

## Springtime in Funen

### *Choir*

Like a grass-green spot when the snow has thawed,  
Like a water lily leaf on the deep lake  
Lies in spring the Funen isle.  
Now flowers the gnarled apple tree  
Behind hills as round as maiden knees  
And spreads its bloom over man and beast.  
In gardens where fell the icy snowflakes  
They raise the jutting hop pole  
That the hops may grow lissome and long.  
And everyone feels that the day is sweet  
From the grey of morning to the evening red —  
and their lips quiver at the thought of buckwheat  
porridge.

### *Soprano Solo*

Ah, look, here comes Spring  
To garden and farm,  
And the air is so thin and clear,  
And without cap goes our father,  
And the heart is given many a thought  
Which no living soul understands.

And Pussy wanders into the sun  
Where before it lay snugly on Mother's lap  
And played with her wool,

While the wind whimpered like a crotchety child,  
And Granddad in the corner by the stove  
Gently pondered on the Bible.

Ah, look, here comes Spring  
To everyone here on the farm,  
And the room is so dull and narrow,  
And the heart runs full with song,  
So that it is close to bursting .  
— is it because it is longing?

*Tenor Solo*

The gentle day is bright and long  
And full of sun and bird's song,  
And everything is quite good —  
If only, if only, if only . . .  
If only our neighbour's Ilsebil  
Will do that which I want so much —  
And put her cheek to my cheek  
With the same warm heart.

Will give me her little hand  
With the same willing spirit,  
Will close her eyes as if to sleep  
And give me her lips.  
Yes, the day is bright and long  
And there is plenty of bird's song,  
But I'm afraid that Ilsebil  
Will not what I will.

Ilsebil is coming behind the hedge  
— I wonder, is her smile for me?  
She carries milk in her cracked dish  
And gives the cat its food.  
Oh, look, now she is smiling again,  
My Ilsebil, my own friend —  
It is as if the very rays of the sun  
Reached into my heart.

*Baritone Solo*

Here comes the good old sun again,  
Welcome to the farm, dear old friend,  
You come with winds, you come with dust,  
You breathe on the bud, it bursts into bloom.

Now you no longer make me restless  
My heart is relaxed, whatever may happen,  
It is as if it were a shut and deserted house  
When Spring comes whirling and whistling.

*Male Choir*

The maids go to dance, arm in arm,  
One is hot, the other warm.  
The youths make do with gentle taps,  
The older would go for resounding claps.

*Tenor Solo*

I light my pipe in evening peace  
When the sun has gone down in the West.

*Baritone Solo*

And the moon I see through the wine glass bottom —  
For the pipe and the glass — they share my lips.

**THE BLIND BUSKER**

*Baritone Solo*

The sun's now kissing the lid of my eye,  
And the air is sizzling like water on the boil,  
I breathe in the smell of moist fields,  
I think everything must be colourful and lovely.  
I fumble ahead with careful foot  
So as not to stumble on stone and root.  
I hear sounds from afar:  
A cow mooing in the church clerk's field.

In my pocket is my clarinet,  
My best consoler when I have cried.  
It hides songs aplenty  
Behind cold valves of smooth metal.  
And children dance where'er I go  
With warm cheeks and silken hair.  
Little hands seek my old hand,  
It is as if I touched the spirit of Spring.

*Choir*

*The Boys*

Now we'll go out and play,  
This is my new top,  
It can really turn  
And jump like a flea.

*The Girls*

And we'll bind wreaths  
Of woodruff and violet  
And dance with each other  
In Spring's gentle sun.

*A Little Girl*

Listen, Hans, if you'll play  
We can help each other,  
And in my pocket I have  
Two slices of bread with sugar.

*One of the Boys*

Yes, Hans, if you'll play  
With just any girl  
And dance and curtsy,  
You are a sissy!

*All the Boys and Girls*

Now we'll go out and play,  
And we'll help each other,  
And we'll bind wreaths  
And eat bread with sugar.  
Now we'll go out and play.

**THE OLD PEOPLE**

*Male Choir*

We put the pipe in the corner by the stove  
And close the hidebound bible book  
It is the blessed time of Spring  
And the gout is slightly better.

We take each other by the hand,  
Each finger as crooked as a bent wand.  
Then we walk together in sun and wind

Which warms the cold-to-touch old hide.  
But when we have rocked along a little,  
We long for a little snooze.  
For old'uns lean down towards the dust  
And long for eternal rest.

## THE DANCE SONG

### *Choir*

Come here, fiddle and clarinet,  
Our winter hearts hunger,  
And play for us a losing tune  
Making the entire isle sway.  
Each take the hand of the sweetheart,  
Now we all want to dance.  
We go in the leading string of Spring,  
And nothing can stop us.

### *Tenor Solo*

And have you no sweetheart,  
You can have Sofie,  
She may be a little heavy,

### *Baritone Solo*

But a sensible girl.

### *Choir*

We now put flowers in our hat  
And loosen the coat.  
Come now, give me that kiss, my sweet,  
Without further ado.  
We dance all the livelong Spring day  
And forget the winter trials.

### *Soli*

Look — apple blossom scattering over the road.

### *Choir*

The night is our own.

### *Choir*

Come here, fiddle and clarinet...