

ENGELSK, SKOTSK OG IRSK
FOLKE-SANGE OG MELODIER.

N^o 1.

Andante.

The Higland lad. Den unge Høilænder.

(*Skotsk.*)

1. O where, and o where is your high-land lad - die gone? "He's gone to fight the en - ne - my, to
 1. Hvor - hen, o, hvor - hen drog vel din Høi-lands Ven? "At stri - de for sin Kon - ge i - mod

keep the king on the throne. And it's so in my heart, I do wish he was at home!"
 Fjen-den drog han hen. Men mit Hjer - te det suk - ker: var han dog her i - gjen!"

2.
 |: O where, and o where did your highland laddie dwell? :|
 "He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the blue bell.
 |: And it's so in my heart, I do love my laddie well!" :|

3.
 |: In what clothes, in what clothes was your highland laddie clad? :|
 "His bonnet was of saxon-green, his waistcoat of the plaid,
 |: And it's so in my heart, I do hope he is not dead!" :|

4.
 |: Suppose and suppose that your highland lad should die, :|
 The bagpipe should play over him and I would set me down to cry;
 |: But it's so in my heart, I do wish he may not die! :|

2.
 |: Hvor boede, hvor boede din Høilands Ven saa kjær? :|
 "I Skotland staaer et Huus, til Skilt en Klokke malet er.
 |: Der boede min Ven; sit Hjem han havde der!" :|

3.
 |: Hvad Dragt, siig, hvad Dragt din Høilands -Ven vel bar? :|
 "Hans Hue den var sachsiskgrøn, hans Kappe tærnet var.
 |: Mit Hjerter det gyser af Frygt; — om død han var!" :|

4.
 |: Og tænk dig, og tænk, om din Høilands Ven var død, :|
 Og Sækkepipens Toner ved hans Gravhøi alt lød!
 |: Men mit Hjerter det ønsker: at han er ikke død! :|

*Andante.***The Bride's Testament. Brudens sidste Villie.***(Engelsk.)*

1. There did three knights come from the west, — With the high and the li - ly — Oh! And
1. Tre Ridd'-re kom fra Vest un - der Ö, — Med den fei - re - ste Lil - lie — O! De

these three knights cour - ted one la - dy. As the rose was so sweet - ly blown.
bei - led Al - le til sam - me Mō. Me - dens Ro - sen den duf - ter södt.

2. The first knight came, was all in white,
— With the high and the lily — oh!
And ask'd of her, if she'd be his delight.
As the rose was so sweetly blown.
3. The next knight came, was all in green,
And ask'd of her, if she'd be his queen.
4. The third knight came, was all in red,
And ask'd of her, if she would wed.
5. "Then have you ask'd of my father dear,
Likewise of her who did me bear?"
6. And have you ask'd of my brother John,
And also of my sister Anne?"
7. "Yes, I have ask'd of your father dear,
Likewise of her who did you bear.
8. And I have ask'd of your sister Anne,
But I've forgotten your brother John."

9. Her father led her through the hall,
Her sister Anne danced before them all.
10. Her mother led her through the closs,
Her father dear put her on her horse.
11. And on the road as they rode along,
There did they meet with her brother John.
12. "You are high, and I am low,
Let me have a kiss before you go."
13. She stooped low to kiss him sweet,
He to her heart did a dagger meet.
14. She had not ridden half through the town,
Until her heart's blood stain'd her gown.
15. "Ride softly on," cri'd the best young man,
"For I think our bonny bride looks pale
and wan."
16. "I wish I were on yonder stile,
For there I would sit and bleed a while.

17. I wish I were on yonder hill,
There I'd alight and make my will."
18. "What would you give to your father dear?"
"The gallant steed, which doth me bear."
19. "What would you give to your mother dear?"
"My wedding shilt, which I do wear.
20. But she must wash it very clean,
For my heart's blood sticks in ev'ry seam."
21. "What would you give to your sister Anne?"
"My gay gold ring and my feather'd fan."
22. "What would you give to your brother John?"
"A rope and gallows, to hang him on."
23. "What would you give to your brother
John's wife?"
— With the high and the lily — oh!
"A widow's weeds and a quiet life."
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

2. Den Første var klædt i Kjortel hvid:
— Med den feireste Lillie — O!
“Og vilt du være min Hjertens-Fryd?”
Medens Rosen den dufter sødt.
3. Den Anden var klædt i Kjortel grøn:
“Og vilt du vorde min Dronning skjön?”
4. Den Tredie var klædt i Kjortel rød:
“Og vilt du være min egen Mö?”
5. “Ja, haver du spurt min Fader kjær,
Og Moderen, mig til Verden bar?
6. Og har du spurt Anna, min Søster fiin,
Og dertil Jon, kjære Broder min?”
7. “Jeg haver adspurt din Fader kjær,
Og Moderen, dig til Verden bar.
8. Jeg spurte og Anna, din Søster fiin,
Men glemt har jeg Jon, kjær Broder din.”

*) minde ø: kysse.

Larghetto.

9. Hendes Fader fulgte hende af Hallen ud,
Forsprang skjön Anna, hendes Søster prud.
10. Hendes Moder gik hende allernæst,
Hendes Fader han løfted hende til Hest.
11. Og der hun kom ad Veien fram,
Der mødte hun Jon, sin Broder gram.
12. “Du est høi, og jeg er lav,
Du minde*) mig inden du drager herfra.”
13. Hun bukked sig over Sadelknap,
Hans hvasse Kniv hendes Hjerter traf.
14. Hun var ei kommen halv gennem den By,
För Blod farved hendes Kjortel ny.
15. Det mældte den Svend, der hende red nær:
“Mig tykkes, vor væne Brud vorder saa bleg!”
16. “I förer mig hisset under Lide,
Mig lyster en liden Stund at hvile.

Nr 3.

Molly Charrane.

17. I lægger mig hist paa Mossen blöd,
At sige min Villie forinden min Död.”
18. “Og hvad vilt du lade din Fader blid?”
“Den sølvskoede Ganger, som bar mig hid.”
19. “Og hvad vilt du lade din Moder kjære?”
“Min Brudesærk, som jeg monne bære.
20. Men hun maa toe den alt med stor Flid,
For hver en Söm flöd mit Hjerteblod i.”
21. “Hvad lader du Anna, kjær Søster din?”
“Min Fjædervifte og gode Guldring.”
22. “Hvad lader du Jon, din Broder fri?”
“Den høieste Galge, at hænge udi.”
23. “Hvad lader du da din Broder Jons Viv?”
— Med den feireste Lillie — O!
“Sörgeklæder og Enkeliv.”

Medens Rosen den dufter sødt.

Svenn Grundtvig.

(Nr. 3 og 4 fra Øen Man.)



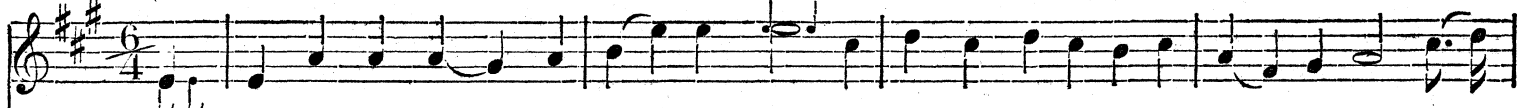
1. Dear Mo-na fare-well, for why should I stay, Mid scenes of grief and pain: Tho' sad be the hour and
1. Nu, Mo-na, far-vel! Ei læn-ge-re her Jeg dvæ-ler blandt Minder og Savn; Men Vee-mod mig fyl-der, da



gloo-my the day, I leavemy dear Mol-ly Char-rane!
Ti-men er nær At skil-les fra Mol-ly Char-rane!



2. Oh! bright are thy charms, and brilliant thine eyes,
Thine heart without a stain;
And all parting sorrows, fears and sighs,
Are thine, my sweet Molly Charrane!
3. Then farewell hope and joy and pleasure,
For all to me are vain!
My soul has lost its dearest treasure
In thee, my fair Molly Charrane!
-
2. Hvor straalende dog din Yndighed!
Dit Hjerter saa reent, uden Meen!
For dig stiger Sukket i Afskedens Stund,
For dig, min Molly Charrane!
3. Farvel da, mit Haab! Min Glæde, farvel!
Med mig er det nu forbi!
Tabt har jeg den Skat, som var kjærest min Sjæl,
I dig, min Molly Charrane!

*Andante.***Ivar and Matilda. Ivar og Mathilde.**

1. On Rushen's¹) grey walls the moon soft-ly beam'd, And si - lence and so - li - tude hail'd her pure light! From Bar-
 1. Paa Rushen's¹) graa Muur straal-te Maa-nen saa mild, Rundt-om her - sked Taushed og Een - som - hed! Fra



rule's²) lof - ty sum - mit the watch fire gleam'd, And flash'd a faint red o'er the em - pire of Night.
 Bar - rul's²) Top ly - ste Var - dens³) lld Med rød - men - de Skjær gjen - nem Nat - ten mild.



2. Thro' the Abbey's long Cloisters at this lonely hour,
Who roves with a step so disorder'd and wild?
He bends his sad footsteps to Reginald's bow'r,
And treads like a Knight, tho' his garb be so mild.
3. And ill sits the cowl on so warlike a head,
For the robes of a Monk a brave warrior conceal;
And mark! as he moves o'er the bones of the dead,
His hand firmly clenches the hilt of his steel.
4. 'Tis Ivar's lone track ev'ry night, — where he walks,
Religion and vengeance dividing his breast;
And often as mournfully onward he stalks,
He beats his mail'd bosom, and looks to the west!
5. Now he stops at the bow'r of the proud Lord of Mann,
And gloomily looks on the Moon's silv'ry ray's;
How wild is his eye and his features how wan —
But that shriek! — he has heard, and he gasps with amaze!

2. Hvo gaer gjennem Klosterets lange Gang,
I sildige Stund, med tunge Fjed?
Til Reinald's Borg en brændende Trang
Ad vildsomme Sti ham driver afsted.
3. En Krieger saa stolt han skrider frem,
Ei Munkekappen han længe bar.
Alt er han forbi de Dødes Hjem; —
Sin Haand han om Værgen knyttet har.
4. Det er Ivar, der vandrer i Nattens Vind,
Snart følger han Fromheds, snart Hævnens Røst;
Og tidt, mens ham tynger et sorgfuldt Sind,
Mod Vesten han skuer og slaer sig for Bryst.
5. Nu han standser ved stolten Reinalds Borg;
Sit stirrende Blik han mod Maanen har vendt —
Hans Øie er vildt, paa Kinden staaer Sorg.
Da lyder et Skrig! — Han Stemmen har kjendt.

6. One moment he looks through the mouldering wall,
In the next, o'er his head his bright falchion is waving;
In the third, fast around him the huge stones fall,
In the fourth, — the proud Reginald's wrath he is braving!
7. "My Ivar! oh! snatch me from dishonour and shame!"
"Tis Matilda that speaks — and Matilda in tears!
Behold not, false Monarch! — thou blot on thy name,
Behold not at Monk, for lo! Ivar appears!"
8. His robe is cast off, and he glitters in arms;
Like Lions in combat, with fury they meet;
But Ivar has gaz'd on Matilda's bright charms,
And the Tyrant of Mona⁴) falls dead at his feet!

6. Han seer gjennem Taarnets hensuldrende Muur —
Flux fører han Spydet med stærken Arm —
Brat styrter Mathildes Fangebuur,
Og Ivar trodser stolt Reinalds Harm.
7. "Min Ivar! o, frels mig fra Voldsmandens Favn!" —
"Mathilde — Himmel — Mathilde her! —
Ha, nedrige Reinald! Du Plet paa dit Navn!
See her ei en Munk — nei! — Ivar du seer!"
8. Han Kappen har kastet. Af Hævn oplued',
De stride, som Löver med Törst efter Blod.
Men Ivar Mathildes Blik har skuuet,
Og Tyrannen af Mona⁴) faldt död for hans Fod.

¹) En Borg paa Öen Man. ²) Rimeligviis et Bjerg. ³) En *Varde* el. *Vare* o: et paa et høit Sted opreist Mærke, eller antændt Ild; en Vagt. ⁴) Det gamle Navn for Öen Man.

N^o 5.
Hornpipe.

Allegretto.

(En Dands fra Nord-Wales.)

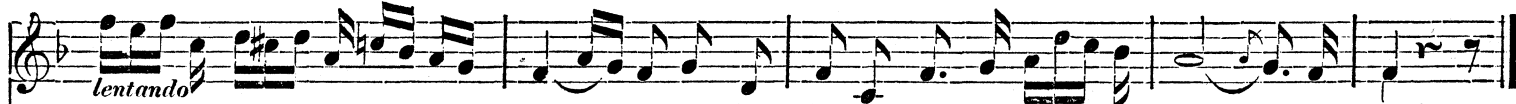
*Andante.***The Hour of Memory. Mindets Time.***(Irsk Melodie.)*

1. How dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sun-beams melt a - long the si - lent sea; For
 1. Hvor kjær er mig den Tid, naar Sol gaaer ned, Og far - ver Ha - vet med sin Ro - sen - glød; Da

semp. dolce e legato



then sweet dreams of o - ther days a - rise, And Mem' - ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee! For
 hvi - ler jeg mig træet i Min - dets Skjød, Og drøm - mer sødt om svund - ne Da - ges Fred! Da



then sweet dreams of o - ther days a - rise, And Mem' - ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee!
 hvi - ler jeg mig træet i Min - dets Skjød, Og drømmer sødt om svund - ne Da - ges Fred!

lento

2. And, as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

Th. Moore.

No. 7.

2. Og mens mit Öie over stille Sö
 Ad gyldne Straalers Vei da glider hen,
 Jeg snart i Tanken selv betræder den,
 At söge hist Lyksalighedens Ö!

Moderato.

Charlie is my Darling. Charles er min Yndling.

(Skotsk.)

1. O, Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, O, Char-lie is my dar-ling, the young Che-va-lier. 'Twas
 1. O, Char-les er min Ynd-ling, min Ynd-ling, min Yndling, O, Char-les er min Ynd-ling, den Un-gersvend prud. Det

on a Mon-day morning, Richt ear-ly in the year, That Charlie cam to our town, The young Che-va-lier. 2. O,
 var en Man-dag - Mor-gen, Jeg mindes end det grant, At Char-les kom til vor By Med mangan tro-fast Mand. 2. O,

2. |: O, Charlie is my darling, :| the young Chevalier.
 As he cam marching up the street,
 The pipes played loud and clear,
 And a' the folk cam rinnin' out
 To meet the Chevalier.

3. |: O, Charlie is my darling, :| the young Chevalier.
 O! there were many beating hearts,
 And mony hopes and fears,
 And mony were the prayers put up
 For the young Chevalier.

:| O, Charlie is my darling, :| the young Chevalier.

2. |: O, Charles er min Yndling, :| den Ungersvend prud.
 Og som han op ad Gaden skred,
 Lydt Höilands-Piben löd;
 Og alle Folk kom löbende
 Den unge Helt imod.

3. |: O, Charles er min Yndling, :| den Ungersvend prud.
 O, stærkt slog mangt et Hjerte der,
 Med Frygt og Haab i Lön;
 Og mangan Bön mod Himlen steg
 För ungen Kongesön.

:| O, Charles er min Yndling, :| den Ungersvend prud.

Sveenn Grundtvig.

The Delight of Gruffydd ap Conan*).

*Andante affettuoso.**(Vælsk.)*

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the upper staff and mostly quarter and eighth notes in the lower staff.

The second system continues the piece. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the upper staff and a piano-forte (*pf*) dynamic marking in the lower staff. The notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

The third system concludes the piece. It features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the upper staff. The notation includes a repeat sign and a fermata over a note in the upper staff.

*) *Gruffydd ap Conans* Yndlingsmusik (?). — Prinds *Gruffydd* levede omtrent Aar 1100, og var Bardernes ivrige Beskytter.

*Amoroso.**(Irsk Melodie.)*

The musical score for 'Amoroso' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the lower staff and a more melodic line in the upper staff.



№ 10.

*Andante.**(Fra Öen Man.)*

1. The storm is up, the how-ling blast Is ra-ging o'er the lone bleak hill, Wher-e'er its an-gry course hath
 1. Es rast der Sturm, und wü-theudheult Er ü-ber Hü-gel schnee-um-säumt; Und wo er zürnend hin-ge-

past Im-pa-tient foams each moun-tain rill!
 eilt, Jed-we-der Bach wild wogt und schäumt.

2. That peacefull rill, that o'er its bed
 Pursued its playful, murm'ring course,
 In clouds hath veil'd its lofty head,
 Its swollen waves are dark and hoarse!
3. A genial sun will soon renew
 The faded beauties of to-day;
 Their charms shall soon salute the view,
 And clouds and tempests fade away!
4. But oh! my sad and wounded heart,
 Joy and Peace and Bliss forsake thee!
 Oh! when shalt thou and sorrow part,
 To sunny hope what charm shall wake thee?

2. Der Bach, der murmelnd sich ergoss
 Vom Berg hinab in leisem Fall,
 Erhebt sein Haupt in Wolkenschoos,
 Und treibet hin in trübem Schwall.

3. Bald wird die Frühlingssonn' erneu'n
 Verwelkter Schönheit duftig Grün,
 Ihr Reiz wird bald das Aug' erfreu'n,
 Und Wolk' und Sturm vorüberziehn.

4. Doch, ach, mein schwer verwundet Herz!
 Dich fliehen Freud' und Friede ganz.
 Wann wirst du frei von Sorg' und Schmerz,
 Wann scheint dir sonn'ger Hoffnung Glanz?

J. Akermann.

№ 11.

*Allegretto.**(Irsk Melodie.)*

1. We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when
 1. Mag man zieh'n durch die Welt, wie ein Kind zu dem Fest, Das nur nippt von dem Süß, um zur Ru - he zu flieh'n; Wenn in

pleasure he - gins to grow dull in the east, We may or - der our wings and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel, and
 O - sten die Freud' uns ver-siegt und verläßt, Mag man len - ken die Schwingen nach We - sten da - hin. Wenn ein Herz, das fühlt, ein

eyes that smile, Are the dea - rest gifts that Heav'n supplies, We ne - ver need leave our own Green Isle For sen - si - tive
 Aug', das mild, Ist des Him - mels schönste Gab' und Glück, Darf flieh'n man nicht Ir - lands grün Ge - fild Nach füh - len - den

hearts and for sun - bright eyes. Then re - mem - ber, where - ver your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this world whether eastward or
Her - zen und sonn' - gem Blick. Drum ge - denk't, wo man eu - e - rer Be - cher bekränzt, Ob gen Ost, ob nach We - sten die

westward you roam. When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! re - member the smile which a - dorns her at home.
Welt ihr durchirrt, Wenn mit Lächeln ein Weib hold den Kelch euch kredenzt, Dann ge - denk't des Lächelns, das un - se - re ziert!

riten.

riten.

2. In England the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember etc.

3. In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever-smiling beside his faithful oar,
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.

Then remember etc.

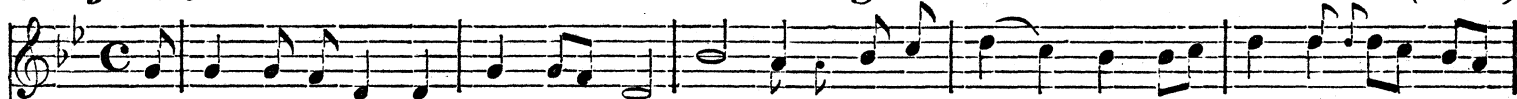
Th. Moore.

2. In England wird der Garten der Schönheit bewacht
Von dem Drachen des Sprödthuns, bereit auf den Ruf;
Doch befällt oft den Drachen der Schlummer mit Macht,
Dass der Garten verwahrt schlecht zu jedem Behuf.
Ach, das wilde Dorngeheg' gebricht,
Das die Blumen Irins rund umzieht,
Das, scheuchend die Hand, das Aug' besticht,
Nur mehr noch anziehet, je mehr man's flieht.
Drum gedenkt u. s. w.

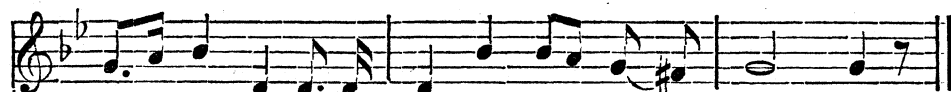
3. In Frankreich, wenn ein Weiberherz Segel setzt an,
Zu versuchen sein Glück auf des Ehestands Meer,
Geht gar selten die Lieb' auf so brechlichem Kahn;
Bald entführt sie der Sturm — und ihr Plätzchen bleibt leer.
Doch die Töchter Irins steh'n zur Seit'
Dir am Ruder, lächend treu und süß,
Ob Sonne scheint, oder Wetter dräu't,
So, als wie dein Nachen vom Ufer stieß.

Drum gedenkt u. s. w.

J. Akermann.

*Larghetto.***The cruel Mother. Den grumme Moder.***(Skotsk.)*

1. — She's ta'en her man - tel her a - bout, — Fine flowers in the val - ley; — She's gane aff to the
 1. Stolt Jom-fru hun ax - ler Kaa - be blaa, — Smaablomster ud - i En - ge; — Saa gan - ger hun sig i



gude greenwud. And the green leaves they grow rare - ly.
 Sko - ven ud. Og det grön - ne Lövf groer saa her - lig.

2. She's lean'd her back until an aik,
 First it bow'd and syne it brake.
 3. She's lean'd her back until a thorn,
 And there she has her two babes horn.

2. Hun læned sig op til Egebul,
 Først den bugned, saa styrt' den omkuld.
 3. Hun satte sin Ryg imod en Tjörn,
 Hun fødte to favre Drengbörn.
 4. [Hun lagde de Börn op til sit Bryst,
 De died alt udaf Hjertens Lyst.]
 5. "O favre Smaa! I die med Lyst,
 Ret aldrig meer die I Moder-Bryst."
 6. Saa tog hun brat sin Linde*) god,
 Hun bandt dem baade Haand og Fod.

4. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 5. "O, bonny babies, if ye suck sair,
 You'll never suck by my side mair."

7. Saa tog hun ud saa liden en Kniv,
 Hun skilte dem baade ved deres Liv.
 8. Hun grov en Grav baade dyb og viid,
 Hun lagde dem Side om Side deri.
 9. Hun lagde over dem Marmorsteen,
 Hun vilde gaae for en Mø saa reen.
 10. Hun gik i sin Faders Halle,
 Hun tyktes den skjæreste Mø af dem Alle.
 11. Hun skuéd ud over Borgevold,
 Der saae hun to Smaadrenge lege Bold.

6. She took frae 'bout her ribbon-belt,
 And there she bound them hand and foot.
 7. She has ta'en out her wee penknife,
 And there she ended baith their life.
 8. She has howk'd a hole baith deep and wide,
 She has put them in baith side by side.
 9. She's cover'd them o'er wi' a marble stane,
 Thinking she would gang maiden hame.
 10. She's aff unto her father's ha',
 She seem'd the lealest maiden amang them a'.
 11. As she look'd ov'r the castle-wa',
 She saw twa bonny boys playing at the ba'.
 12. "O, bonny babies, gin ye were mine,
 I'd cleathe you in the silk sae fine.
 13. O, I would dress you in the silk,
 And wash you ay in morning-milk."
 14. "'O, cruel mother! when we were thine,
 We neither wore silks nor sabelline.
 15. But ye took out a little penknife;
 And twined us baith of our sweet life.
 16. But now we're in the heavens high,
 And you 've the pains o' hell to try.
 12. "I favre Drengel! om I var mine,
 Jeg vilde Jer klæde i Silke fine.
 13. Jeg vilde Jer klæde i Silke og Pæld,
 Og toe Eder hver Dag i Morgenmælk."
 14. "'O falske Moder! mens vi var dine,
 Vi bar ikke Pæld eller Silke fine.
 15. Men da du tog ud din hvasse Kniv,
 Du skilte os baade ved vort Liv.
 16. Men nu frydes vi i Himmerigs Sal,
 Mens du skalt lide al Helvedes Qval.'"")

*) Linde 3: Bælte.