

FOLKWAYS RECORDS NY FW 6857

Songs of

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M
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K

Sung by
DAN HAUGAARD

M
1770
H372
D186
1957

MUSIC LP

Byssan Lull
Per Nilen Han Drager Sin Jolle Til Land
Paa Tave Bondes Ager
Det Var En Lørdag Aften
I Skoven Skulde Vaere Gilde
Der Var En Skikkelig Bondemand

Marken Er Mejet
En Jaeger Gik At Jage
Mallebrok
Jeg Vil Sjunge Om En Helt
Tordenskjold
Roselil Og Hendes Moder

SONGS OF DENMARK

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. R 59-103
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701 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

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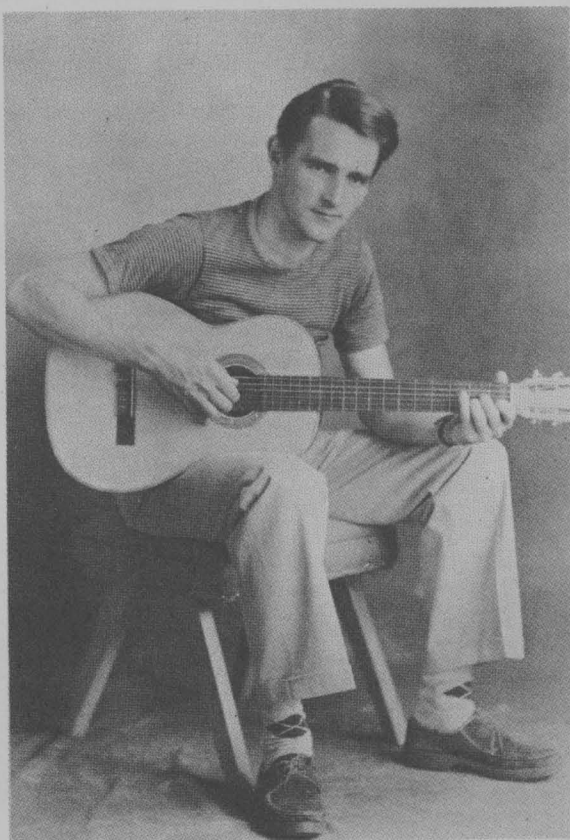
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SIDE I, Band 1: BYSSAN LULL (Vuggevisse, antagelig af norsk oprindelse)



I was born in Frederiksberg, Denmark, August 6, 1930. Came to America in 1939. I am a painter-sculptor and have travelled extensively in Europe. I lived two years in Spain and one year in Italy. I have visited Denmark and spent several summers there living in the country.

I studied at the University of New Hampshire and at Blackett College in North Carolina. I studied for a year in Mexico in San Miguel Allende. I have had one-man shows in both Europe and New York. I am at present teaching art at the Greenvale School on Long Island.

I have had an interest in music since childhood and I play several instruments but I have never had lessons in singing or the guitar.

Dan Hangaard

Byssan lull, koka kittelen full,
där kommer tre vandringsmän på vägen.
Byssan lull, koka kittelen full,
där kommer tre vandringsmän på vagen,
den ene, ack så halt,
den andre, o, så blind,
den tredje säger alls ingenting.

Byssan lull, koka kittelen full,
där blåser tre vindar på haven,
på Store Ocean,
på lilla Skagerack
och långt upp i Bottniska viken.

Byssan lull, koka kittelen full,
på himmelen vandra tre stjärnor,
den ena är så vit,
den andra är så röd,
den tredje är månen den gula.

Byssan lull, koka kittelen full,
där segla tre skutor på vägen,
den första är en bark,
den andra är en brigg,
den tredje har så trasiga segel.

Byssan lull, koka kittelen full,
sjökistan har trenne figurer,
den första är vår tro,
den andra är vårt hopp,
den tredje är kärleken, den röda.

BYSSAN LULL - A lullaby probably of Norwegian origin.
(Evert Taube)

Byssan Lull cooks the kettle full,
On the road there come three wanderers: (2)
The one, ah, so lame,
The other, O, so blind,
The third says not a word.

Byssan Lull cooks the kettle full,
There bow three winds on the sea.: (2)
On the big ocean,
On little Skagerak,
And far up in the Bottnian bays.

Byssan Lull etc.
There wander three stars in the heavens.: (2)
The one so white,
The other so red,
The third is the moon so yellow.

Byssan Lull etc.
There sail three ships on the sea: (2)
The first is a bark,
The second a brig,
The third has such ragged sails.

Byssan Lull etc.
The sea chest has three figures: (2)
The first is our faith,
The second our hope,
The third is love, the red.

Byssan Lull etc.
The good things are three,
The first is God the Father,
The second is his Son,
The third, mild Virgin Mary.

SIDE I, Band 2: PER NILEN HAN DRAGER SIN JOLLE TIL LAND. (De to Sandmaend)

Per Nilen han drager sin Jolle til Land,
di-de-lum, di-de-lum, dej;
Han siger, at Tropman skal ger'-'en Stand,
di-de-lum, di-de-lum, dej;
men Tropman haner in gen Nar;
Venner, tro I kun mig!
Per Nilen slet ingen Penge har.
Di-de-lum, di-de-lum, dej.

Nu gaar han og graemmer sig hver Dag, den Mand,
fordi han har draget sin Jolle paa Land.
Nu kan han ikke mer grave Sand.
Venner, tro I kun mig!
Per Nilen er en ulykkelig Mand.

Halvfjerde Mark ta'er han for et Laes Sand,
jeg tror fast, den Mand har mist' sin Forstand;
thi intet Steds er Sand saa dyr,
Venner, tro I kun mig!
Per Nilen er en Fandens Fyr.

Nu tror jeg, at jeg vil ende min Sang;
jeg frygter ellers, hun bliver for lang.
Nu Turen staar Per Nilen til,
Venner, tro I kun mig!
Til Gengæld han synger, hvad Pokker han vil.

PER NILEN

Per Nilen draws his dinghy to shore
di-de-lum, di-de-lum, dej;
Per says that Tropman should put it in shape,
di-de-lum, di-de-lum, dej.
But Tropman is no fool; friends believe you me!
Per Nilen hasn't any money.
di-de-lum, di-de-lum, dej.

Now he regrets it all day that man,
di-de-lum, etc.
Because he has pulled his dinghy on shore,
di-de-lum, etc.
Now he can no longer dig for sand, friends believe
you me!
Per Nilen is an unhappy man,
di-de-lum, etc.

He takes half a mark for a load of sand,
di-de-lum, etc.
I do believe he's lost his mind,
di-de-lum, etc.
'cause nowhere else is sand so dear, friends believe
you me!
Per Nilen is a heluva guy,
di-de-lum, etc.

Now I believe I'll end my song,
di-de-lum, etc.
Else I fear she'll be too long,
di-de-lum, etc.
Now it is Per Nilen's turn, friends believe you me!
And he'll sing whatever he wants,
di-de-lum, di-de-lum, dej.

SIDE I, Band 3: PAA TAVE BONDES AGER. (Hans Tavsen)

Paa Tave Bondes Ager ved Birkende By
der giken lille Ploverdreng og sang under Sky.
Han mested som Klerken og drev paa treven Hest:
"Gud give, Hans Plovkøring kunde blive Praest!"

Bag Ploven nikken Bonden, han lytted dertil:
Hver Purk kan blive Bisp, naar Vorherre kun vil.
Løb ej Morten Borup fra Plov og Bonde-Hors?
Nu tugter han Pilte til laerde Maend i Aars.

Det var hin lille Plovdreng i Birkende By,
hans Navn floj over Danmark med folkeligt Ry,
en dansk Morten Luther han stred med Ordets Svaerd,
og sejred med Aanden i Hjertefolkets Haer.

Ret aldrig nogen Plovkøring drev det saa vidt,
han stoled paa sin Gud, paa sig selv dog kun lidt;
"Den Dag, han ej kaemped med Modgang eller Nod,
han frygted, Guds Naade som for ej til ham flød."

Den Dag, de stolte Bisper i Faengsel blev bragt,
Guds Ord var paa Guds Alter af Bondehaand lagt;
de Folket var frelst, og udslukt det bitre Had,
Hans Tavsen i Ribe paa Bispestolen sad.

Men mer end alle Bisper i Danemarks Land
hin Bondesøn han sørged for Kvinde og Mand.
Ret aldrig hans Navn skal i danske Hjerter dø,
saa laenge der ringer en Klokke over ø.

HANS TAVSEN - Paa Tave Bondes Ager.

This is the story of Hans Tavsen, "The Danish Martin Luther." He was born a peasant and became Bishop of Ribe.

The tune is an old folk melody -- the words were written by the poet B. S. Ingemann.

(It is very difficult to translate since it is in very poetic old Danish.)

SIDE I, Band 4: DET VAR EN LØRDAG AFTEN

Det var en lørdag aften,
jeg sad og ventede dig, (2)
du loved mig at komme vist,
men kom dog ej til mig! (2)

Jeg lagde mig på sengen
og graed så bitterlig, (2)
og hver en gang, at døren gik,
jeg troede, det var dig! (2)

Jeg stod op søndag morgen
og flettede mit hår, (2)
så gik jeg mig til kirken hen
og om den kirkegård. (2)

Men du kom ej til kirke
og ej i kirken ind, (2)
for du har fået en anden kæer
og slaget mig af sind. (2)

Jeg gik mig hjem så ene
henad den kirkesti, (2)
og hvert et spor, på stien var,
der faldt min tåre i. (2)

De røde bånd og skønne,
som du engang mig gav - (2)
dem baerer jeg ret aldrig mer,
jeg stunder til min grav.(2)

Hvor kan man plukke roser,
hvor ingen roser gror; (2)
hvor kan man finde kaerlighed,
hvor kaerlighed ej bor! (2)

Jeg ville roser plukke, -
jeg plukker ingen fler, -(2)
Jeg elsked dig så inderlig,
jeg elsker aldrig mer. (2)

DET VAR EN LØRDAG AFTEN - Folk Melody from Zealand.

It was on a Saturday evening
I sat awaiting you: (2)
You promised me that you would come
But you came not to me: (2)

I lay down on the bed
And cried so bitterly: (2)
And every time I heard the door
I thought that it was you: (2)

I got up Sunday morning
And braided my hair: (2)
I went down to the church
And around the church-yard: (2)

But you came not to church
And you didn't come in: (2)
'cause you have got another dear
And forgotten me: (2)

I went home so lonely
Over the churchyard walk: (2)
And my tears fell
On every step upon the path. (2)

The beautiful red ribbons
Which you once gave me: (2)
I shall never again wear them
I am going to my grave: (2)

How can one pluck roses
Where roses don't grow: (2)
How can one find love
Where love doesn't dwell.: (2)

I wanted to pluck roses
I will pluck no more: (2)
I loved you so dearly,
I will love no more. (2)

SIDE I, Band 5: I SKOVEN SKULDE VAERE GILDE
(Gildet i Skoven.)

I skoven skulde være Gilde
alt hos den gamle Ørn,
som jo saa gerne vilde
fornøje sine Børn.
Og alle Fugle sjunge
og røre deres Tunge,
saasart som Lærken gi'r Signal
af Naebets Futteral,
saasart som Lærken gi'r Signal
af Naebets Futteral.

At byde Gaester mange
den Hane skulde gaa,
han havde Ben saa lange
med krumme Sporer paa;
han raabte: Kykliky!
tre Gange i hver By,
at byde alle Fugle smaa
til Ørnens Gilde saa.

Den Tømmermand, Hr. Spaette,
han skulde bygge Hus,
og Svalen Taget taette
med Skovens grønne Mos.
Og Salen skulde pyntes,
hvor Gildet skulde staa.
med røde, Sneglehuse
og fine Bolstre blaa.

Og Ravnen skulde ogsaa
være deres Praest,
hans sorte Kjole viste,
at han var Kaldet næst;
han var en højlaerd Mand,
klog over al Forstand,
han holdt den bedste Praediken,
der hørt i vort Land.

Og Staeren skulde ogsaa
være deres Degn,
han kan. saa dejlig synge,
skønt han er meget klejn.
Hans Sang den er en Lyst,
han har en dejlig Røst,
han er jo ren i Mælet
og dertil let for Bryst.

De havde og to Spillemaend,
og de var meget smaa,
det var den lille bitte Nattergal
og saa den Lærke graa.
De spilled Menuet,
og det gik nok saa net,
til alle udi Dansen
var bleven ganske traet.

Og Uglen var til Gilde,
hun drak sig ganske fuld,
om Aftenen saa silde
hun faldt i Graes omkuld.
Hun raabte med stor Klage:
I alle mine Dage,
ja alle mine Dage,
stor Nød jeg lide maa!

Og Ørnen gik til hende
og sagde: "Hør, min Ven!
naar mener, du, at du vel
kan komme dig igen?"
"O ve, o ve, o Plage!
Jeg kan det godt forstaa,
at mine Levedage
de er nu ganske faa!"

I SKOVEN SKULDE VAERE GILDE - An old Danish folksong
about a banquet of birds in the wood.

There's a party in the woods at the old eagle's,
Who wants to amuse his children.
And all the birds sing and move their tongues,
:As soon as the lark gives signal with the beak's
futteral: (2)

DER VAR EN SKIKKELIG BONDEMAN

The cock should go to invite all the guests,
He has such long legs with crooked spurs on;
He yelled: Kykliky! Three times in every town,
:To invite all the little birds to the eagle's
party: (2)

That carpenter, the woodpecker, he should build a
house,
And the swallow seal the roof with the wood's green
moss.
And the hall should be decorated where the party
was to be,
With red snail houses and fine blue bolsters: (2)

And the raven should also be their parson,
His black habit shows, that he was near the call;
He is a learned man, wise beyond belief,
:He gave the best sermon heard in all the land: (2)

The starling should also be their deacon,
He can sing so beautifully, though he is very small.
His song is a delight, he has a lovely voice
:He is so clear in speech and therefore light of
breast: (2)

They had two musicians, and they were very small,
It was the little nightingale and the grey lark.
They played a minuet and it went very well,
:Till all the dancers became very tired: (2)

The owl was at the party, she got herself quite drunk,
Late in the evening she fell over in the grass.
She yelled with much complaint, "In all my days,
:Yes in all my days, great need I must suffer": (2)

And the eagle went to her and said: "Hear, my friend,"
"When do you feel that you will be yourself again?"
"O pain, O pain, O worry, I can understand,
:That all my days to live they are now very few.": (2)

DER VAR EN SKIKKELIG BONDEMAND

Der var en skikkelig bondemand,
han skulle ud efter øl,
Han skulle ud efter øl,
Han skulle ud efter øl,
efter øl, efter hopsasa, tra la la la,
han skulle ud efter øl.

:|:Til konen kom der en ung student,
mens manden var ud' efter øl. :|:
Mens manden var ud' efter øl osv.

:|:Han klapped' hende på rosenkind
og kyssed' hende på mund. :|:
Mens manden var ud' efter øl osv.

:|:Men manden stod bag ved døren og så.
hvordan det hele gik til. :|:
For de trod' han var ud' efter øl osv.

:|:Så skød han studenten og kaellingen med,
og så gik han ud efter øl. :|:
Og så gik han ud efter øl osv.

:|:Moralen er: Tag din kone med,
hver gang du skal ud efter øl. :|:
Hver gang du skal ud efter øl osv.

There was a good-natured peasant,
He was going out after beer: (2)
He was going out after beer,
He was going out after beer, after beer, after
hopsasa tra-la-la-la
He was going out after beer.

To his wife there came a young student
While her husband was out after beer: (2)
While her husband was out after beer, etc.

He clapped her on her rosy cheeks,
And kissed her on the mouth: (2)
While her husband was out after beer, etc.

But the man stood behind the door,
And saw what was going on: (2)
For they thought he was out after beer, etc.

So he shot the student and his wife as well,
And then he went out after beer: (2)
And then he went out after beer,
And then he went out after beer, after beer,
after hop-sa-sa
tra-la-la-la and then he went out after beer.

SIDE I, Band 7: MARKEN ER MEJET

Marken er mejet og tofterne tomme,
og nu er vi hjemfaerdig med det sidste laes;
avlen er større end laderne kan rumme,
udenfor ved porten står korn og hø i haes.
Revvi marken let, det er gammel ret,
fuglen og den fatige skal også være maet.

Loen vi pynter med blomster og blade,
vi har georginer og bonderoser nok;
børnene danser allerede så glade,
alle vore piger står nu ventende i flok,
:Bind så korn i krans!
Hurra! her til lands
slutter høsten altid med et gilde og en dans!

THE FIELD IS MOWED - A Harvest song

The field is mowed and the stalks are empty,
Now we are going home with the last load;
The crop is greater than the barns will hold,
Outside the gates stand corn and hay in stacks.
:Did we rake lightly,
It is an old custom,
The birds and the poor shall also be full.: (2)

We decorate the barn with flowers and leaves,
We have dahlias and peonies enough;
The children dance already so happily,
All our girls are waiting in a row.
Bind the corn in wreathes,
Hurra! hereabouts,
Closes the harvest with a banquet and a dance.: (2)

SIDE I, Band 8: EN JAEGER GIK AT JAGE

En jaeger gik at jage,
en jaeger gik at jage,
en jaeger gik at jage
udi den grønne lund.

Er du med på jo,
er du med på ja,
er du med på tra-la-la?
Er du med på jo,
er du med på ja,
er du med på tra-la-la?
En jæger gik at jage
udi den grønne lund.

Da modte han en pige,
udi den grønne lund.

Hvor skal du hen min pige,
udi den grønne lund?

Jeg skal hen til min fader,
som bor i skoven her.

Hvad skal du hos din fader,
som bor i skoven her?

Der skal jeg plukke roser,
og binde krans af.

Hvad skal du med de krans,
udi den grønne skov?

Dem skal soldaten have,
at lægge på sin grav.

A HUNTER WENT TO HUNT - A soldier song, unknown writer,
folk melody arranged by Fred.
Opffer.

:A hunter went to hunt, (3)
Out in the green grove.
Do you follow yes, do you follow ja, do you follow
tra-la-la? (2)

A hunter went to hunt out in the green grove.

There he met a girl: (3)
Out in the green grove.
Do you follow etc. (2)
There he met a girl, out in the green grove.

Where are you going my girl, (3)
Out in the green grove?
Do you follow etc. (2)
Where are you going my girl, out in the green grove?

I'm going to my father: (3)
Who lives in the forest.
Do you follow etc. (2)
I'm going to my father, who lives in the forest.

What will you with your father, (3)
Who lives in the forest?
Do you follow etc. (2)
What will you with your father, who lives in the
forest?

I'm going to pluck roses, (3)
To bind wreathes with.
Do you follow etc. (2)
I'm going to pluck roses to bind wreathes with.

What will you with those wreathes, (3)
Out in the green forest?
Do you follow etc. (2)
What will you with those wreathes, out in the green
forest?

The soldier shall have them, (3)
To lay on his grave.
Do you follow etc. (2)
The soldier shall have them, to lay on his grave.

SIDE I, Band 9: MALLEBROK

Mallebrok er død i krigen,
fi-li-ong-gong-gong og ting-e-ling-e-ling.
Mallebrok er død i krigen
i attenfiretres, i attenfiretres, i attenfiretres.
Mallebrok er død i krigen i attenfiretres.

Han blev til graven båret
fi-li-ong-gong-gon og ting-e-ling-e-ling.
Han blev til graven båret
af fire hædersmænd osv.

Den ene bar hans sabel,
den anden hans gevær.

Den tredje bar hans skjorte,
den fjerde ingenting.

Og da de kom til graven,
så var der ingen hul.

Og præsten holdt en tale,
han sagde ingenting.

Nu ligger han i graven
og tygger på en skrå.

Og når den så bli'r gammel,
så ta'r han sig en ny.

MALLEBROK

Mallebrok has died in the war
Fi-li-ong-gong-gong and ting-e-ling-e-ling.
Mallebrok has died in the war
In eighteen sixty-four,
In eighteen sixty-four,
In eighteen sixty-four,
Mallebrok has died in the war
In eighteen sixty-four.

He was carried to his grave
Fi-li-ong- etc.
He was carried to his grave
By four worthy men,
By four worthy men,
Etc.

The one bore his sabre,
Fi-li-ong- etc.
The one bore his sabre,
The other his gun,
Etc.

The third bore his shirt,
Fi- etc.
The fourth nothing at all.

And when they came to the grave,
There wasn't any hole.

The priest made a speech
He said not a word.

Now he lies in his grave,
And chews a wad of tobacco.

And when that gets old
He'll get himself some fresh.

SIDE I, Band 10: JEG VIL SJUNGE OM EN HELT

Jeg vil sjunge om en Helt,
vidt berømt ved Sund og Bælt,
om en Herre kæek og bold,
om den tapre Tordenskjold.

Mens i Vuggen han laa søvt,
Peder Vessel var han døvt,
paa Fregattens Skansevold
fik han Navnet Tordenskjold.

Atten Børn gik frem paa Rad
hos hans Far i Trondhjems Stad,
Døtre seks og Sønner tolv,
men kun een blev Tordenskjold.

Naal i Haand han havde faa't,
men det Vaaben var for smaat,
paa Kanoner fik han Hold,
"de gaar an," ae'e Tordenskjold.

Engang paa den svenske Strand
gik han med sin Flok i Land,
da brød frem et Rytterhold,
vilde fange Tordenskjold.

En Dragon stak Haanden frem,
men han trak den aldrig hjem,
han ham troede i sin Vold,
"den Gang ej!" sa'e Tordenskjold.

Tordenskjold i Søen sprang,
Kuglerne omkring ham sang,
gennem Bølgen dyb og kold
svømmed Peder Tordenskjold.

Tordenskjold han var polisk,
gik omkring og solgte Fisk,
Fjenden bag sin egen Vold
narret blev af Tordenskjold.

Skal til Kamp paa Bølgens Top
Dannebrog i Stavnen op,
gid der bag dets røde Fold
staa en Helt som Tordenskjold.

TORDENSKJOLD (Thunder-Shield) - the poem written by G.
Rode. --- Folk melody.

This song celebrates the exploits of Peder Vessel, a
Danish hero of the great Nordic War, in the first
part of the 18th Century. It is a favorite with child-
ren and has been much parodied.

SIDE I, Band 11: ROSELIL OG HENDES MODER

Roselil og hendes Moder de sad over Bord, (2)
de taled saa mangt et Skaemtens Ord.
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa, saa,
ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa, saa!
De taled saa mangt et Skaemtens Ord.

"Før hvert Trae skal i Haven faa Blomster af Guld,
før jeg skal vorde nogen Ungersvend huld."

Hr. Peder stod paa Svalen og lytted med List, --
"den ler dog bedst, som ler til sidst!"

Og der de kom ned udi Urtegaardens Lae,
de hang der en Guldring paa hvert et Trae.

Roselille blev rød som et dryppende Blod,
hun stirred i Graesset ned for sin Fod.

Da kyssed Hr. Peder hendes Læber med Lyst, --
"Den ler dog nok bedst, som ler til sidst!"

ROSELIL AND HER MOTHER

Roselil and her mother, they sat 'cross the board, (2)
They said so many an angry word.
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa, saa! (2)
They said so many an angry word.

All the trees in the garden shall have flowers of
gold (2)
'ere I shall be faithful to any young man.
Ha, ha, ha, etc.
'ere I shall be faithful to any young man.

Mr. Peder stood near and listened so sly, (2)
He laughs the best who laughs the last.
Ha, ha, ha, etc.
He laughs the best who laughs the last.

And when they went out in the garden's lee. (2)
There hung a gold ring from every tree.
Ha, etc.
There hung a gold ring from every tree.

Roselil got red like the dripping blood, (2)
She stared at the grass around her foot.
Ha, etc.
She stared at the grass around her foot.

Then Mr. Peder, he kissed her lips with delight (2)
He laughs the best who laughs the last.