

Norwegian Folk Songs

Sung with Guitar by PELLE JONER



M
1772
J77
N892
1958

MUSIC LP

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

AA KJANDE DU'N KJELL
BENDIK OG AROLILJA
EG SER DEG UT FOR GLUGGIN
PER SPELMANN—OSLO
JEG LAGDE MEG SA SILDIG—VAGA
ALLE MANN HADDE FOTA—TRONDHEIM
SVEN SVANE—VALDRESS
EG BEISLA MIN STYVEL
HAVARD HEDDE—TELEMARK
EG RODDE MEG UT—BERGEN
VIL DU SE FAGRE
OLA GLOMSTULEN
AA OLA, OLA MIN EIGEN UNGE—VEGARSHEJEN
LARA SKULLE TILL SKYTTRI GA
HULDRE A'N ELLAND—VAGA
SVARTERABBEN—SOGN

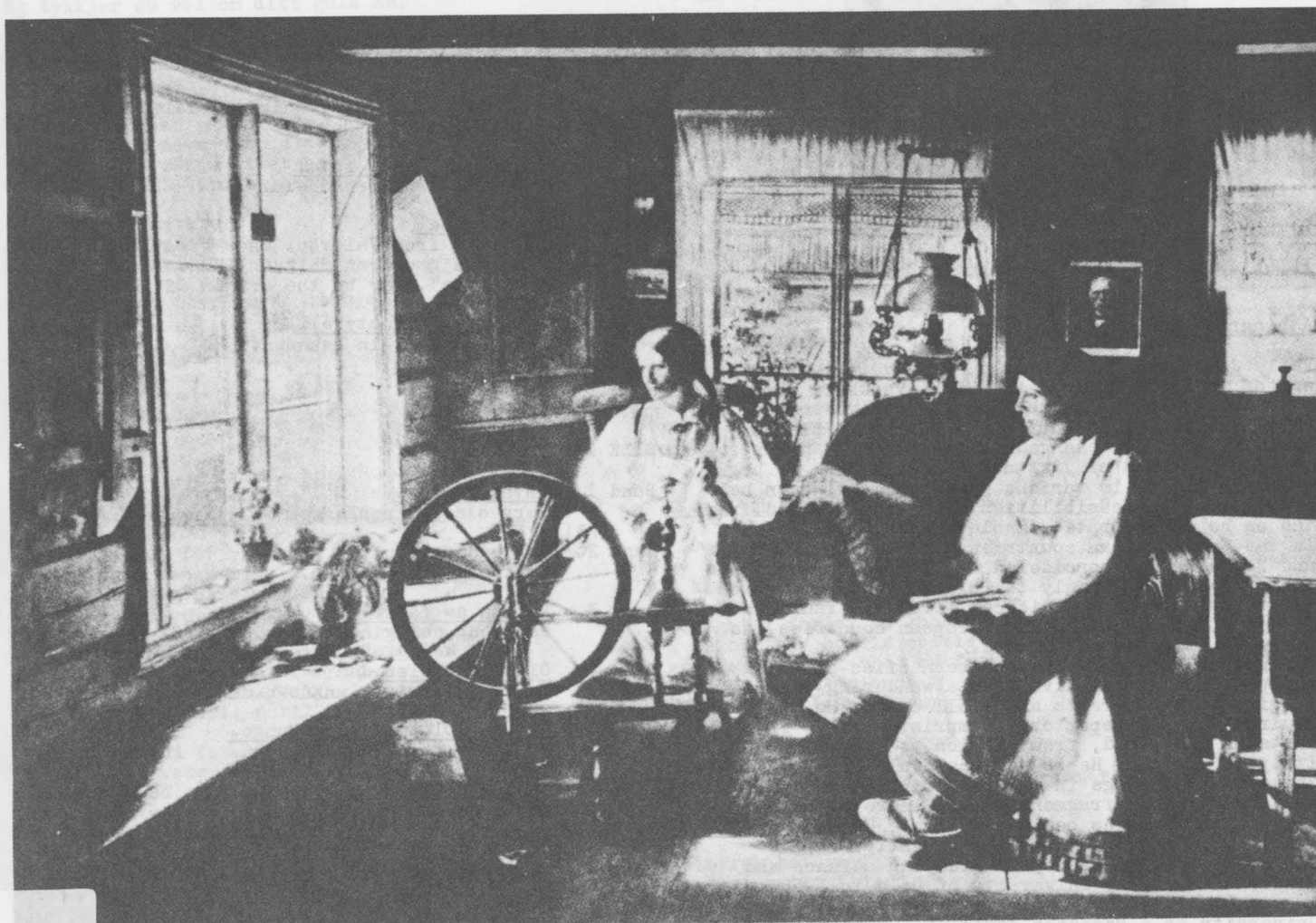
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PELLE JØNER

A biographical sketch.

Pelle Jøner was born in Oslo, Norway in 1927. At the age of twelve he joined the St. Olavs Choir (Singing Boys of Norway) where he sang the octave-soprano for three years. For a short period later he played the ukulele, and then changed to the guitar, an instrument he has been playing now for 15 years. To begin with, he played in various jazzbands, but soon he discovered the possibilities of the guitar and from then on he concentrated on classical music. In the Scandinavian countries the singing of "viser" and folksongs is considered an art of its own. This field appealed strongly to Pelle. He has appeared before all kinds of audiences, from the radio audiences of Norway and other European countries, to the smallest informal groups. During his vacations he has been criss-crossing Europe, earning his living as a wandering troubadour, singing in the streets and small cafes. He has thus acquired a large repertory, comprising songs from all parts of the world, from America to Indonesia, from Italy to Finland. He is very careful always to sing the different songs in their original language, and has thus acquired fragmentary knowledge of about 12 different languages besides English, German and French which he speaks rather fluently. His spare time he has spent studying science and graduated from the University of Oslo in 1956 majoring in Biochemistry. He is now connected to the University as a Research Associate in Virology.

FOLK SONGS OF NORWAY

sung with guitar accompaniment by

Pelle Jøner

SIDE I

- Band 1. Aa kjande du'n Kjell.
Folksong, origin unknown.
- Band 2. Bendik og Arolilja.
Dates back from about 1300. Probably originated after the tale about Tristan and Isolde was translated from french to norwegian.
- Band 3. Eg ser ut for gluggin.
Folksong, origin unknown.
- Band 4. Per Spelmann.
Folksong from the surroundings of Oslo.
- Band 5. Jeg lagde meg så sildig.
Folksong from Vaga, Gudbrandsdalen middle eastern part of Norway.
- Band 6. Alle mann hadde rota.
Folksong from Trondheim.
- Band 7. Sven Svane.
Folksong from Valdres. Show great similarity with the american folksong "The Devil's Nine Questions". May be the origin of that song.
- Band 8. Eg beisla min styvel.
Folksong, origin unknown.

SIDE II

- Band 1. Håvard Hedde.
Very old folksong from Telemark.
- Band 2. Eg rodde meg ut.
Folksong from Bergen.
- Band 3. Vil du se fagre.
Folksong, origin unknown.
- Band 4. Ola Glomstulen.
Folksong, origin unknown.
- Band 5. Aa Ola, Ola min eigen unge.
Folksong from Vegardshejen.
- Band 6. Han lara skulle til skytttri gå.
Folksong, origin unknown.
- Band 7. Huldra å'n Elland (Guten va Trøytt).
Medieval folksong from Vaga, Gudbrandsdalen.
- Band 8. Svarterabben.
Folksong from Sogn, western Norway.

SIDE I

Band 1. Aa kjende du'n Kjell ?

Aa kjende du'n Kjell
han budde i dalen imellom to fjell.
Han hadde ei kjerring
hå kunde vel ho?
Ho kunde horken lesa hell skriva
men skjende på'n Kjell.
Aa Kjell ble vill, han satt seg hos katta
de kvareste natta til månen gjekk opp
Den lystige kropp han kveikja på pipa
og tralla og sang.
Den natta var lang.

Oh, did you know Kjell?

Oh, did you know Kjell
he lived in the valley between two mountains
He had a wife, but what did she know?
She didn't know how to read or to write,
but certainly how to scold Kjell.
And Kjell got mad and stayed up all night
with the cat, till the moon rose.
That merry old fellow lit his pipe
and he sang and he sang.
That night was long.

Band 2. Bendik og Årolilja.

Bendik han rid seg åt Sölondo
ville han skoda möy.
Han var ikkje lagen til atterkoma
og difor så laut han doy.
Arililja, kvi söve du så lenge?

Han var ikkje i kongjens gard
meir hell i månader tvo.
Han lagde seg i med kongjens dotter
i so stor elskhug.
Årolilja, kvi söve du so lengje.

Eg tykkjer so vel om ditt gule hår
som epli dei dryp på kviste.
sael er den som deg må få.
Gud hjelpe den som deg miste.
Årolilja, kvi söve du so lengje.

Det var kongjen av Sölondo
han sleg sin neve i bord:
"Bendik skal ikkje livet njota
um eg vann all verdis jord."

Sunnan före kyrkje
der let han Bendik liv.
Og uppe i högeloftet
brast hjarta på vene viv.
Årolilja, kvi söve du so lengje.

Bendik and Arolilja.

Bendik rode to Solondo
where he would meet the girl.
Pate didn't mean him to return
and therefore he had to die.
Arolilja, why do you sleep so long?

He was not in the king's house
more than for two months.
He fell in love with king's daughter
in such great love.
Arolilja, why do you sleep so long?

"I like so well thy golden hair
like apples hanging on trees.
Happy the ones that will win you
God help the one that looses you."
Arolilja, why do you sleep so long?

It was the king of Solondo
who struck his fist in the table:
"Bendik shall no more enjoy life
not if I won all the world."
Arolilja, why do you sleep so long?

On the southern side of the church
Bendik let his life
and up in her room in the tower
there died his fair, young maiden.
Arolilja, why do you sleep so long?

Band 3. Eg ser deg ut for gluggjin.

Eg ser deg ut for gluggjin,
kjaer' söte venen min.
eg kjenner deg på skuggjin,
du kan'kje sleppa inn.
I kveld eg glöymde no kubbin å reisa,
eg meiner den guten er binnande galen,
som ikkje kan høyra at far han er heime
kjaer' söte vene min.
Suril - suril-suril-suril-lei.

Og fryse du på fote,
kjaer' söte venen min.
I fjose stend skáli med flöte
der kan du sleppa inn.
I kveld eg glöymde etc.

I mårrå fyrr hanin gjele,
kjaer' söte vennen min,
ligg far burt med kverne og mele
då kan du sleppa inn.
I kveld eg glöymde etc.

I see you outside the window.

I see you outside the window,
my dear sweet friend.
I know you by your shadow,
but cannot let you in.
Tonight I forgot to lock the door
I think this boy is completely mad
who cannot hear that my father is home
my dear sweet friend.
Suril - suril-suril-suril-lei.

And are you cold on your feet
my dear sweet friend.
In the barn there is a cup of cream for you,
there you can go and get in.
Tonight I forgot etc.

Tomorrow before the cock crows,
my dear sweet friend.
My father will be at the mill,
Then you can come and get in.
Tonight I forgot etc.

Band 4. Per Spelmann.

Per Spelmann han hadde ei einaste ku
han bytta burt kua, fekk fela igjen:
"du gode, gamle fiolin, du fiolin, du fela mi."

Per Spelmann han spela og fela ho lèt,
så gutane dansa og gjentene grèt.
Du gode, gamle fiolin, du fiolin, du fela mi.

Og om eg vert gamal som stein under bru,
så aldri eg bytte burt fela for ku.
Du gode, gamle fiolin, du fiolin, du fela mi.

Tom Fiddler.

Tom Fiddler he had just one cow, so they say,
He bartered his cow for a fiddle one day.
O good old, sweet old violin, old violin, o fiddle
mine.

Tom Fiddler he fiddled, he was so adept,
The lads fell a-dancing, the lasses all wept.
O good old, sweet old violin, old violin, o fiddle
mine.

"And though I grow old like the moss on the bough,
I'll never swap my violin for a cow."
O good old, sweet old violin, old violin, o fiddle
mine.

Band 5. Jeg lagde meg så sildig.

Jeg lagde meg så sildig alt sent om en kveld,
Jeg vidste ingen kvide til at have.
Så kom der da bud ifra kjaeresten min,
jeg måtte til henne vel fare.
Ingen har man elsket over henne.

Så ganger jeg meg opp i høyenloft
som jeg pleied van til at gjøre.
Der stander de jomfruer alt uti flok,
og klaede min kjaerest til døde.
Ingen har man elsket over henne.

Så gik jeg meg ut på grønningen eng
der hørte jeg de klokke at ringe.
Ej annet jeg vidste, ej annet jeg fornå
end hjertet i stykker ville springe.
Ingen har jeg elsket over henne.

I laid me down to rest.

I laid me down to rest, and the hour was late,
I nothing knew of pain or aching sorrow.
Then word to me came from my sweetheart so dear
to hasten to her ere the morrow.
I have no one ever loved so dearly.

Then quickly I sped to her lofty bower,
where oft 'twas my wont to be faring.
A group of fair maidens surrounded my love,
they her for the grave were preparing.
I have no one ever loved so dearly.

I fled from the room to the meadow green,
the bells in the church tower were tolling.
But nothing I heard, and nothing then knew,
the grief of my heart was past consoling.
I have no one ever loved so dearly.

Band 7. Sven Svane.

Sven Svane han gangar et stykkje ut på veg
der møtte det hanem en vandringsmann.
"Å hoyr no, du vandring, hot eg spørja deg,
og om du på dei spursmala kan svara meg."

Ja, ho e no rondar hell det rondaste hjul,
og ho sjunger fagrest utav alle kreatur,
og ho e no kvitare hell svanen,
og ho ropar høgare hell tranen?

Jo, sola e rondar hell det rondaste hjul,
og engler sjunger fagrest utav alle kreatur,
og snøen han e kvitare hell svanen,
og tora ropar høgare hell tranen.

Ja vet du no dette så vet du fulla mer.
Sven Svane tok gullringen utav fingren ner,
og ga så den vandringsmann før svara.
Og dermed skiltes baa desse kara.

Sven Svane.

Sven Svane was walking far away on a road,
there he met a wanderer.
Oh listen here, you wanderer, to what I say
and tell me if you can answer my questions.

Now what is rounder than the roundest wheel,
and who sings fairest of all creatures,
and white is whiter than the swan,
and what shouts louder than the crane?

The sun is rounder than the roundest wheel
and angels sing fairest of all creatures,
and the snow is whiter than the swan,
and thunder shouts louder than the crane.

Well, as you know this, you surely know more.
Sven Svane took his golden ring from his finger,
and gave it to the wanderer for his answers,
and thereby the two fellows parted.

Band 6. Alle mann hadde fota.

Alle mann hadde fota,
min mann hadde ingen.
Tok ae så ejørkerota
og gjorde min mann fota.
Min mann dansa fram
fot i hosa hadde han
likså vael som en anna mann.

Alle mann hadde aua,
min mann hadde ingen.
Tok ae så et par sauua
og gjorde min mann aua.
Min mann dansa fram,
saueaua hadde han
likså vael som en anna mann.

Alle mann hadde arma,
min mann hadde ingen.
Tok ae så et par tarma.
og gjorde min mann arma.
Min mann dansa fram
tarmearma hadde han
likså vael som en anna mann.

All the men had feet.

All the men had feet,
my man had none.
So I took a Birch-root
and made my man feet.
My man danced around
feet in his socks had he
just like any other man.

All the men had eyes,
my man had none.
So I took a sheep
and made my man eyes.
My man danced around,
sheep-eyes had he
just like any other man.

All the men had arms,
my man had none.
So I took some guts
and made my man arms.
My man danced around
arms of guts had he
just like any other man.

Band 8. Eg beisla min styvel (den bakvendte visa). I bridled my boot (the world upside-down).

Eg beisla min styvel og sala mitt sverd,
so batt eg merra ved sida.
So sala eg meg til kattermordsferd
skulle stane den fårlege strida.
Eg låg og eg datt og eg drøynde inatt,
eg totte den visa var bakvendt ratt.

Og laksen høgt i rurutopp
han braut smålauve av greinar.
Og ikorn nede på havsens bunn
skulle velte store gråsteinar.
Eg låg og eg datt etc.

So kom det fram ein gamal blind mann
skulle sjå kor det leid no med tida.
Og månen han gol og stjernene song,
og gauken han skein borti lia.
Eg låg og eg datt etc.

SIDE II

Band 1. Håvard Hedde.

Eg heiter Håvard hedde
og er så ven ein kar.
No vil eg sta og gifta meg
og ryddja meg ein gard.
Eg bur upp under fjell,
og jenta hev eg lova.
Eg svik ho ikkje hell.

Eg heiter Håvard Hedde
og bur upp under nut.
No vil eg sta og gifta meg
eg vi'kje ganga gut.
Eg bur upp under fjell etc.

Garden han er liten,
men skogen han er god.
Der heve eg två furor
og dei skal stå i ro.
Eg bur upp under fjell etc.

Når borni dei vert mange
og skuldi aukar pa.
Då hogg eg ned den eine
den andre den lyt stå.
Eg bur upp under fjell etc.

Men når me verte gamle
og kvar skal hava sitt.
Då hogg eg ned den andre
og så vert skogen kvitt.
Eg bur upp under fjell etc.

Det var vel ikkje undrands
at Håvard totte ond.
Han reiste ifra Lanjei
den myrke haustenott.
Eg bur upp under fjell etc.

Han reiste ifra Lanjei
og då var jenta fest.
Men det var med ein annan
Det hev han trega mest.
Eg bur upp under fjell etc.

Band 2. Eg rodde meg ut.

Eg rodde meg ut på seiagrunnen
det var om morgonenetidlig.
Så kom han Olav frå Kårelunnen
og lagde båten for ile.
Så dro eg til han me fiskestongji
så n datt i uvite att i rongji.
Eg vart så gla, tok til å kva,
eg rådde grunnen åleine.
Sudeli-dudeli-dudeli-dei - ho.

I rowed out.

I rowed out to my fishingplace.

It was early in the morning.

Then came Olav from Kårelunnen

and placed his boat beside me.

So I hit him with my fishingrod

so that he fell unconcious in the bottom of his boat.

I was so happy that I started singing,

I had the place all for myself.

Sudeli-dudeli-dudeli-dei - ho.

Band 3. Vil du se fagre piger.

Vil du se fagre piger i mengde,
da ma du nørdest i Hallingdal gå.
Fagre som roser, vakre som liljer,
gullgule lokker og øyne så blå.
En sådan var min.
Med gruber på kinden
den falske til malurt forvandlede vin.

Men skulle jeg sorg da var jeg en dåre,
skulle jeg gråte da var jeg en narr.
Sku jeg la kvinnfolk mitt hjerte bedære,
da var det skitt å vara vaksin som kar.
Takk og aere for mig.
Den pige skal aldri, nei aldri i verden min
kjaereste bli, sa'n.

Do you want to see.

Do you want to see plenty of beautiful girls,
then go north in Hallingdal.
Pretty as roses, fair as lilies,
golden hair and eyes of blue.
One of them used to be mine.
But with smile on her face
that was false one turned wine to wormwood.

Should I then grieve and be a fool,
should I then cry and be an even greater fool?
Should I let womenfolk bewitch my heart,
then it would be sad to be a grownup man.
No, thank you, that girl shall never,
never in my life be my sweetheart.

Band 4. Ola Glomstulen.

Ola Glomstulen hadde ei gammal grå geit.
Å kjaere mi Kari, gjer pølsa vel feit,
for i morgon skal Ola Glomstulen gifta seg.

Ola Glomstulen hadde ei halv skjeppe malt.
Å kjaere mi Kari, du bryggjer vel alt?
For i morgon skal Ola Glomstulen gifta seg.

Ola Glomstulen hadde så lang ei brud ferd.
Den rakte frå Solem til Gråten hjå Blehr,
for i morgon skal Ola Glomstulen gifta seg.

Ola Glomstulen.

Ola Glomstulen had an old grey coat.
Oh my dear Kari, make the sausage good and fat,
for tomorrow Ola Glomstulen will get married.

Ola Glomstulen had half a barrel of malt.
Oh my dear Kari, you must brew all of it,
for tomorrow Ola Glomstulen will get married.

Ola Glomstulen had so long a bridal-procession.
It reached all the way from Solem to Graten at Blehr's.
For tomorrow Ola Glomstulen will get married.

Band 5. Å, Ola, Ola, min eigen unge.

Å, Ola, Ola, min eigen unge.
Kvi la du på meg den sorg så tunge?
Eg tenkte aldri du brydd deg om
a narre meg som du så var ung.

Å mang en tår på mi kinn ha runne,
eg tenkte vetet det hadde sprunget,
å eg har gråte så mang ei tår,
som det er dagar i tusind år.

Å mang ein gong ha eg sete sukka,
å mang ein gong ha eg tårer turka,
å mang ein gong ha eg tenkt med meg:
Va eg så rik at eg åtte deg.

Ja, kjaerligheita ho kan bedrøve,
Gud baere den som skal få ho prøve.
Ja, kjaerligheita ho er så heit,
ho smertar sårar hell noken veit.

Oh, Ola, Ola, I lov'd you dearly.

Oh, Ola, Ola, I lov'd you dearly,
But you have dealt with me insincerely.
I did not think you would let your tongue
Be false to me, whom you saw was young.

So many tears down my cheeks were creeping
I almost thought I'd go mad with weeping.
And I have shed just as many tears
As there are days in a thousand years.

How many times Have I sat here sighing
How many times did my tears need drying.
How many times have I longed to be
So rich that you were my property.

Yes, love can bring you a lot of sorrow.
God grant him strength who is tried to-morrow.
For Love's hoe flave has a fiercer glow
Than any passion on earth I know.

Band 6. Lara skulle til skyttri gå.

Han Lara han skulle til skytt i gå,
og han laga seg til - hansiralerira.
Så møtte det hanem en brokute geit.
"Ha du vøri i lag med bamsen, du?" sa'n.
Han Lara ligger i lunden med sitt leie liv.

Han Lara han la si borse på ein kvist,
og han laga seg til - hansiralerira.
Så skaut'n på bamsen, men han skaut no i mist.
"Naedden om je rakte'n, je," sa'n.
Han Lara ligger i lunden med sitt leie liv.

Han Lara han la si borse på ei rot,
og han laga seg til - hansiralerira.
Så skaut'n bamsen så han låg tot.
"Jadden måtte'n tel lell," sa'n.
Han Lara ligger i lunden med sitt leie liv.

Lara went hunting.

Lara went out shooting one day,
and he sat down to wait - hansiralerira.
Then he met a spotted goat:
Spoken: "Say have you met the bear?"
Lara is laying in the forest enjoying life.

Lara placed his gun on a twig,
and he sat down to wait - hansiralerira.
Then he shot at the bear - but missed.
Spoken: "Looks like I didn't hit him."
Lara is laying in the forest enjoying life.

Lara placed his gun on a root,
and he sat down to wait - hansiralerira.
Then he fired the gun so the bear dropped dead.
Spoken: "Well, he's got it this time."
Lara is laying in the forest enjoying life.

Band 7. Huldra å`en Elland.

Guten va trøytt, sommårdagen heit
inkje å få kvile tyktes han for leitt,
kløve va tung, øyken ille sleit,
for han brekka steigti vaere.
Han tå sadlen ne, mysuflaeskun la
skunda seg så åt eit vakkert legostad,
stae høgt og tjukt og blomstrat grase va,
ingor dyne småkå baere.
Statt upp, statt upp, sjå attende
høyr sylvstrengji kå døm laet.
Sjå ei hulder, som du brenne,
som tå lystna åt deg graet.
Mange veit eg på deg snika,
lat meg bli di gjente.
Ingor som deg baere lika
har du bo å vente.

The Hulder and Elland.

Elland was tired, long the summer day,
Getting no rest it did fill him with dismay.
Hard for the horse was the rugged way,
For the hills were always rising.
From the saddle he down the dinner laid,
Hasten'd then to find a cosey restfil shade,
Where his couch of flow'rs and grass was ready made
Never bed was more enticing.
Get up, get up, look behind you
Hear silver strings, how sweet they sound,
look, a hulder and now mind you, that
That to win you she is bound,
many hearts for you are aching,
They shall win you never.
Oh, my heart for you is breaking,
And I'll love you ever.

Band 8. Svarterabben.

Svarterabben skulde sta å køyra ve,
kjerringi skulde truska.
Rett so han kom me lasse i le,
sunde so gjekk hass buksa.
Mannen å merri valt i ai vait,
dar laog no dai å ropte å skraik,
ropte pao Knut å Brita,
kjerringi me telika.

Knut å ho Brita, gjenta å draing,
haurde da tok te skrika,
spraong dai pao dyri adle so ain,
hunden me dai telika.
Summe me staong å summe me staur
krydde kring merri nett likså maur,
adle me merri bala,
slepa å slair å hala.

Hundra å nitti vindespel,
nye so sku' dai vera,
laga dai te å smurde dai vel,
laut so aut i vaiti brea.
Adle vindespel i stykkje dai brast,
dar sto dai adle endao lika fast,
alt te dar kom ai kjempa
a bar pao ai byr me lenkje.

Kjempa ho kasta byri si ne,
so da i marki glumde,
traiv so i merri nett so i ait kje,
merri ho laog å stunde,
traiv han i merri, gjore so ait kast,
kasts ho uppao marki me hast,
dar laog ho å spent' å sparka,
rudla seg å grov upp marki.

Svarterabben sku' gje kjempao brø,
hundra å nitti laiva,
sjau smalafall å sjau vaoge smör,
å skinn utao sekstan raina,
tolv tønne rjomme, tolv tønne öl,
tolv tønne skyr å tolv tonne mjöl,
slire me kniv å belte,
fyre da han merri hjelte.

Svarterabben.

Svarterabben went out lumbering,
his wife was going to thresh.
Just as he was on his way home,
his trousers were torn.
The wagon tipped around,
man and horse were thrown in the ditch,
there they lay crying for help,
crying for Knut, Brita and the wife.

Knut and Brita, the boy and the girl
heard that they were shouting.
Running all the way to help,
with the dog at their heels.
At last a crowd was gathered there
trying with sticks and bars
to get the horse on feet.

A hundred and ninety tackles
all of them brand new.
They put them up and greased them well
and placed them around the horse.
All the tackles went to pieces,
so they were just as far,
till there came a giant,
carrying a load of chains.

The gaint threw his load to the ground,
so that the earth shook,
got a good grasp at the horse
who was waiting for help.
So he dragged the horse out
and threw her up on solid ground,
there she lay kicking,
rolling around and digging up the ground.

Svarterabben should feed the giant:
hundred an inetly pieces of bread,
seven small sheep and seven barrels of butter
and hides from sixteen reindeer.
Twelve barrels creme, twelve barrels beer
twelve barrels rye and twelve barrels flour
Belt with a knife and sheath
because he helped the horse.

-For additional Norwegian music
see: Folkways Record FM 4008
"Songs and Dances of Norway"