

INGER NIELSEN SINGS DANISH FOLK SONGS



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BLAESTEN GÅR FRISK OVER LIMFJØRDENS YANDE - Limfjorden (Erik Bertelsen)
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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INGER NIELSEN SINGS
DANISH FOLK SONGS

INGER NIELSEN SINGS DANISH FOLKSONGS

The name Inger tolls to me like a gentle bell. The name fits her Danish beauty and her Viking Ancestors.

Inger was always restless and when quite young she visited every country in Europe, and in almost all cases she learned to speak the language.

Four years ago she had the opportunity of coming to the United States. In return she had to be a Trailways Bus Stewardess for six months. She was stationed in St. Louis, was bored by this country's architecture, and met the Clancy Boys and Tommy Makem. The latter explains the advent of this record. As she droned back and forth across the country (as far West as thrilling Wichita) she undoubtedly enhanced the perhaps jaded profile of the Trailways Bus Co. But somehow she found herself somewhat bored, and the Clancy's don't appear in St. Louis perennially.

She had saved her money, avoided any romantic involvements with Kansas wheat farmers and moved on to Louisiana. While in New Orleans she was interviewed for the Miami Playboy Club. Inger became a Bunny. The tips were good, the company fun, and Inger had a ball. Among the hazards of bunny life is he who would like to buy one to take home. One night a gentleman of some means upon whom Inger was waiting offered her the princely sum of ten dollars to come home with him. As the evening wore on the ante was raised bit by bit to one thousand dollars. Inger refused it. The gentleman summoned the manager of the club, told him the story and complimented him on Inger. (As for others of you who have married bunnys, has your bunny passed this test?) Inger obeyed all the rules of the club, such as not fraternizing with the entertainers, until the advent to Tom, Paddy, Liam and ommy Makem. Almost the only real friends Inger had made in America, the reunion during club hours almost got Inger fired. Those were happy days for her. Soon the Clancy's left, and Inger thought there might be more to America than bunnying. She left all her treasures, those brought over from Denmark, including a Chagall the artist had signed to her, and most of her clothes (with a pair Inger's clothes fit) and she was never to see any of them again. She came to New York, worked as a waitress, sold at Georg Jensens and made an abortive trip to Miami to claim her things. She had gone.

She returned to New York, got an apartment, and any pretty girl alone will, she met quite a few men. Now the average successful male in New York, willing to take his date to 21 for dinner, to the Condons for dancing etc. are from the button down soul school. Inger saw one, and then another. These affairs drip away to broken candles.

During her travels one of these ruptured swain brought her to a Sunday afternoon hoot at Mr. Sord's Gaslight Cafe. He introduced the folksinger, one Peter LaFarge, to Inger. Now this particular folksinger was very busy at the time, not like Inger's escort, and worst of all he forgot meeting Inger. It wasn't a bad show. Dylan dropped by to explain with gestures that he couldn't sing because he had tooth trouble, you know that tooth, it's the one performers have such trouble with when they are asked to sing for a living. This is not to knock Bobby, he had sung the week before and besides, I've got one of those teeth too. Luckily Dave Van Ronk, who has no teeth (Terry keeps them for him) came to my rescue.

There is a bar called Edwards, a gathering place for a steak house at 61st and Lexington. Within this neighborhood reside some of the best looking girls in Manhattan. But it's strictly a look, don't touch, ap-

proach, speak to or hello joint. The girls are protected by the management, but I'll guarantee you good steaks, fine drinks and posh quarters. It was in this club that Inger was working as a hat check girl when I walked in with her roommate, a blond model. Introductions were performed, drinks were brought and although Inger didn't pay much attention to me, I was much struck by her. She showed me photos of her boy friend, she talked of this and that, and although I didn't know it, she remembered meeting me at the Gaslight vividly.

Soon after this when I called Inger's apartment to ask blond model to go out, I found that blond model was babysitting for the evening. Well I asked, how about you coming out with me Inger. She allowed as how that was alright if I'd check with her roommate. We met at the Limelight where all kinds of miracles happen. We often met at the Limelight and after we fell in love, it became ours.

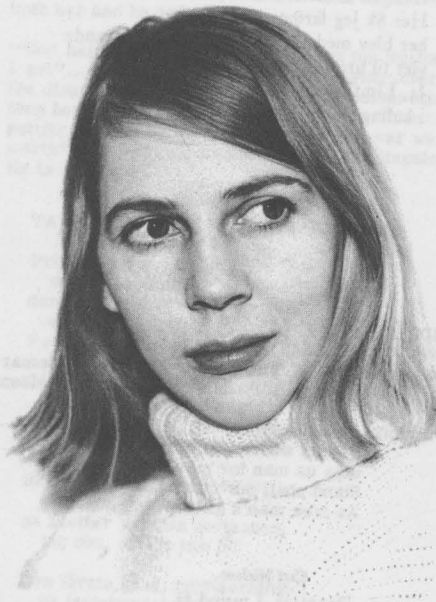
Now I had always considered myself the star of the family and one night I learned differently. We were at the Limelight surrounded by Clancys. The club had just been edified by the bag pipes of Teddy McNeil (may he blow as long as the North Wind) and in the pause between Teddy's pipes and the next Irish Ballad a very Danish and rather positive voice spoke forth saying "I would like to sing a Danish Folksong." Now the Clancy's are very democratic about who sings with them, and all of them had gallantly fallen in love with Inger since they'd met her three and a half years ago. Liam struck a chord, Inger's voice started a bit like a fledgling bird trying to fly up a sunbeam it knows it's mother has mounted, but there was beauty in that bird, and then her voice swung off across the family room. Inger sang three songs and I, who'd never asked her if she sang, felt like an ant's after-carriage.

But I felt she'd kept a song of explicit beauty, reverend with compassion, to herself at a time when we need every honeysuckle the bee can reach.

There had been a man who had backed me when I had had "The Pain of Tomorrow in the Roots of my Hair", and his name is Moses Asch. We went to Moe and said, "look, we've got several Peter LaFarge records here, but do you have an Inger record of Danish Folk Music?" Moe hadn't and that's how the whole family got on Folkways. We approached B.G. Kornfeld, the Banjo King, (his heart has much room for love, and maybe always keep it full,) and asked him to accompany Inger. Barry, through tedious sessions, working with her purely natural voice, found the chords, gentled from Inger the specifics of artistry, and in the studio with her, made this record a success. He was imminently aided in this endeavor by me, who, equipped with all the enthusiasm of a St. Bernard puppy his first time in the snow and bound to rescue somebody. I A and R'd the session, breaking in before voice and guitar could fade, screeching "that's a take."

You will notice on the unaccompanied song the Sugar Hand of brother Barry.

Inger is so true she's an amateur. Where else would she appear except on Moe Asch's Folkways Records? Here is the little girl who sang to her father's cows in Denmark, who remembers childrens taunting rhymes flung into the grey power of Natzidom, who remembers a Denmark where you were careful what you said away from home, one who remembers travelling miles in her father's farm wagon on Sunday to a gathering place outside in a natural amphitheatre, where thousands of Danes would pit their voices in religious song against the dreadful occupation, and in strong thanks for a few blessings, and for a great hope.



Inger Nielsen

Here from long sad love ballads and the jolly country songs, to the stirring song, Denmark Free, (written just at the end of the occupation) is Denmark in song by Inger Nielsen, who sparkles in ringlets of true moments in this album.

And to my Inger who stalks no more through the rampant kivas of American malehood - Inger I love you. I am wrapped in presents when I see you. I have touched you ever so slightly and have known the dawns bright thunder. And I have held you closely and known the crash of loveliness that admits two into one.

God grant that we may always accept the terrible eagle of love, and as he raises us into the sky may we accept the shackle of responsibility with which he binds us. May we never diminish loves eagle by praying for easier birds who are not known of God's lightning and carry no such reward as towering destinies who do not have the strength to hold us ever and ever up until God shall see that we have earned not only each others love, but His.

by: PETER LA FARGE

SIDE A BAND 1

LIMFJORDEN, by Erik Bertelsen

This song expresses the freshness, the mood and the beauty of the Fjord, and the life; The longing and happiness of the people on and around it.

Povl Hamburger.

- 1 Blæsten går frisk over Limfjordens vande,
rusker dem op til vågen flugt,
jager dem mellem de favnende strande,
fylder med toner hver en bugt.
Og sømanden synger bag sit rat
på krydstogt fra Nordø til Kattegat.

- 2 Dagen står høj over Limfjordens vande, bredning og sund og krinklet vig! Sallingland, Thyland og andre lande hilser hverandre med mågeskrig. Og bonden går på sin agerjord med blikket fornyget af luft og fjord.

- 3 Lyset slår blink over Limfjordens vande, tindrer og ler i et stridigt spil. Bølgerne kaster med flammende brande vikingedrømmenes hvide ild. Og ungdommen føler fjordens magt, en udvæ fjernt over verden strakt.

- 4 Længsel er saltet i Limfjordens vande. Her fik jeg fartens glød på kind, her blev med kølige stænk mod min pande viet til uro mit sejlensind. Ja, Limfjord, jeg elsker dit blå humør i kuling fra Hals og til Harboør.

SIDE A BAND 2

DENMARK IN A THOUSAND YEARS, Valdemar Roerdam 1917 Melody by Carl Nielsen

Patriotic song written to Denmark asking ...

"Use us where you can take us man for man. Stand shall our fatherland As free man's gift."

Carl Nielsen.

- 1 Danmark, i tusind år, længer end saga når, vor stammes arv, hærgen og frugtbarjort, hjemstavn og verdens port - lær os at råde stort så rig en arv!

- 2 Danmark, imod dig slår atter en stormfuld vår med liv og død. Strid eller arbejdsdag; her kræves hårde tag. Løft os, vort gamle flag, i liv og død!

- 3 Danmark, i tusind år søhavn og bondegård og fri mænds arv.

Brug du os, hvor du kan, tag du os, mand for mand! Stå skal vort fædreland som fri mænds arv!

SIDE A BAND 3

SATURDAY EVENING, Old danish folk melody re-written by Svend Grundtvig

Sad Lovesong. A girl sings about being abandoned by her lover. She waits in vain for his usual Sat-

urday evening visit, goes to the church next morning with her hopes high, only to find him with another girl.

The final words of the song are "Where can one pick roses where no roses grow. Where can one find love where no love exists. I loved you so deeply, I shall never love again."

Dansk folkemelodi.

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

- 2 Jeg lagde mig på sengen og græd så bitterlig, og hver en gang at døren gik, jeg tro'de, det var dig.

- 3 Jeg stod op søndag morgen og flettede mit hår; så gik jeg mig til kirken hen og om den kirkegård.

- 4 Men du kom ej til kirke og ej i kirken ind, - for du har få't en anden kær og slaget mig af sind.

- 5 Jeg gik mig hjem så ene hen ad den kirkesti, og hvert et spor på stien var, dér faldt min tåre i.

- 6 De røde bånd og skønne, som du engang mig gav, - dem bærer jeg ret aldrig mer, jeg stunder til min grav.

- 7 Hvor kan man plukke roser, hvor ingen roser gror! hvor kan man finde kærlighed, hvor kærlighed ej bor!

- 8 Jeg vilde roser plukke, - jeg plukker ingen fler; jeg elskede dig så inderlig, - jeg elsker aldrig mer!

SIDE A BAND 4

THE ROADMAKER, by Jeppe Aakjaer 1905

A roadmakers tragic lifestory.

"His whole life was filled with stone but on his grave they never gave him one."

Carl Nielsen.

- 1 Hvem sidder dér bag skærmen med klude om sin hånd, med læderlap for øjet og om sin sko et bånd, det er såmænd Jens vejmand, der af sin sure nød med hamren må forvandle de hårde sten til brød.

- 2 Og vågner du en morgen i allerførste gry og hører hamren klinge påny, påny, påny, det er såmænd Jens vejmand på sine gamle ben, som hugger vilde gnister af morgenvåde sten.

- 3 Og ager du til staden bag bondens fede spand, og møder du en olding,

*hvis øje står i vand, - det er såmænd Jens vejmand med halm om ben og knæ, der næppe ved at finde mod frosten mer et læ.

- 4 Og vender du tilbage i byer og i blæst, mens aftenstjernen skælver af kulde i sydvest, og klinger hammerslaget bag vognen ganske nær, - det er såmænd Jens vejmand, som endnu sidder dér.

- 5 Så jævned han for andre den vanskelige vej, men da det léd mod julen, da sagde armen nej; det var såmænd Jens vejmand, han tabte ham'ren brat, de bar ham over heden en kold decembernat.

- 6 Der står på kirkegården et gammelt frønnet bræt; det hælder slemt til siden, og malingen er slet. Det er såmænd Jens vejmands. Hans liv var fuldt af sten, men på hans grav - i døden, man gav ham aldrig én.

SIDE A BAND 5

MOTHER AND CHILD, Hans Chr. Andersen 1954

I shall not attempt to translate the simplicity and beauty of this song by Mr. Andersen about a mother playing with her child as she rocks it to sleep.

J. C. Gebauer.

- 1 Hist, hvor vejen slår en bugt, ligger der et hus så smukt. Væggene lidt skæve stå, ruderne er ganske små, døren synker halvt i knæ, hunden gøer, det lille kræ, under taget svaler kvadre, solen synker - og så vid're.

- 2 I den røde aftensol sidder møder i sin stol; kinden luer dobbelt rød, harnet har hun på sit skød. Drengen er så frisk og sund, æblekinden rød og rund! Se, hvor hun i spøg ham banker på de søde pusselanker.

- 3 Katten står og krummer ryg, men forstyrres af en myg; barsk han den med poten slår og igen som hofmand står. Moder klapper barnets kind; se, hvor sødt det sover ind, drømmer om de engle smukke i sin lille, pæne vugge.

SIDE A BAND 6

BORN IN JUTLAND, Written 1901 by Jeppe Aakjaer

A poetical song about growing up on a homestead in a part of Jutland still left rather uncultivated and ragged.

Laub.

- 1 Jeg er født på Jyllands sletter, dér hvor lam af lyngen nipper, dér hvor hvergarnsklædt og liden moder tørred sine stripper.

2 Helst jeg mindes sommerkvælden,
når de tunge stjerner tændtes,
medens under portens mørke
stud og hors af selen spændtes.

3 Rugen stod mod lérvægsgavlen,
bøjet svagt af junidraet;
duggen faldt på gøgens vinge,
hvor han gol i hyldestræt.

4 Koen stod med reb om øret
ved en frønnet vognekæp bunden,
med en kat på hver sin side
og med drøvets drevl af munden.

5 – Inde var kun lavt til loftet,
månen kasted lys i stuen;
bedstefar i lædertrøjen
stavred om ved skorstensgruen.

6 Mor gled ind ad frammesdøren,
slæbende på mallespanden;
snart har koens varme drikke
fyldt hver barnekop til randen.

7 Far kom kroget ind fra stalden,
hængte trøjen op ved bjælken,
spiste tavs, indtil han sagde:
»Lad os takke Gud for mælken!»

8 Bad vi da i lys fra månen,
som kun børn og bønder beder,
medens tunge stjerner tændtes
over brede, tavse heder.

SIDE B BAND 1

MADS DOSS, Folk melody. Words by St. St. Blicher
1842

Song in the Jutland dialect. A shepherd's and
shepherdess' gay lovesong.

Folkemelodi.

1 Mads Doss han war en kon koltringsknæjt,
han gek mæ foeren i hien,
imell så slow han lyng te en bejt,
imell så band han åu vien
en liim te hans muer, å så sång han imell,
di hoer ed så vit, nær han tow te å hwell:
:,: La la luh – la la lih – kom! så skal a bih. 4,1

2 Mett Kølvro war en kon stonhøstos,
gek åsse mæ foeren i hien,
å somti hun swedt, å somti hun frøs;
den drywwen slet ett hun ku li en.
Hon snöwsed imell, få hin dawwen wa lång,
iwessomda tahrt hon sin klukker, å sång:
La la luh – la la lih – kom! så skal a bih.

3 Å somti di mødtes så his å så hæhr,
od mælmad, å språkked så knöwt da,
å let om let fek di hwerranner så kjæhr:
Jen kam, næ den åhn ga en hwöwt da.
Å næ di had ett, gek di hwæ te sit hjaer,
å sång, så de gjall owwe mosser og kjaer:
La la luh – la la lih – kom! så skal a bih!

SIDE B BAND 2

OUR HOME, YOU DANISH EARTH

Patriotic song written by L. C. Nielsen for the

University's feast in honor of the memory of
Chr. IX., March 1906.

C. F. E. Hornemann.

1 Vort hjem, du danske jord,
hvor bondebrødet trofast gror;
du digre muld,
så evnefuld,
så yppig til at yde!
Det kimer i din agers korn,
konkylie-horn
om dine kyster lyde. –
Vi bærer dig i lyst og nød;
vi ærer dig i liv og død;
vi kommer, når du kalder,
og knæler i dit skød!

2 Vårt hjem, du danske jord,
hvor lunets lyse sønner bor;
duggsvangre dal
med stridig ahl
og hvide klitters øde!
Det dufter i dit tungemål,
en blomsterskål
af rug og kløver røde. –
Vi favner dig, i angst og fryd;
vi savner dig, i nord og syd;
vi harmes, når vi hører
din stumme klagelyd!

3 Vort hjem, du danske jord,
der håbsom grøn af havet gror;
gavmilde muld
med mindeguld,
der klinger under ploven!
Din himmel hæver højt sit tag,
i bløde drag
langs fjorden blåner skoven. –
Vi værger dig, i armod's kår;
vi sværger dig, ihvor vi går,
at trænges, hvis du trues,
til værn omkring din vår!

SIDE B BAND 3

ROSELIL', by C. K. F. Mølbeck 1845

Jesting Lovesong.

Hr. Peder overhears Roselil' tell her mother that
before she shall ever be true to any one young
man every tree in the garden shall bear Flowers
of Gold, whereupon he goes down and puts a gold
ring on every tree in the garden.

Every chorus ends... "he who laughs last laughs
best", and so in the end Hr. Peder breaks down
her false pride and wins her heart.

Folkemelodi.

1 »Roselil' og hendes moder, de sad over bord,
de taled så mangt et skæmtens ord.
Ha, ha, ha!
Så så, så så!
De taled så mangt et skæmtens ord.»

2 Før hvert træ skal i haven bære blomster af guld,
før jeg skal worde nogen ungersvend huld.

3 Hr. Peder stod på svalen og lytted med list:
Den lær dog nok bedst, som lær til sidst.

4 Og dér de kom ned udi urtegårdens læ,
da hang der en guldring på hvert et træ.

5 Roselil' blev så rød som et dryppende blod,
hun stirred i græsset alt for sin fod.

6 Da kyssed hendes læber hr. Peder med list:
Den lær dog nok bedst, som lær til sidst.

Ha, ha, ha!
Så så, så så!
Den lær dog nok bedst, som lær til sidst.

SIDE B BAND 4

THE GOLD DICE, Original author unknown - re-
written 1847 by N.F.S. Grundtvig

The Danish version of the wandering Gypsy, who
plays dice with the fair Princess until he has won
both her and her Kingdom.

"God help me Golden haired maiden for Husband
I get"...the Princess sighs - after having offered
the disguised prince all kinds of possessions other
than herself, which of course he refuses. "You are
getting a much better husband than you ever were
worth"...he replies, and throws off his disguise.
He is a prince!

TAVLEBORDET

Folk Melody

Prinsessen sad i højeloft
med hånden under kind,
der kom sa favr en gangerpilt
og tittede derind.
For' de spillede, fordi de spillede guldtaerning.

Of hör, du favre gangerpilt,
leg tavlebord med mig!
Men jeg har intet røden guld
at sætte ind med dig.

Så saet du ind din gode hat,
om ogsa den er grå,
sa sætter jeg min perlesnor,
tag den, om du kan få!

Den første gang, guldtaerningen
pa tavlebordet randt,
den gangerpilt han tabte glat,
og jomfruen hun vandt.

Og hör, du favre gangerpilt
leg tavlebord med mig!
Men jeg har intet røden guld
at sætte ind med dig.

Sa saet du ind din kjortel god,
om ogsa den er grå!
sa sætter jeg mit hovedguld,
tag det, om du kan få!

Den anden gang, guldtaerningen
pa tavlebordet randt,
den gangerpilt, han tabte glat,
og jomfruen, hun vandt.

Og hör, du favre gangerpilt,
leg tavlebord med mig!
Men jeg har intet røden guld
at sætte ind med dig.

Sa saet du dine hoser ind
og dine vandreskol
Sa sætter ind jeg derimod
min aere og min tro.

Den tredje gang, guldtaerningen
pa tavlebordet randt,
da jomfruen, hun tabte glat,
den gangerpilt, han vandt.

Og hör du usle gangerpilt,
skynd du dig brat fra mig!
og sølverbundne knive to
dem vil jeg give dig.

De sølverbundne knive to,
dem får jeg, om jeg kan;
men jeg vil ha' den jomfru fin
jeg med guldtaerning vandt.

Og hör, du usle gangerpilt,
skynd du dig brat fra mig!
og silkesy' de skjorter to
dem vil jeg give dig.

De silkesy'de skjorter to
dem får jeg, om jeg kan;
men jeg vil ha' den jomfru fin,
jeg med guldterning vandt.

Og hör, du usle gangerpilt!
skynd du dig brat fra mig!
og med guldsadel hesten hvid,
den vil jeg give dig.

Guldsadlen og den hvide hest,
den får jeg om jeg kan;
men jeg vil ha' den jomfru fin,
jeg med guldterning vandt.

Og hör, du usle gangerpilt,
skynd du dig brat fra mig!
guldborgen med den grønne skov,
den vil jeg give dig.

Guldborgen med den grønne skov,
den får jeg, om jeg kan;
men jeg vil ha' den jomfru fin,
jeg med guldterning vandt.

Prinsessen stander i sit bur
og fletter sine hår:
"Gud bedre mig, guldløkket mö,
for faestemand, jeg får!"

Den gangerpilt i gården står
med hjelm og skjold og svaerd:
"Alt far du bedre faestemand,
end du var nogen tid vaerd.

For jeg er ingen gangerpilt,
om end jeg synes så:
jeg er den bedste kongesön,
som solen skinned på."

Prinsessen ser for gangerpilt
den kongesön i gård,
med røde roser fletter nu
hun sine gule hår.
For' de spillede, fordi de spillede guldterning.

SIDE B BAND 5

ENLAERKE LETTED, by Mads Nielsen

"Denmark free"written in 1945

Ad. Riis Magnussen.

- 1 En lærke letted, og tusind fulgte,
og straks var luften et væld af sang.
De tusind tårne tog til at tone,
så landet fyldtes af klokkers klang,
og byer blomstred i rødt og hvidt,
og det var forår og Danmark frit.

2 Det var en morgen som tusind andre
og ingen morgen i tusind år,
da Danmark vågned med klare øjne
til glædestimer og frimandskår,
og landet lyste fra sund til klit,
for det var forår og Danmark frit.

3 Vi mindes stille de tapre døde,
hvis navne lever i Danmarks navn,
og takken søger til dem, der segned,
og dem, der sidder med tunge savn.
Gud trøste dem, der har lidt og stridt,
til det blev forår og Danmark frit.

4 Men du, som styrter de stoltes riger
og løser fangne af bolt og bånd,
dig flyver hjerternes tak i møde,
vor skæbne er i din stærke hånd.
Nu er det forår og Danmark frit,
velsign det, herre, fra sund til klit.

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