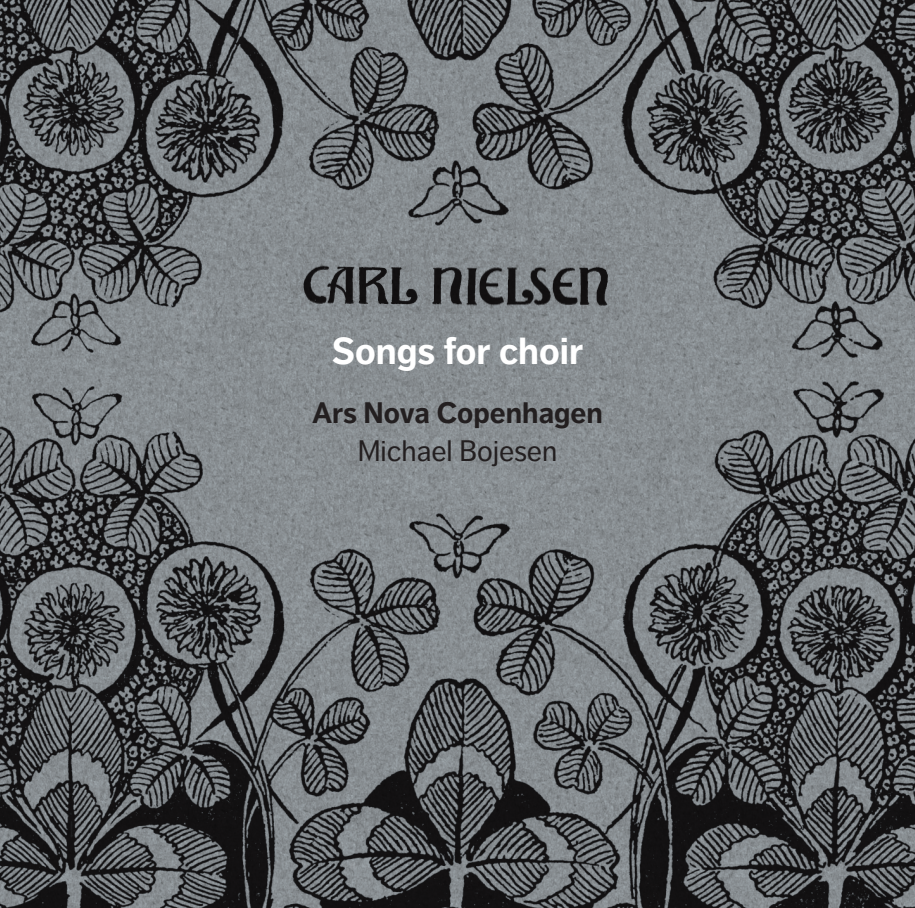




CARL NIELSEN

Songs for choir

Ars Nova Copenhagen

Michael Bojesen

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Michael Bojesen, conductor

- [1] **Nu er dagen fuld af sang** (Now the day is full of song), **CNW 213** (1914) 2:17
from 'En Snes danske Viser' (1915) (A Score of Danish Songs, 1915)
- [2] **Frydeligt med jubelkor** (Jubilation, shouts of glee), **CNW 375** (1906)..... 2:26
from 'Melodier til sangbogen Danmark' (Melodies for the Songbook "Denmark")
- [3] **Påskeblomst! hvad vil du her?** (Easterbloom! Why are you here?), **CNW 361** (1910) 4:58
lyrics/text as presented in 'Den Danske Salmebog' (The Danish Hymn Book)
- [4] **Vi sletternes sønner har drømme i sind** (We, sons of the plains carry dreams
in our minds), **CNW 147** (1907-08) 4:20
from 'Fire sange fra Ludvig Holsteins skuespil "Tove" (Four Songs from Ludvig Holstein's play "Tove")
- [5] **Havet omkring Danmark** (Seas surrounding Denmark), **CNW 146** (1907-08) 2:42
from 'Fem sange fra L.C. Nielsens skuespil "Willemoes"'
(Five Songs from L.C. Nielsen's Play "Willemoes")
- [6] **I solen går jeg bag min plov** (In shining sun I steer my plough), **CNW 129** (1895-96)..... 2:32
from 'Seks sange til tekster af Ludvig Holstein' (Six Songs to Texts by Ludvig Holstein), op. 10
- [7] **Nu skal det åbenbares** (This is the revelation), **CNW 261** (1922) 3:20
from 'Fire folkelige Melodier' (Four "Folkelige" Melodies)
- [8] **Nu lyser løv i lunde** (The greenwood leaves are light now), **CNW 256** (1921) 2:28
from 'Tyve folkelige Melodier' (Twenty "Folkelige" Melodies), no. XIX
- [9] **Se dig ud en sommerdag** (Look about one summer day), **CNW 221** (1914) 2:23
from 'En Snes danske Viser' (1917) (A Score of Danish Songs, 1917)

- [10] **Frihed er det bedste guld** (Freedom is the purest gold), **CNW 255** (1919; arr. 1921) 3:56
from 'Tyve folkelige Melodier' (Twenty "Folkelige" Melodies), no. XVIII
- [11] **Som en rejselysten flåde** (There's a fleet of floating islands), **CNW 237** (1920) 5:30
from the play 'Moderen' (The Mother), op. 41, **CNW 18**
- [12] **Udrundne er de gamle dage** (Gone are the days, they're past and olden), **CNW 253** (1917) .. 2:05
version for mixed choir, arr. 1925
- [13] **Der sad en fisker så tankefuld** (There sat a fisherman deep in thought), **CNW 244** (1919) ... 4:44
from 'Tyve folkelige Melodier' (Twenty "Folkelige" Melodies), no. VII
- [14] **Du danske mand! af al din magt** (Sing, Danish man! With all your might),
CNW 288 (1906) 2:30
version for mixed choir, arr. 1915-16
- [15] **På det jævne, på det jævne!** (Simple-rooted, simple-rooted!), **CNW 238** (1921) 4:18
from 'Tyve folkelige Melodier' (Twenty "Folkelige" Melodies), no. I
- [16] **Derfor kan vort øje glædes** (Wherefore do our eyes feel pleasure), **CNW 239** (1919) 2:20
from 'Tyve folkelige Melodier' (Twenty "Folkelige" Melodies), no. II
- [17] **Tunge, mørke natteskyer** (Heavy, gloomy clouds of night), **CNW 250** (1917) 3:04
from 'Tyve folkelige Melodier' (Twenty "Folkelige" Melodies), no. XIII
- [18] **Hvem sidder der bag skærmen** (Who's there behind the shelter), **CNW 137** (1907) 3:49
from 'Strofiske Sange' (Strophic Songs), op. 21, no. 3
- [19] **Betragt mit svage spind** (Behold my web, how frail), **CNW 254** (1921) 1:26
from 'Tyve folkelige Melodier' (Twenty "Folkelige" Melodies), no. XVII
- [20] **Den danske sang er en ung, blond pige** (The Danish song is a fair young maiden),
CNW 271 (1926) 2:24
from 'Ti danske Smaasange' (Ten little Danish songs), no. X

TOTAL: 63:31

Dacapo is supported by the Danish Arts Foundation **DANISH ARTS FOUNDATION**

Carl Nielsen wrote almost 300 songs. Some are solo songs in the classical tradition, but the great majority are simple, popular songs. No other important composer has invested so much of his productive energy in the most unassuming genre: the community song. This duality as both a radical and a popular artist is one of Carl Nielsen's distinctive features, and it colours his production both internally and externally.

The work with popular songs did not begin as a project for Carl Nielsen, but it ended up becoming one. The earliest songs on this album come from highly varied contexts – for example a theatre production (*Havet omkring Danmark*), a summer revue (*Du danske mand*) and a collection of Lieder (*I solen går jeg bag min plov*). The popular potential of those particular songs is something Carl Nielsen is unlikely to have reckoned with. Even the overwhelming success in 1907 of the socially indignant song *Jens Vejmand* (Who's there behind the shelter) came as a surprise to him. The song made Carl Nielsen one of Denmark's best known artists, and it reached every corner of the country. *Jens Vejmand* became both a subject of political debate and a 'hit' – and in 1910 a dance orchestra recorded it on a cheerful record as *Jens Vejmand Polka!*

But something had been aroused in Carl Nielsen, and in time he saw himself as someone who could contribute to the formulation of a new, popular kind of music, a renewal of the song tradition that had roots as far back as J.A.P. Schulz and his collection *Lieder im Volkston* from the 1780s. Schulz thought a new song should have a "*Schein des Bekannten*", a feeling of the apparently familiar, if it was to be sung by and have qualities for everyone.

These thoughts came to carry great weight in Carl Nielsen's view of music, and alongside his increasingly radical works, in the 1910s and 1920s he systematically wrote his popular songs – for the first time in 1914 at the urging of the Folk High School principal Johan Borup, and later he himself established a collaboration with the composer and hymn reformer Thomas Laub. They put new melodies to older Danish poems, even though several of these already had melodies by other composers. Nielsen and Laub divided up the poems between them and published the melodies in a joint collection, *En Snes Danske Viser* (A Score of Danish Songs), which appeared in two volumes in 1915 and 1917. The project received good press coverage, not least when the

songs were presented in a kind of 'conceptual' concert where the vocal soloists on the stage were dressed in everyday clothing.

Carl Nielsen came from the countryside and had grown up with traditional Danish folk music. Without directly quoting folk songs or the music of the folk musicians – as the fully paid-up 'National Romantics' often did – with his popular songs he struck a musical tone that sounded familiar, that had the "*Schein des Bekannten*". To his wife Anne Marie he wrote:

"It is strange that when I write these easily comprehensible, simple melodies, it is as if it is not I who am the composer at all; it is as if – how shall I put it – it is people from my childhood over on Funen or as if it is the Danish people who want something through me. But perhaps it sounds too grand because the matter is so plain and simple, at least for me."

The popular songs are often grouped together under the general heading "Folk High School songs", a term that is hard to translate properly, as is the alternative name "Danish songs" (which together make up "the treasury of Danish song") which does not have the right associations in a translated context. In order to move beyond the problem of language and genre, in the new Carl Nielsen Edition singable translations in English have been made of all the songs; see pp. 12-37.

So what are they? Simple, strophic songs – not folk songs, but songs for everyone, and ideally for a whole nation; utility music that serves the poetry and the specific framework for community singing, intended for use in schools, churches and public meetings, and above all for the Danish Folk High Schools, where adults educate themselves, without taking exams, to learn more about history and culture.

In 1922 Carl Nielsen was one of the editors of the first edition of *Folkehøjskolens Melodibog*, the official collection of melodies for the repertoire of folk high school songs. 33 of his own melodies were included in the first edition. The selection has varied over the years, songs have been excluded and new ones included, some have become obsolete, others rediscovered. The present eighteenth edition includes 36 of his songs, and many more have been written by other composers in Carl Nielsen's style.

Can one sing a community song as a choir? People began to do so back in Carl Nielsen's own lifetime, and that tradition has continued. Alongside their function as community songs, they have become a regular feature of the Danish amateur choir repertoire – perhaps more so now than ever before, because the community singing culture in Denmark is in decline.

Here Ars Nova sing a wide selection of Carl Nielsen's folk high school songs. Only three are Nielsen's own choral versions (his plan to make more choral versions of the popular songs was never realized), so the conductor Michael Bojesen has converted Nielsen's original piano arrangements from *Folkehøjskolens Melodibog* into four-part choral arrangements. These are thus not artistic reworkings as such. "One must beware of making too many changes in Carl Nielsen's songs, because the melody and harmony are so closely connected," says Michael Bojesen, who is today one of Carl Nielsen's successors as a co-editor of the songbook. In this sense the new arrangements are a very puritanical project, quite in Carl Nielsen's spirit of simplicity and straightforwardness.

In order to understand Carl Nielsen's artistic personality one has to understand the popular songs as an integral part of his oeuvre. Sometimes the fusion is straightforward, for example in *Moderen*, a production from 1921 about the reunification with South Jutland/North Schleswig, which Nielsen concluded with the magnificent patriotic song *Som en rejselysten flåde*. At other times the popular melodies are mixed in without words. One finds a direct melodic quotation in the variation movement of the *Wind Quintet*, while the last movement of *Symphony no. 3* ("*Sinfonia espansiva*") with its tribute to everyday working life, is a paraphrase of the popular song as melody type. And even in some of Carl Nielsen's most modernist works, the *Clarinet Concerto* and *Symphony no. 6*, 'popular' melodic fragments will appear as artistic material.

In the 1920s Carl Nielsen was asked by the song composer Thorvald Aagaard to write a "popular symphony", and although he promised to do so, fortunately nothing ever came of it. It was unnecessary to advertise his stance so clearly when it could already be heard. "If one penetrates to the nucleus of my compositions, it will probably be evident that this nucleus is the same both in the large symphonies and in the small songs. Yet this has been difficult for many people to understand," Nielsen said in a newspaper interview in 1928.

In other words, one must not try to seek out the radical artist's musical idiom in Carl Nielsen's popular songs. The situation is quite the reverse. With his folk high school songs in one's ears – and in one's bones – the connection becomes so obvious that much of his output quite simply evokes that "feeling of the apparently familiar."

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Founded in 1979, **Ars Nova Copenhagen** has long established itself as one of the world's finest vocal ensembles. The ensemble's artistic director is the renowned English conductor Paul Hillier whose more than 150 recordings have won countless international prizes, i.a. two Grammy Awards. Ars Nova is specialized in the interpretation of Renaissance polyphony and contemporary vocal music. With an annual concert series in Copenhagen, numerous concerts in the rest of Denmark and continual worldwide touring the ensemble is today in demand more than ever before. Ars Nova has recorded more than 30 CDs to critical acclaim in both Danish and international music press. Among recent releases are 'Creator Spiritus' with music by Arvo Pärt, 'The Story of Christmas' (Harmonia Mundi) and 'The Golden Age of Danish Partsongs' with music by some of the best Danish vocal composers from the Romantic period up until today (Dacapo). Earlier releases include portraits of Danish composers like Per Nørgård, Pelle Gudmundsen-Holmgreen, Ib Nørholm and Rued Langgaard; four CDs with Heinrich Schütz' complete narrative works for Christmas and Easter; John Taverner & Tudor Music, Vols. 1 & 2, and Terry Riley's 60s classic 'In C' as well as 'The Little Match Girl Passion' with music by David Lang which won a Grammy Award in 2010.

Michael Bojesen is a versatile artist as both composer, conductor and music pedagogue. In the course of his career he has established a fine reputation for himself as a striking profile in the Danish music scene, especially as conductor. For a decade Michael Bojesen was chief conductor for the Danish National Girls Choir for which he since has held the title as honorary conductor. Bojesen has worked closely with the DR Big Band, the Danish National Chamber Orchestra, the Danish National Symphony Orchestra and the Danish regional orchestras. From 1989 to 2006 he conducted The Copenhagen Chamber Choir Camerata with which he recorded numerous CDs, received many international awards and won a Danish Grammy for Best Classical Recording in 1998. Since September 2012 Michael Bojesen has been director of Copenhagen Opera Festival. Furthermore he was senior lecturer at Sankt Annæ Gymnasium, associate professor at the Royal Danish Academy of Music, the driving force behind the DR Choir School and co-editor of the 18th edition of the Folk High School Songbook. His involvement in singing led to a nationwide initiative 'The Year of Singing' in 2008, the same year when he was awarded "Den folkelige sangs pris".

Carl Nielsen skrev næsten 300 sange. Nogle er solosange i klassisk tradition, men langt de fleste er enkle, folkelige sange. Ingen anden betydelig komponist har lagt så stor del af sin produktion i den mest undseelige genre: Fællessang. Dobbeltsidigheden som både radikal og folkelig kunstner er et af Carl Nielsens særkender, og det præger hans produktion indadtil og udadtil.

Arbejdet med folkelige sange begyndte ikke som et projekt for Carl Nielsen, men endte med at blive det. De tidligste sange på dette album stammer fra ret forskellige sammenhænge, f.eks. en teaterforestilling (*Havet omkring Danmark*), en sommerrevy (*Du danske mand*) og en liedsamling (*I solen går jeg bag min plov*). Lige de sanges folkelige potentiale havde Carl Nielsen næppe regnet med. Selv den overvældende succes i 1907 for den socialt indignerede vise *Jens Vejmand* (*Hvem sidder der bag skærmen*) kom bag på ham. Sangen gjorde Carl Nielsen til en af Danmarks kendteste kunstnere, og den nåede ud i alle kroge af landet. Jens Vejmand blev både et politisk debatindlæg og en ørehænger – og i 1910 indspillede et danseorkester den på en munter plade som *Jens Vejmand Polka!*

Men noget var blevet vakt i Carl Nielsen, og han så efterhånden sig selv som en, der kunne være med til at formulere en ny, folkelig musik. En fornyelse af den sangtradition, der havde rødder helt tilbage til J.A.P. Schulz og hans samling *Lieder im Volkston* fra 1780'erne. "Schein des Bekannten", et præg af det tilsyneladende velkendte, mente Schulz, at en ny sang skulle have, hvis den skulle kunne synges af enhver og have kvaliteter for alle.

De tanker kom til at fylde utrolig meget i Carl Nielsens musiksyn, og ved siden af sine stadig mere radikale værker skrev han i 1910'erne og 1920'erne systematisk sine folkelige sange. Første gang i 1914 på opfordring fra højskoleforstanderen Johan Borup, og siden etablerede han selv et samarbejde med komponisten og salmereformatoren Thomas Laub. De satte nye melodier til ældre danske digte, selv om flere af disse allerede havde melodier af andre komponister. Nielsen og Laub delte digtene imellem sig og udgav melodierne i en fælles samling, *En Snes Danske Viser*, der udkom i to hæfter i 1915 og 1917. Projektet fik god presseomtale, ikke mindst da sangene blev præsenteret ved en nærmest konceptuel koncert, hvor sangsolisterne på scenen var ikklædt hverdagstøj.

Carl Nielsen kom fra landet og var vokset op med den traditionelle danske folkmusik. Uden direkte at citere folkesange eller spillemandsmusik – hvad de egentlige nationalromantikere derimod gerne gjorde – ramte han med sine folkelige sange en musikalsk tone, der virkede bekendt, havde et "Schein des Bekannten". Til sin kone Anne Marie skrev han:

"Det er underligt, at naar jeg skriver disse letfattede, enkle Melodier er det som om det slet ikke er mig der komponerer; det er som om – hvad skal jeg sige – det var Folk fra min Barndom ovre paa Fyn eller som om det var det danske Folk som ønsker noget igennem mig. Men det lyder maaske saa stort, da Sagen er saa jævn og simpel, ihvertfald for mig."

De folkelige sange kaldes tit over en kam for "højskolesange". En betegnelse, der er svær at oversætte. Også den alternative betegnelse "danske sange" (der tilsammen udgør "den danske sangskat") bliver meningsløs i oversat sammenhæng. For at komme ud over sprog- og genreproblemet har man i den nye Carl Nielsen Udgave lavet sangbare oversættelser på engelsk til samtlige sange; oversættelser som anvendes i bookletten her.

Hvad er det så for noget? Enkle, strofiske sange, ikke folkesange, men sange for enhver og ideelt set for et helt folk. Brugsmusik, der tjener lyrikken og de bestemte rammer for fællessang. Tænkt til brug i skoler, kirker og forsamlinger, og frem for alt til den danske folkehøjskole, hvor voksne videreuddanner sig – uden eksamen – for at blive klogere på historien og kulturen.

Carl Nielsen var i 1922 en af redaktørerne af den første udgave af Folkehøjskolens Melodibog, den officielle samling af melodier til repertoire af højskolesange. 33 af hans egne melodier kom med i førsteudgaven. Udvalget har svinget gennem årene, sange er røget ud og ind, nogle er blevet forældet, andre genopdaget. Den nuværende 18. udgave har 36 af hans sange med, og mange flere er skrevet af andre komponister i Carl Nielsen-stil.

Kan man synges en fællessang med et flerstemmigt kor? Det begyndte man at gøre allerede i Carl Nielsens levetid, og den tradition er fortsat. Sideløbende med sangenes funktion som fællessange er de blevet en fast del af repertoire for danske amatørkor. Måske i højere grad nu end nogensinde før, fordi fællessangskulturen i Danmark er på retur.

Ars Nova synger her et bredt udvalg af Carl Nielsens højskolesange. Kun tre er Nielsens egne korudgaver (hans plan om at lave flere korversioner af de folkelige sange blev aldrig til noget), så dirigenten Michael Bojesen har overført Nielsens originale klaversatser fra Folkehøjskolens Melodibog til firstemmigt korsats. Der er altså ikke tale om kunstneriske bearbejdelser som

sådan. "Lige netop Carl Nielsens sange skal man være sig for at lave for meget om på, fordi melodik og harmonik er så tæt forbundet", siger Michael Bojesen, der i dag er en af Carl Nielsens efterfølgere som medredaktør af sangbogen. På den måde er de nye arrangementer et ret puritansk projekt, helt i Carl Nielsens ånd om enkelhed og ligefremhed.

For at forstå Carl Nielsens kunstneriske person er man nødt til at forstå de folkelige sange som en integreret del af hans værk. Nogle gange er fusionen ligetil, f.eks. i *Moderen*, en forestilling fra 1921 om genforeningen med Sønderjylland, hvor Nielsen afslutter med den storslåede fædrelandshymne *Som en rejselysten flåde*. Andre gange blander de folkelige melodier sig uden ord. Et direkte melodicitat finder man i variationssatsen fra *Blæserkvintetten*, mens sidste sats af *Symfoni nr. 3* ("Sinfonia espansiva") med sin hyldest til det daglige arbejde er en parafrase over den folkelige sang som meloditype. Og selv i nogle af Carl Nielsens mest modernistiske værker, *Klarinetkoncerten* og *Symfoni nr. 6*, dukker "folkelige" melodistumper op som kunstnerisk materiale.

I 1920'erne blev Carl Nielsen bedt af sangkomponisten Thorvald Aagaard om at skrive en "folkesymfoni", og selv om han lovede at gøre det, blev det heldigvis aldrig til noget. Det var unødvendigt at skilte så tydeligt med sit ståsted, når nu det allerede kunne høres. "Trænger man ind til Grundcellen i mine Kompositioner, vil det sikkert vise sig, at denne Celle er den samme baade i de store Symfonier og i de smaa Viser. Det har dog faldet mange svært at forstaa", sagde Nielsen i et avisinterview i 1928.

Man skal med andre ord ikke lede efter den radikale kunstners tonesprog i Carl Nielsens folkelige sange. Sagen forholder sig omvendt. Med hans højskolesange i ørerne – og på rygmarven – bliver sammenhængen så åbenlys, at meget af hans øvrige produktion simpelthen får "et præg af det tilsyneladende velkendte."

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Ars Nova Copenhagen blev grundlagt i 1979 og har forlængst etableret sig som et af verdens fineste vokalsembler. Ensemblet ledes kunstnerisk af den anderkendte engelske dirigent Paul Hillier, hvis mere end 150 indspilninger har vundet utallige internationale priser, heriblandt to Grammy Awards. Ars Nova har specialiseret sig i fortolkning af renæssancens polyfone kormusik og ny vokalmusik. Med en årlig koncertsæson i København, adskillige koncerter i det øvrige Danmark og tilbagevendende turnéer verden over er gruppen i dag mere efterspurgt end nogensinde. Ars Nova har indspillet mere end 30 CD'er, som har fået begejstrede anmeldelser i både den danske og den internationale musikpresse. Blandt de seneste udgivelser er 'Creator Spiritus' med musik af Arvo Pärt, 'The Story of Christmas' (Harmonia Mundi) og 'The Golden Age of Danish Partsongs' med musik af en række af de bedste danske vokalkomponister fra romantikken til i dag (Dacapo). Tidligere udgivelser omfatter portrætdugtelser af danske komponister som Per Nørgård, Pelle Gudmundsen-Holmgreen, Ib Nørholm og Rued Langgaard; fire CD'er med Heinrich Schütz' samlede fortællende værker til jul og påske, John Taverner & Tudor Music, vol. 1 & 2, og Terry Riley's 60'er-klassiker 'In C' og 'The Little Match Girl Passion' med musik af David Lang, som i 2010 blev tildelt en Grammy Award.

Michael Bojesen er en alsidig kunstner både som komponist, dirigent og musikpædagog. Han har igennem sin karriere opbygget et renommé som en markant profil i dansk musikliv, særligt som dirigent. Michael Bojesen var i godt 10 år chefdirigent for DR PigeKoret, hos hvem han siden sin fratræden i 2010 har båret titlen æresdirigent. Han har arbejdet tæt sammen med DR VokalEnsemblet og Ars Nova Copenhagen samt med DR Big Bandet, DR UnderholdningsOrkestret, DR SymfoniOrkestret og de danske landsdelsorkestre. Fra 1989-2006 var Bojesen dirigent for Kammerkoret Camerata, med hvem han indspillede en lang række CD'er, vandt flere internationale priser og modtog en dansk grammy for årets bedste klassiske udgivelse i 1998. I september 2012 tiltrådte Michael Bojesen stillingen som direktør for Copenhagen Opera Festival. Herudover har han været lektor på Sankt Annæ Gymnasium, docent ved Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og var drivkraften bag DR korskolen. Bojesen var desuden medlem af 18. Udgave af Højskolesangbogens redaktionsudvalg, ligesom han var redaktør på Melodibogen. Hans store engagement i sang har blandt andet ført til gennemførelsen af Sangens År 2008 – samme år som han modtog "Den folkelige sangs pris".

Nu er dagen fuld af sang

(Jeppe Aakjær)

- [1] Nu er dagen fuld af sang,
og nu er viben kommen,
bekkasinen natten lang
håndterer elskovstrommen.
*Plukke, plukke dugget strå,
plukke, plukke siv ved å,
plukke, plukke blomster.*

Engen er nu gyldengul
af tunge kabbelejer,
søndenvinden byder op,
og dueurten nejler.
Plukke, plukke ...

Dammen ligger dagen ud
med brudelys i hænde,
rækker højt de ranke skud,
at solen må dem tænde.
Plukke, plukke ...

Nu vil mø med silkestik
på brudelinet sømme.
Den, som ingen bejler fik,
hun ta'r sig én i drømme.
Plukke, plukke ...

Ræk mig en forglemmigej
og sidst en krusemynte,
sådan slutter vi vor leg
så glad, som den begyndte.
Plukke, plukke ...

Now the day is full of song

(Jeppe Aakjær)

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.*

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

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

Now the maid with the silken stitch
Will make her linen ready;
She who could no man bewitch,
In dreams is going steady.
Picking, picking ...

Hand me a forget-me-not,
And last a curled mint, too.
Merry games our happy lot,
Their pleasure will imprint you.
Picking, picking ...

Frydeligt med jubelkor

(Morten Børup)

- [2] Frydeligt med jubelkor
hilses vårens komme,
svalen melder trindt på jord:
"Frostens tid er omme!"
Land og hav og lundens træ'r
herligt prydes fjernt og nær,
– nye skabningsunder!
Kraft på ny vort legem får,
lægt er nu vort hjertesår
i de glade stunder.

Jordens rige blomsterpragt,
skovens grønne smykke,
fuglesangens tryllemagt
fylder os med lykke;
havets storme raser ud,
luften hærges ej af slud,
duggens perler rene
samler solens stråleglans
i en dejlig perlekrans
rundt på græs og grene.

Hvor dog Gud er god og viis!
Hvor er verden fager!
Hvor dog alt til Herrens pris
ånd og tanke drager!
Han har stort og småt på jord,
urten, som på marken gror,
form og farve givet.
Efter nat vi dagen nu

Jubilation, shouts of glee

(Morten Børup)

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.

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.

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,

hilse vil med frejdig hu,
takke Gud for livet.

Påskeblomst! hvad vil du her?

(N.F.S. Grundtvig)

- [3] Påskeblomst! hvad vil du her?
Bondeblomst fra landsbyhave
uden duft og pragt og skær!
hvem er du velkommen gave?
Hvem mon, tænker du, har lyst
dig at trykke ømt til bryst?
Mener du, en fugl tør vove
sang om dig i Danmarks skove?

Ej i liflig sommerluft
spired du på blomsterstade,
ej så fik du rosens duft,
ikke liljens sølverblade;
under vinterstorm og regn
sprang du frem i golde egn,
ved dit syn kun den sig fryder,
som har kær, hvad du betyder.

Påskeblomst! men er det sandt:
Har vi noget at betyde?
Er vor prædiken ej tant?
Kan de døde graven bryde?
Stod han op, som ordet går?
Mon hans ord igen opstår?
Springer klart af gule lagen
livet frem med påskedagen?

Greet it in a cheerful mood,
Thanks to God for being.

Easter bloom! Why are you here?

(N.F.S. Grundtvig)

Easter bloom! Why are you here?
Flowering for village peasant,
Scentless, modest you appear!
Anybody's welcome present?
Who, imagine, might desire
For you softly to suspire?
Would a bird dare sing of flowers
In this little land of ours?

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 the barren jail;
Seeing you then, he's elated
Who loves all you've vindicated.

Easter bloom! But is it true:
Is our presence here a token?
Have our 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?

Kan de døde ej opstå,
intet har vi at betyde,
visne må vi brat i vrå,
ingen have skal vi pryde;
glemmes skal vi under muld,
vil ej vokset underfuld
smelte, støbes i det dunkle
og som lys på graven funkle.

Påskeblomst! en dråbe stærk
drak jeg af dit gule bæger,
og som ved et underværk
den mig hæver, vederkvæger:
Hanegal og morgensang,
synes mig, af den udsprang;
vågnende jeg ser de døde
i en påske-morgenrøde.

Ja, jeg ved, du siger sandt:
Frelseren stod op af døde!
Det er hver langfredags pant
på en påske-morgenrøde:
Hvad er segl og sværd og skjold
mod den Herre kæk og bold?
Avner kun, når han vil ånde,
han, som svor os bod for vande.

Vi sletternes sønner har drømme i sind

(Ludvig Holstein)

- [4] Vi sletternes sønner har drømme i sind,
de vågner og bliver til sange,
de stiger af sommernattågernes spind,

Can the dead not rise again,
So we've lost our final meaning,
We must wither swiftly when
Gardens without us are greening;
Be forgotten under clay
If not wax in wondrous way
Melts, is cast as candles darkling,
Lighted then on graves, a-sparkling.

Easter bloom! A potent drink
From your yellow cup conveys me
Quite a marvel and, I think,
Will refresh me and will raise me:
Crowing cock and morning hymn
Seemed to bubble from its brim;
Wakening I shall see the perished
Throughout Easter dawn be cherished.

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.

We, sons of the plains carry dreams in our minds

(Ludvig Holstein)

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,

som lærkerne flyver af vange.
De brister af længsel en dag i april,
som krokus og blå hyacinther,
de bryder som vårsolens sejrende smil
igennem den smeltende vinter.

Så sejler de over det duftende land,
hvor vårsolen pibler af jorden,
og hilser med jubel bag skovenes rand
den blinkende stribefjorden
og skælver i forårets fløjttende lyd,
som triller fra haver og lunde,
og stjæler letsindigt forventningens fryd
fra løndomsfuldt smilende munde.

Og segner blandt blomster i majnattens favn,
som brister på skrænter og grene,
og hvisker i duggen den elskedes navn,
du rene, du eneste ene.
Det er ikke morgen, det er ikke nat,
sært tankerne vildes i tågen,
højt hamrer et hjerte, og fjært i sit krat
er sommernatsangeren vågen.

Hr. Oluf red over elverbro
i midsommernatten den hvide,
da snubled hans gang på fire guldske. –
Hr. Oluf, hvorthen vil I ride?
Hvorthen vil I ride før morgenens skær,
og hvor er I fostret og båret,
og hvem har I diet, og hvem har I kær,
hvor blev eders kjortel skåret?

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.

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.

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.

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?

O, trolddom i sommernattågnernes spind!
O, minder, som kogler og frister!
Vi sletternes sønner har drømme i sind,
og ved ikke selv, når de brister.
De ligger og venter forløsningens stund
og længes at blive til sange,
som lærker i kløvermarktuernes bund,
før dagningen lyser i vange.

Havet omkring Danmark

(L.C. Nielsen)

[5] Havet omkring Danmark, vort moderlige hav,
blåt som vore øjne og blidt som vore drømme,
– minderige strømme, som stryger mildt
mod kyst. –

Længsel har du lagt i vort bryst!
Vi vandrer din vej, vi lyder din lov,
vi pløjer dine enge med kølens ranke plov.
Du vugger os i verden, så vide som vi vil. –
Dig elsker vi, o hav, og dig vi hører til!

Havet omkring Danmark, vort moderlige hav,
gråt som vore vilkår og grønt som vore løfter,
– skumbesatte kløfter, som kløver ø fra ø, –
dådfuldt har du lært os at dø!
Vi vandrer din vej ...

Havet omkring Danmark, du moderlige hav,
stridt som vore viljer og stolt som vore sejre,

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.

Seas surrounding Denmark

(L.C. Nielsen)

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.

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 ...

Seas surrounding Denmark, you wide, maternal seas,
stubborn like our willpow'r, as proud as our
successes,

– brynjeklædte lejre, som larmer under strand. –
Hæder skal vi høste vort land!
Vi vandrer din vej ...

I solen går jeg bag min plov

(Ludvig Holstein)

[6] I solen går jeg bag min plov.
Jeg nikker til den grønne skov
hvor du, min lykke, gemmer dig.
Mit hjerte ler og gemmer sig
og gemmer sin lyksalighed,
til sol går ned, til sol går ned.

Min lykke vågner ung og ny
som lærkesang ved morgengry.
Hver aftenstund den smykker sig.
Men kun for mig du smykker dig.
Og nætternes lyksalighed
er dagens gyldne hem'lighed.

Min lykke siges ej med ord.
Den stråler dyb og rig og stor
i blikket, som hun sender mig.
Min lykke, der jeg kender dig
og mig og vor lyksalighed,
som ingen ved, som ingen ved.

Jeg pløjer op det gode muld,
men ingen ser det gyldne guld,
som i mit hjerte gemmer sig.
Jeg gemmer mig, jeg gemmer dig,
jeg gemmer vor lyksalighed,
til sol går ned, til sol går ned.

– coat of mail impresses like clamour on the strand. –
Glory shall we bring this old land!
We'll wander your way ...

In shining sun I steer my plough

(Ludvig Holstein)

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.

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.

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.

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.

Nu skal det åbenbares

(N.F.S. Grundtvig)

[7] Nu skal det åbenbares,
at gammel kærlighed
i hver en skærsild klares
og er for rust i fred.
For levende og døde
kan daners hjerter bløde,
men isne kan de ej!

End lever kærligheden,
som aldrig skal forgå,
men klare sig herneden
til livet at forstå,
til klart ham at begribe,
der evig er i live,
som kærligheden selv.

Så er da ikke brustet
"fuldkommenhedens bånd",
vor kæde er ej rustet,
den bryder ingen hånd,
men af hvert led udspringer
en blomst med fuglevinger
til gyldenårets krans.

Ja, kæden af kærminder
man sagtens prise tør:
jo stærkere den binder,
des friere den gør,
jo længer den mon vare,
des mindre står den fare,
des gyldnere den bli'r.

This is the revelation

(N.F.S. Grundtvig)

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.

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.

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.

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.

Man længe nok må sige,
at kærlighed er blind,
det bli'r dog lysets rige,
hvor ret den strømmer ind.
Og han har aldrig levet,
som klog på det er blevet,
han først ej havde kærl.

Fra arildstid her inde
vi elsked "liv og fred",
og hos vor dannekvinde
vi elsked kærlighed,
så, er den livets gåde,
den sikkert bedst vil råde
fuldvoksne dannemænd.

Ny lyser løv i lunde

(Johannes Jørgensen)

- [8] Ny lyser løv i lunde,
grønt ligger Danmarks land
imellem blanke sunde,
et skjold med sølver rand;
frugtblomsters hvide pletter
det rige, grønne felt,
mens højt de lyse nætter
slår ud sit sommertelt.

Nu løses fugletunger
af vinterdødens band,
et solskinskor de sjunger
i skovens frie land; –
de kalder os, de stemmer,

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!

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.

The greenwood leaves are light now

(Johannes Jørgensen)

The greenwood leaves are light now,
And Denmark's verdant field
'Tween glitt'ring sounds is right now
A silver-edgèd shield;
The blossoms' white is dotting
The scen'ry with its lights,
While stars above are spotting
The tent of northern nights.

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,

ud fra vort hverdagsbur,
fjernt fra dets fangetremmer
at finde dig, natur!

Den frihed, som vi savner
bag byens mur og tag,
på åben mark vi favner
en solglad junidag;
så skære er dens kinder
som æbleblomstens blad,
og om dens hår sig vinder
dugdråbers perlerad.

Du lyse, friske sommer!
vor friheds unge brud,
fra støv og støj vi kommer
til fred og stilhed ud.
Vort liv til lyst du vende
på dagens solskinsfelt,
og over os du spænde
de lyse nætters telt!

Se dig ud en sommerdag

(Jeppe Aakjær)

- [9] Se dig ud en sommerdag,
når de bønder tromler:
Land æfor og by æbag,
lærkesang og humler,
byg i skred og bær i bløst,
barneleg om frønnet post,
rugen dræ med duft af most
i drift om brede gårde!

From workday cage and crew,
Far from their lack of choices
To find you, nature, too!

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.

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!

Look about one summer day

(Jeppe Aakjær)

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!

Danmark er et lidet land,
strakt fra nord til sønder,
har dog brød til alle mand,
købstadfolk som bønder.
Rugen med det svulne knæ
vokser langt i bakkens læ,
humlekop og pæretræ
får sol mod hvide gavle.

Færgen med det brede bryst,
klædt i stål og plade,
pløjer vej fra kyst til kyst
over bælters flade.
Kobberspir og tag af tegl
ser sig selv i havets spejl,
langvejs ude hvide sejle
mod grønne øer bovner.

Toget stønner tungt af sted,
højt sig røgen løfter,
plagen står ved vangeled,
slår sig løs og snøfter.
Hyrden kobler sine kør,
aftensuk i siv og rør,
fra den åbne smededør
går lange skumrings-gnister.

Slider byen, danske mand,
alt for stærkt din trøje,
tag et mål af Danmarks land
fra dets egne høje:
Synet, fjærnt af banker lukt,
bliver frit mod bælt og bugt

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.

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.

Here the train will groan along,
Smoke is rising higher;
At a gate the colt gets strong,
Canter, 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.

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

stemningsfyldt som hejreflugt
om kvæld, når sol går under.

Frihed er det bedste guld (*Thomas af Strängnäs*)

^[10] Frihed er det bedste guld,
som sol bestråler over muld,
lad den dit smykke være!
Ja, dersom du dig selv har kærlig,
da hold den mer end livet værd!
Thi frihed følger ære.

Frihed er en borgemur,
hvor mødet støder højt i lur
mod alle fjender gramme.
Sig du dem kækt ved porten: "Stop!"
kun fejghed lukker porten op
og lister bort med skamme.

Frihed er en stad så skøn,
hvor enigheden bor i løn,
og nabo smukt sig følger,
hvor så man skatter egen arv,
at alle ser på næstens tarv,
og ingen retten bøjer.

Frihed er det gyldne skjold
mod avind, list og overvold,
hvor retsind fører sværdet.
Bag den kan fredens ranker gro,
men hvor den ej kan fæste bo,
må freden fly forfærdet.

– Wondrous like the heron flight
As evening sun is setting.

Freedom is the purest gold (*Thomas af Strängnäs*)

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.

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.

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.

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.

Frihed er som fugl i hånd
med moders røst og fædres ånd,
hold fast om fuglens vinge!
Kun galgenfugl dig bilder ind,
at, når den fløj for vejr og vind,
kan han igen den bringe.

Frihed er en kongehøg,
der stak i sky, når bort den fløj,
forgæves du den lokker.
Din fred og glæde følger med,
alt som den flyver langt af led,
mens ørnene sig flokker.

Frihed er en dejlig brud,
som vil dig følge ind og ud,
elsk hende højt med ære!
Når hende du til hustru får,
da ages herligt læs i gård,
thi alt hun vil dig være.

Frihed er en sikker havn,
vend altid kun mod den din stavn,
da er du frelst af fare.
For kongeskib og mindste båd
har den mod storm og bølge råd,
den alle vil bevare.

Som en rejselysten flåde

(Helge Rode)

- [11] Som en rejselysten flåde
ankret op ved Jyllands bro

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.

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.

Freedom is a beauteous 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.

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.

There's a fleet of floating islands

(Helge Rode)

There's a fleet of floating islands
Anchored up by Jutland's pier

under vejrs og vindes nåde
ligger landet dybt i ro.
Hårdt går hav mod bro og stavn,
møder Danmarks stille navn.
Hør, hvor blidt det klinger!
Hvor vi stod, og hvor vi gik,
kom dit navn som sød musik
blødt på hvide vinger.

Havombruset yngler landet.
Tusind øer gik af havn,
lod sig bære bort af vandet,
for at bære Danmarks navn.
Muntert frem til livets dyst
gennem mulm og strålelyst.
Hil jer vore skibe!
Flaget blaffer rødt og hvidt.
Her er Danmark, dit og mit,
med sin kølvandsstriben.

Hav og muld skal dansken pløje.
Venner! Hvad vi fik for muld!
Bølgelandets runde høje
tavlet ud i grønt og guld.
Lærken klatrer fra sin seng
i den morgenvåde eng
ad sin jakobsstige.
Men de lyse nætters skær
over stille bøgetræer
åbner himmerige.

With a dream of hidden highlands,
Keen on travelling 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.

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.

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.

Hør det! Husk det, alle danske!
Klar og frodig er vor ånd.
Sproget slutter som en handske
om en fast og venlig hånd.
Værn med vid, hvad helt er vort.
Sig kun sandhed, jævnt og kort,
gladest ved det milde.
Danskens lov i strid og fred
være ret og billighed,
som kong Volmer ville.

Vinterklart og sommerbroget,
morgenmuntert, skumringssvøbt,
ligefremt og latterkroget,
smilbestrålet, tåredøbt.
Det er Danmarks frie sprog,
uden tryk af fremmed åg
frejdig Freja taler.
Eget brød til egen dug,
Danmarks hvede, Danmarks rug,
Dybbøl mølle maler.

Om din frihed vil vi værne,
holde skjoldvagt om din fred,
ofre dig en moden kerne
fra din jord i tusind led.
Indånd Nordens frie luft,
stilhed sød af blomsterduft,
storm, som søen salter,
medens vi med trofast sind
sætter al vor gerning ind,
Danmark, på dit alter!

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.

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.

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!

Udrundne er de gamle dage (N.F.S. Grundtvig)

[12] Udrundne er de gamle dage
som floder i det store hav,
og hvor sig hviler nu den svage,
dér fandt den stærke og sin grav;
men lovet være Himlens Gud!
de ædles æt dør aldrig ud.

Mens graven kastes, vuggen gynger,
og liv udsletter dødens spor,
så immer sig igen forynger
hver ædel slægt i syd og nord,
og mindet, som Guds miskundhed,
forplanter sig i tusind led.

Så lad derpå da syn os fæste,
hvad ædle kaldte livets lyst!
Ja, lad os kappes med de bedste
og vove kækt med død en dyst!
At byde den og graven trods
kan med Guds hjælp og lykkes os.

Der sad en fisker så tankefuld (N.F.S. Grundtvig)

[13] Der sad en fisker så tankefuld
og hørte på Herrens tale;
så klang i øret ej sølv og guld,
ej sangen i havfrusale;
på fiskerkvasen vor Herre sad,
og folk i mængde som blomst og blad
de lytted i land til ordet.

Gone are the days, they're past and olden (N.F.S. Grundtvig)

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!

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.

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.

There sat a fisherman deep in thought (N.F.S. Grundtvig)

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.

"Nu, Simon!" sagde Gud Faders Ord,
"da prædiken hans var ude,
læg alle årer nu fluks om bord,
dem lyster jo vel din skude.
Far ud på dybet, og drag en dræt!
Det er på tiden, om jeg ser ret,
mig lyster med dig at følge." –

"Ja, læremester," han svared brat,
"det kunne vi godt behøve,
vi sled forgæves den hele nat,
dit ord er dog værd en prøve!"
For tvivl var Simon slet ikke fri,
men spejl, du tvivler, dig smukt deri:
Han gjorde, som Herren sagde.

Sin dont han passed, og vod han trak,
men fandt, det var over magten;
hans skude nikked, og voddet sprak,
så overhånds stor var dragten.
Da vinked Simon ad venner tro,
og fiskeladning fik skuder to,
så færdig de var at synke.

Der Simon Fisker det jærtegn så,
da Jesus han faldt til fode
og sagde: "Herre, du fra mig gå!
Jeg er ikke af de gode.
O, lå jeg rolig kun under muld,
Gud bedre mig, jeg er syndefuld,
nu falder det mig på hjerte."

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!

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.

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.

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.

Vor Herre så til den synder mildt,
og sagde: "vær kun ej bange!
jeg vil dig lære herefter snildt
lyslevende folk at fange." –
"Hvad vil du, Herre! det er et ord,"
så råbte Simon og sprang fra bord,
fra alt hvad end sit han kaldte!

Så fulgte Simon vor Herres kald,
hos ordet gik han i skole,
og folk han fanged i tusindtal,
de skinne nu klart som sole,
og end er ikke på jord forbi
det store menneskefiskeri,
som Herren og Simon grunded.

Du danske mand! af al din magt (Holger Drachmann)

[14] Du danske mand! af al din magt
syng ud om vor gamle mor!
En krans af hav og fjord blev lagt
om huset, hvor hun bor:
Mod grønne, side strande
går stærke, stride vande,
og over kornets guldglans
står vikingestenen vagt!

Syng ud! – og sorg fra fortids nat
bli'r smil på hver glædesdag,
vor himmel skifter farve brat,
men aldrig folkets flag.
Som Danmarks blide kvinder

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.

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.

Sing, Danish man! With all your might (Holger Drachmann)

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!

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

har røde-hvide kinder,
så lyser livets friskhed
fra frihedens dyre skat,

Vort gamle land! af al vor magt
vi øger din rigdoms ring,
går fremad sejt og uforsagt,
om ej i store spring.
Og furer ploven landet,
så skurer kølen vandet:
Støt står den danske sømand
på havet sin viking-vagt.

På det jævne, på det jævne
(H.V. Kaalund)

- 15 På det jævne, på det jævne,
– ikke i det himmelblå, –
dér har livet sat dig stævne,
dér skal du din prøve stå!
Alt, hvad herligt du kan nævne,
alt, hvad højt din sjæl kan nå,
skal hernede på det jævne
fast sin rod i livet slå.

Kommer ned – se, det er tingen! –
dale glad som fugl fra sky,
når med sang den sænker vingen
– ikke falde tung som bly!
komme ned og slutte ringen:
være glad i kvæld og gry,
elske verden, hade ingen,
føle sig som født på ny.

In rosy cheeks' new flushing,
The way to freedom's treasure
The freshness of life will light.

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.

Simple-rooted, simple-rooted!
(H.V. Kaalund)

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.

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!

I det høje! I det høje!
lyder det dig mere smukt?
Funkler sværmerisk dit øje?
finder verden stolt din flugt?
Vil du ej dit hoved bøje
under livets strenge tugt,
vil du ikke marken pløje,
før du høster markens frugt?

Ak, den kunst er tung at lære,
dyrkes kun af såre få,
den uendelige svære,
den: på jorden fast at stå,
den: sin himmel med at bære
overalt i hjertets vrå,
den: sin skaber glad at ære
i det store, i det små.

På det jævne skal du bygge,
på det jævne skal du bo,
ej som krøbling, ej på krykke,
ej med dyrets dorse ro!
Med dit savn og med din lykke,
med dit håb og med din tro
skal du på det jævne bygge
op til stjernerne en bro.

På det jævne! På det jævne!
Altid i min sjæl det klang,
når med fantasiens evne
kækt jeg mig fra jorden svang.
Alt det andet vil sig hævne,

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?

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!

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!

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,

er kun splid og undergang.
– på det jævne! På det jævne!
Det er livets sejrssang.

Derfor kan vort øje glædes

(Christian Richardt)

[16] Derfor kan vort øje glædes
ved et billeds farvepragt;
thi det lys, hvori det klædes,
er naturens egen dragt;

og den sten, hvis skønhed strålte,
formet af en mesters hånd,
den blev skøn, fordi han målte
med vor skabers målebånd.

Derfor rørtes vi og vaktes
ved en digters favre ord;
thi de druer, som os rakes,
var fra livets rige bord,

derfor vugged os i drømme
tonedybets havfrusang;
thi af hjertets kildestrømme
svulmed jo dets bølgegang.

Alt, som ejer livets lue:
rosens blus og havets blå,
skovens hvælv og brynets bue,
læbens fine folder små,

tankens hemmeligste susen,
elskovsblikkets tavse sprog,

Whether strife or deadly wrong.
– Simple-rooted! Simple-rooted!
That is life's triumphant song!

Wherefore do our eyes feel pleasure

(Christian Richardt)

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;

And that stone, of glamour portion,
Shaped by skillful master's hand,
Measured in its true proportion
By our Maker's tape, is grand.

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;

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

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

Utmost thoughts in secret sighing,
Silent language locked in hearts,

lærkens sang og bækkens brusen, –
alt er kunstens lærebog.

Tunge, mørke natteskyer

(Jakob Knudsen)

[17] Tunge, mørke natteskyer
op ad himlen drager,
hjem til skovs af marken fly'r
hist de sorte krager;
skumringen sig breder ud,
det er mørkt omsider.
Vær os nær, du kære Gud,
medens natten lider!

Vær mig nær, thi uden dig
ensomhed mig truer;
vær mig nær, thi uden dig
jeg for mørket gruer!
Hold mig med din faderhånd,
så jeg dig fornemmer;
fri mig ud af mørkets bånd,
så min frygt jeg glemmer!

Lad mig føle, hver gang når
livet blir mig øde,
at du, Fader, hos mig står,
og i sådan møde;
og når natten i mit bryst
hjetet vil omlejre,
o, da skænk mig livsens trøst,
vind mig lysets sejr!

Skylark song with brook replying, –
All the textbook of the arts.

Heavy, gloomy clouds of night

(Jakob Knudsen)

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!

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!

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!

Tung og mørk den tavse nat
over jorden spænder,
hist kun bag et vindve mat
vågelys der brænder.
Du, som lindrer sorg og nød,
al vor synd forlader,
lyser op den mørke død,
tak, du lysets Fader!

Hvem sidder der bag skærmen

(Jeppe Aakjær)

18 Hvem sidder der 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.

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.

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

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!

Who's there behind the shelter

(Jeppe Aakjær)

Who's there behind the shelter
With rags around his hands,
A home-made leather eye-patch
And shoes in lashèd bands?
It's poor old John the roadman,
Starvation's gloom ahead,
Who turns with his old hammer
Unyielding stones to bread.

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.

When plodding to the city
Behind the farmer's yoke,
You chance upon an oldster

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.

Og vender du tilbage
i byger 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 der.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Betragt mit svage spind*(Adam Oehlenschläger)*

19 Betragt mit svage spind,
 hvor trådene sig flette!
 Den allerminde vind
 kan alt i hast udslette:
 Et ringe billed kun
 på almagtsvælde stor.
 hør i din bitre stund
 mit stille trøstens ord!

Giv på min gerning agt!
 Så sidder hist den høje
 i centret af sin magt
 med et opmærksomt øje!
 Han drager, som han vil,
 snart tråden ud, snart ind;
 han lægger mærke til
 det allerminde spind.

Den danske sang er en und blond pige*(Kai Hoffmann)*

20 Den danske sang er en ung blond pige
 hun går og nynner i Danmarks hus,
 hun er et barn af det havblå rige
 hvor bøge lytter til bølgers brus.
 Den danske sang når den dybest klinger,
 har klang af klokke, af sværd og skjold.
 I mod os bruser på brede vinger
 en saga tone fra hedenold.

Behold my web, how frail*(Adam Oehlenschläger)*

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!

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.

The Danish song is a fair young maiden*(Kai Hoffmann)*

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.

Al Sjællands ynde og Jyllands vælde,
 de tvende klange af blidt og hårdt,
 skal sangen rumme for ret at melde
 om, hvad der inderst er os og vort.
 Og tider skifter, og sæder mildnes,
 men kunst og kamp kræver stadig stål,
 det alterbål, hvor vor sjæl skal ildnes
 det flammer hedest i Bjarkemål.

Så syng da, Danmark, lad hjertet tale,
 thi hjertesproget er vers og sang,
 og lære kan vi af nattergalen,
 af lærken over den grønne vang.
 Og blæsten suser sin vilde vise,
 og stranden drøner sit højtidskvad,
 fra hedens lyng som fra stadens flise
 skal sangen løfte sig ung og glad.

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.

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.



Ars Nova Copenhagen, 2013

ARS NOVA COPENHAGEN – the Nielsen singers

Sopranos – Ann-Christine Wesser Ingels, Louise Skovbæch, Christine Nonbo

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DDD

Recorded at Gl. Vor Frue Kirke (Old Church of Our Lady), Roskilde, on 8-10 May 2014

Recording producer and sound engineer: Preben Iwan

Mix and mastering: Preben Iwan

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Liner notes: Jens Cornelius

English translation of liner notes: James Manley

English translation of song texts: © Holger Scheibe

Proofreader: Svend Ravnkilde

Photos p. 38: © Ditte Capion

Artwork: Denise Burt, www.elevator-design.dk

Publisher: The Carl Nielsen Edition – Edition Wilhelm Hansen, www.ehw.dk

All songs on this release are presented in new four-part settings by Michael Bojesen, based on Carl Nielsen's original piano parts from Folkehøjskolens Melodibog (the Folk High School Melody Book) – except for [11](#), [12](#) and [14](#) which are Nielsen's own choral arrangements.

Dacapo and Ars Nova acknowledge, with gratitude, the financial support of **Carl Nielsen og Anne Marie-Carl Niensens Legat**, **Etatsraad Georg Bestle og Hustrus Mindelegat**, and **Det Obelske Familiefond**



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DANMARKS NATIONALE
MUSIKANTOLOGI

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