich liebe dich!
5. Und schliesse mich und beuge mich
und weithin über's Gras ich breit
den weissen Flor, mein Hochzeitskleid.
Ich bin Sonne's Liebchen fein!
ach, Sonne's Frühlingsbraut!

12 *An Erinnerungsee's Strand*

1. Tritt näher meine Freundin, ich weiss dein Herze
weinet,
wenn stille wir betreten Erinnerungsees Strand!
Doch ziehet es beständig zum stillen Ort uns Beide,
wo Sorge und wo Freude verknüpft ein zartes Band.
Auf See's Wassern schwebet die Hand, draus alles
fließet,
und lautlos sie sich schliesset; und schlummerd
dorten sich
nun müst'sche Offenbarung von Dunkelheit sich
neiget,
die traumeschön sich zeigt in fern' Melancholi!
2. An dieser trauten Stätte, wo aller Lust und
Jammer

verstummt in Grabes Kammer in tausendjäh'ger
 Nacht,
 hat Sehers Seel geschauet, geahnet was sie decket,
 und sie vom Schlaf erwecket befreit der Künste
 Schatz.
 Hier wandeln unsre Todten und stummen Gruss
 sie wehen,
 den nimmer wir vestehen, von Schattenlandes
 Küst'.
 O Freundin, lass uns weilen am Strande.
 Uns beglücke nur wen'ge Augenblicke sein
 wehmuthsvoller Trost.

13 Sommerlied

1. Reich an Blüthen lodert Apfelbaum im Hain,
 wieder blaut der Himmel tief und warm und rein!
 Auf der Felder Blumen sinkt der Hummel nieder
 summend honigschwer.
 Sommer ist gekommen!
 Wanderst du mir wieder
 träumerisch umher?
2. Sanfte Blüthendüfte rings auf Hald und Hang.
 Kukuksruf vom Walde hallet Tage lang.
 Hörtest du erschallen an den klaren Quellen,
 klingend durch Gebüsch
 Sang der Nachtigallen,
 langer Triller Wellen
 durch die lichte Nacht.
3. Westens Brise brauset durch das Ährenfeld,
 flachen Landes Wogen reichlich sind bestellt.
 Himmels milder Regen lässt die güldnen Früchte
 reifen fern und nah.
 Blütenstaub entgegen
 duftet dir im Lichte
 über's Kornfeld da!
4. Ach, so ward es Sommer! sehnend nun hinan
 Schönheitsträume steigen auf zur Himmels-Bahn,
 schwanenweiss umsäumet von dem Gold der
 Sonnen
 und das Dunkel weicht.
 Rings die Erde träumet
 von des Glückes Bronnen,
 den sie nie erreicht!

14 Sang hinterm Pflug

1. Geh hinterm Pflug im Sonnenschein,
 zum grünen Wald ich nick' hinein,
 wo du mein Glück verbirgest dich;
 mein Herze lacht, verbergend sich,
 verbergend all Glückseligkeit
 bis Sonn sich neigt,
 bis Sonn sich neigt.
2. Mein Glück ist neu und jung zu schau'n
 wie Lerchensang beim Morgengraun.
 Jed' Abendstund es schmücket sich.
 Doch du für mich nur schmücket dich
 und nächtliche Glückseligkeit
 ist Tages güldne Heimlichkeit.
3. Ich pflüge nun die Erde hold,
 doch Keiner sieht das güldne Gold,
 das mir im Herz' verbirget sich,
 verbergend mich, verberg ich dich,
 verberg ich all Glückseligkeit
 bis Sonn sich neigt,
 bis Sonn sich neigt!

15 Heut Abend

1. Das güldenweisse Himmelslicht,
 das schwarze Wälder säumen,
 und rings in Gartens Gängen stehn
 die Bäume stumm und träumen.
 Der Thau er fällt so kühl und mild
 und feuchtet Stirn und Wangen.
 Heut Abend drängt es dich mein' Seel',
 am Strand des Tods zu bangen.
2. Heut Abend drängt es dich mein' Seel',
 könntst du auf deinen Schwingen
 auf weichem, pfeilgeschwindem Paar
 zum Meer des Liches dringen.
 Und schwinden hin in stillem Licht
 und güldnem Fried' da drinnen
 und sterben dort, befreiet
 von dem Träumen und dem Sinnen.

16 *Gruss*

1. Der träge Fjord sich schaukelt,
sich reckt im Sonnenbrande,
und schlanke weisse Möwen
die tauchen sich darin.
Fahrwohl du kleiner Dampfer
der eilet mir vorbei,
und grüss die blonde Dame
die harret dein am Strande.
2. Und sag, dass ihre Augen,
die Sehnsucht nun umsäumen,
verfolgen mich beständig.
Und was sie wünschen frag;
Bericht mir ob sie weinet
wenn's Schiff zur Mole legt!
Und sage dass ich küsse sie
oft in meinen Träumen.
3. Fahrwohl du kleiner Dampfer,
der eilet mir vorbei
und grüss die blonde Dame
die harret dein am Strande!
Und sag dass ihre Augen
verfolgen mich beständig.
Sage dass ich küsse sie
oft in meinen Träumen.

STROFISCHE GESÄNGE, OP. 21 (Nos. 20-26)
Translation by C. Rocholl

20 „Soll denn die Blumen welken“

1. Soll denn die Blumen welken
befor sie aufgeblüht?
Soll denn die Flamme sterben
eh sie noch ausgeglüht?
2. Purpur und goldne Fäden
webt Gott ins Leben ein,
sie leuchten draus entgegen
als Liebesglück und Pein.
3. Nimm meine Hände beide
in deine, mild und hold,
fühl wie mein Blut als Feuer
durch meine Adern rollt.

4. Nimm hin mein glühend Herze,
dein sei es immerdar,
lass sichs zu Tode brennen
in Flammen frei und klar.

Helge Rode

21 *Der Adler*

1. Du stolzer Adler im blauen Duft,
dir klinge mein Gruss entgegen!
Du stürmest kühn in die Himmelsluft,
dein Flug ist wild und verwegen.
Du sausest nieder in wilder Lust,
es glüht der Augen Schimmer.
Du schlägst deine Krallen in Feindes Brust,
entfliehen kann er dir nimmer.
2. Du bist ein Räuber, dem keiner gleich,
mit blutbeflecktem Gefieder,
zur watschelden Ente auf schlammigem Teich,
blickst du mit Verachtung hernieder.
Wie liebe ich, Aar, deinen trotziges Mut,
der kühn dich aufwärts lässt dringen,
in deinem Auge die stolze Glut,
den Sonnenglanz auf den Schwingen!

Jeppe Aakjær

22 *Der alte Steinklopfer*

1. Wer sitzt dort bei den Steinen
gebeugt am Strassenrand?
Die Brille vor den Augen,
die Binde um die Hand.
Das ist gewiss Jens Veimand,
der dort in bitterer Not
mit seinem Hammer wandelt,
den harten Stein zu Brot.
2. Erwachst du früh am Morgen,
wenn kaum noch graut der Tag
und hörst des Hammers Klingen
im Takte, Schlag auf Schlag,
das ist gewiss Jens Veimand,
der dort am Strassenrain,
schlägt mit dem Hammer Funken
aus taubenetztem Stein.

3. Fährst heimwärts du am Abend
auf glatter, ebner Bahn,
und siehst du einen Alten,
der traurig dich blickt an,
das ist gewiss Jens Veimand,
der frostgequält und matt,
noch nicht den Weg darf suchen
zu seiner Ruhestatt.

4. Und schaust du dann zurücke
indess ins Anlitz bläst
mit seinem scharfen Hauche
ein Wind dir aus Nordwest, –
der dir ganz nah zum Ohre
den Klang des Hammers trägt, –
so ists gewiss Jens Veimand,
der sitzt und Steine schlägt.

5. Für andre hielt sein Hammer
die Strasse gut im Stand,
doch einst am Weinachtsabend,
entfiel er seiner Hand.
Es ist gewiss Jens Veimand,
dass Hammer nicht mehr klingt,
den man auf öder Haide
zur ewgen Ruhe bringt.

6. Dort auf dem Gottesacker
dein Blick ein Holzkreuz trifft;
im Boden halb versunken,
verwischt ist längst die Schrift.
Dort ruht gewiss Jens Veimand.
Das Leben gab allein,
ihm Steine – und nun schmücket
im Tod sein Grab kein Stein.

Jeppé Aakjær

23 „Senke dein Köpfchen, du Blume“

1. Senke dein Köpfchen, du Blume,
tief in die Blätter so sacht,
schliesse dein Aug' und harre
seligen Friedens der Nacht.

2. Schlummre, bald senket sich nieder
leise die wonnige Stund',
schlaf unter goldnen Sternen,
schlafe dich froh und gesund.

3. Schlaf wie ein Kindlein im Arme
weich seiner Mutter gewiegt,
halb nur dem Traum entrückt,
lächelnd an sie sich schmiegt.

Johannes Jørgensen

24 „Die erste Lerche, die erste Lerche!“

1. „Die erste Lerche, die erste Lerche!“
O, grüsst mit Jauchzen den Jubelsang!
Die erste Lerche, die erste Lerche!
Froh lauscht der Kranke dem holden Klang.

2. Die erste Lerche, die erste Lerche!
die Lenzesbotin im Sonnenstrahl!
Die erste Lerche liegt – auf dem Berge
auch Schnee noch – bald blühn die Rosen im Tall!

Jeppé Aakjær

25 „Geht Obdach zwei armen Leuten“

1. Geht Obdach zwei armen Leuten,
so müd, so matt und so träg,
wir kommen von „Tausend-meile-weit“,
nach „Ferne“ geht unser Weg. Geht Obdach!

2. Dort, wo wir beide geboren,
gehn die Gänse barfuss im Gras, –
es stehn in dem schnurrigen Städtlein,
alle Häuser nachts auf der Strass. Geht Obdach!

3. Mein Hof in „Tausend-meile-weit“
ist schön, es ist eine Pracht,
er ist gebaut aus Luft und Wind,
sein Dach ist aus Regen gemacht. Geht Obdach!

4. Und glaubt ihr nicht meinen Worten,
so fragt meine Tochter darum,
die ist ohne Eltern geboren,
ist ausserdem taub und stumm. Geht Obdach!

Johannes V. Jensen

26 *Gute Nacht*

1. Du schnöde Welt, fahr hin! –
Gar müd und matt ich bin.
Nun könnet ihr schelten und flehen,
ich will jetzt schlafen gehen.

Im Graben hab verbracht
ich schon so gar manche Nacht,
hab dort im Traum gesehen
den Himmel offen stehen.

2. Zur Ruhe nun gehe ich ein
im eigenen Kämmerlein klein,
sechs Bretter in kühler Erden,
die schützen vor Leid und Beschwerden.
Nun sag ich euch allen ade,
Nichts tut mir der Abschied weh,
auch euer Leid wird nicht gross sein,
ihr werdet auch mich gern los sein.

3. Für Prügel in eurer Schuld
bin ich, doch habt Geduld:
Ihr werdet, was ich empfangen,
durch Andere wieder erlangen.
Ich aber will schlafen und ruhn, –
im eignen Kämmerlein nun,
sechs Bretter in kühler Erden,
die schützen vor Leid und Beschwerden.

4. Die Geige lege ich hin,
zu müd zum Spiel ich bin;
wer meint er hätt' zu viel Sorgen,
der soll sich nur mein Glück borgen.
Zu End ist nun meine Bahn, –
mein Bestes hab ich getan,
und freu'n euch nicht meine Lieder,
ihr höret nimmer sie wieder.

Johannes V. Jensen

321 *Abendstimmung*

1. Der Mond ist aufgegangen,
die gold'nen Sternlein prangen
am Himmel hell und klar,
am Himmel hell und klar;
der Wald steht schwarz und schweiget
und aus den Wiesen steigt
der weisse Nebel wunderbar.

2. Wie ist die Welt so stille,
und in der Dämm'ring Hülle
so traulich und so hold,

so traulich und so hold!
Als eine stille Kammer,
wo Ihr des Tages Jammer
verschlafen und vergessen sollt.

Matthias Claudius

393 *Hymnus an das Leben*

Translation by Heinz Hungerland

1. Himmelskraftbeherrscher, grosser Sonnenzeuger,
Leben träuft urewig deiner Lohen Gral.
Hohe Schöpferallmacht, aller Willen Beuger,
Zünde uns im Staube ew'ger Hoffnung Strahl!

2. Tief aus Dunkel leuchten Mütterurgedanken,
Golden fällt ein Regen deiner Sternsaat hehr.
Werdewunder selbst aus Todesqual sich ranken.
Woge zeugt aus Woge stets der Zeiten Meer.

3. Du, der Liebe Urborn, mächtiger Erneuer,
Leben-Tod ist eins nur, gleicher Wogenschlag.
Hinter allen Wolken, heiliger Befeuere,
Flammt Dein göttlich hoher, ew'ger Sonnentag.

4. Strahl gebiert den Strahl, und Fackel zündet
Fackel –
Tod – das ist nur Schatten, der zur Rüste geht;
Ewig blüht des Lebens tönendes Mirakel –
Aus dem All der Duft des heil'gen Frühlings weht.

Sophus Michaëlis

422 *Carmen Vernale*

In vernalis temporis
ortu lætabundo,
dum recessum frigoris
nuntiat hirundo;
terræ, maris, nemoris
decus arridet foris
renovato mundo,
renovato mundo;
vigor redit corporis,
cedit dolor pectoris
tempore jucondo.

Morten Børup