

Velkommen i den grønne lund



Velkommen i den grønne lund,
hvor fuglene de sjunge!
det høres skal: den danske mund
til sang har og en tunge.

Vi har det godt i grunden her,
såvel som vore fædre,
vil Gud, den dag tør være nær,
vi får det end lidt bedre.

Vor konge er vor fuldtro ven,
som guld hans ord må skattes:
”Kom hid, I gode danemænd,
og sig os, hvad I fattes!”

Kan munden vi få ret på gang
til andet end at spise,
hverandet barn i Danevang
forstår halvkvæden vise.

For, hvad vi fattes først og sidst,
til lykke ej så ganske,
men lidt dog både her og hist,
det er det ægte danske.

Derom sang nys en lille fugl
i syd på Skamlingsbanke,
og synd det var at lægge skjul
på hele folkets tanke.

Vi føre løver i vort skjold
af hjerter tæt omsatte,
dem førte vi fra hedenold
og ingen abekatte.

Hver fugl må synge med sit næb,
og livet, kan vi skønne,
var uden sang kun slid og slæb.
Velkommen i det grønne!

Thrice welcome to the leafy grove



Thrice welcome to the leafy grove,
where birds are sweetly singing!
Let too the Danish tongue now prove
its song can set things ringing.

For all in all we're well off here,
like those of old who bore us
God willing, may the day be near
when more still lies before us.

Our king, a trusty friend is he,
his words like gold we treasure:
'Come hither, good Danes, tell to me
where you've been served short measure!'

If we could all our mouths command
to more besides just eating,
Each second child in Denmark's land
would grasp what won't need speaking.

Not much is needed joy to share
and present lacks to banish,
a little though, both here and there,
that's what is truly Danish.

On Skamling hill the other day
a little bird sang clearly,
and 'twould be shame to hide away
the thoughts that all felt dearly.

Proud lions adorn the Danish shield
bestrewn with hearts unshrinking,
since days of old they hold the field,
not miming apes unthinking.

Each bird its special song must find,
for life would without singing
be merely drudgery and grind.
So welcome, hear it ringing!

Jens Vejmand

Hvem sidder der bag Skjærmen
 med Klude om sin Haand,
 med Læderlap for Øjet
 og om sin Sko et Baand?
 Det er saamænd Jens Vejmand,
 der af sin sure Nød
 med Ham'ren maa forvandle
 de haarde Sten til Brød.

Og vaagner du en Morgen
 i allerførste Gry
 og hører Ham'ren klinge
 paany, paany, paany,
 det er saamænd Jens Vejmand
 paa sine gamle Ben,
 som hugger vilde Gnister
 af morgenvaade Sten.

Og ager du til Staden
 bag Bondens fede Spand,
 og møder du en Olding,
 hvis Øjne staar i Vand —
 det er saamænd Jens Vejmand
 med Halm om Ben og Knæ,
 der næppe ved at finde
 mod Frostens mer et Læ.

Og vender du tilbage
 i Byger og i Blæst,
 mens Aftenstjærnen skjælver
 af Kulde i Sydvest,
 og klinger Hammerslaget
 30bag Vognen ganske nær —
 det er saamænd Jens Vejmand,
 som endnu sidder dér.

Saa jævned han for andre
 den vanskelige Vej,
 men da det led mod Julen,
 da sagde Armen nej;
 det var saamænd Jens Vejmand,
 han tabte Ham'ren brat,
 de bar ham over Heden
 en kold Decembersnat.

Der staar paa Kirkegaarden
 et gammelt frønnet Bræt;
 det hælder slemt til Siden,
 og Malingen er slet.
 Det er saamænd Jens Vejmand.
 Hans Liv var fuldt af Sten,
 men paa hans Grav — i Døden,
 man gav ham aldrig én.

Jens Roadman

The musical score for 'Jens Roadman' is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a *unis.* marking. The chords and dynamics are as follows:

- Staff 1: *unis.*, A/c# D, D, A
- Staff 2: Hm, A/c# D, D/f#, Hm, A/e E
- Staff 3: A, Hm, F#m, G, D/f#, D, D7, Em 7/g
- Staff 4: F#, Hm, G, E7/g#, A, D, G, D/a, A, D

Who's sitting by the shelter
with hands where rags do cling,
with eye-patch made of leather
and shoes held on with string?
It's no one but Jens Roadman
who must, shall he be fed,
transform with his own hammer
the hard stones into bread.

And should you wake one morning
as dawn begins to soar
and hear a hammer clanging
once more, once more, once more,
It's no one but Jens Roadman
on old legs once so true
who sends wild sparks a-flying
from stones now wet with dew.

And should you travel townwards
behind the farmer's mares,
and pass beside an old man
eyes watering with tears –
It's no one but Jens Roadman,
straw-clad round legs and knees,
who seeks in vain for shelter
so he won't have to freeze.

And should you journey homewards
while showers and gales molest,
the evening star a-trembling
from cold in due southwest,
and hear the hammer singing
behind you close somewhere –
It's no one but Jens Roadman
who still is sitting there.

And so he smoothed for others
the road that's hard to go,
but when it came to Christmas
his arm said to him 'No.'
'Twas no one but Jens Roadman,
his hammer fell from sight,
they bore him o'er the heath on
a cold December night.

There stands within the churchyard
a board now half-decayed;
that skews obliquely sideways,
its paintwork faint and frayed.
It's no one but Jens Roadman,
his life was full of stones,
but on his grave they gave him
not one to mark his bones.

Svantes lykkelige dag

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Svantes lykkelige dag'. It consists of three staves of music in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notes are written in a simple, accessible style. Above the first staff, the following chords are indicated: E^b, Cm, Fm, 7/e^b, B^b/d, B^b, E^b, and 7/d. Above the second staff, the chords are: Cm, F7, B^b/d, E^b, B^b/f, F7, and B^b. Above the third staff, the chords are: G^o, B^bm/f, C/e, Fm, B^b, A^b/c, B^b/d, and E^b. The score ends with a double bar line.

Se, hvilken morgenstund!
Solen er rød og rund.
Nina er gået i bad.
Jeg spiser ostemad.
Livet er ikke det værste man har
og om lidt er kaffen klar.

Blomsterne blomstrer op.
Dér går en edderkop.
Fuglene flyver i flok
når de er mange nok.
Lykken er ikke det værste man har
og om lidt er kaffen klar.

Græsset er grønt og vådt.
Bierne har det godt.
Lungerne frådser i luft.
Ah, hvilken snerleduft!
Glæden er ikke det værste man har
og om lidt er kaffen klar.

Sang under brusebad.
Hun må vist være glad.
Himlen er temmelig blå.
Det kan jeg godt forstå.
Lykken er ikke det værste man har
og om lidt er kaffen klar.

Nu kommer Nina ud,
nøgen, med fugtig hud,
kysser mig kærligt og går
ind for at re' sit hår.
Livet er ikke det værste man har
og om lidt er kaffen klar.

Svante's happy day

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Svante's happy day'. It consists of three staves of music in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notes are written in a simple, accessible style. Above the notes, various chords are indicated: E-flat, C minor, F minor, 7/E-flat, B-flat/D, B-flat, E-flat, 7/D, C minor, F7, B-flat/D, E-flat, B-flat/F, F7, B-flat, G major, B-flat major/f, C/E, F minor, B-flat, A-flat/C, B-flat/D, and E-flat. The score ends with a double bar line.

See how the day's begun!
 Warm is the round red sun.
 Nina is showering at ease.
 I'm eating bread and cheese.
 Life's not the worst thing around so they say
 and the coffee's on its way.

Flowers start to flower once more.
 Spiders run down the door.
 Birds fly in flocks through the air
 when there are birds to spare.
 Joy's not the worst thing around so they say
 and the coffee's on its way.

Green is the grass and wet.
 None of the bees need fret.
 Suck in the air till it's spent.
 Oh, get that bindweed scent!
 Bliss's not the worst thing around so they say
 and the coffee's on its way.

In wafts a shower-time song.
 She's really going strong.
 Outside the sky is quite blue.
 I can approve that too –
 Joy's not the worst thing around so they say
 and the coffee's on its way.

Now Nina comes right in,
 naked, with moist warm skin,
 kisses me fondly, still bare
 goes off to do her hair.
 Life's not the worst thing around so they say
 and the coffee's on its way.