

*The following song translations are provided from a collection by Roger Buhr*

(Note: English translation appears in red)

## VI ER SANGERE

1. Vi er sangere, av hele hjerte, hjerte sjel og liv og sinn,  
**We are singers of whole heart, heart, soul, and life and mind.**  
Hver av oss er enkle dele some et mannskor fatter inn.  
**Each of us is a separate part which makes us a men's chorus.**  
Sangen er vårt samlings merke og vi hever det mot sky,  
**Singing is our symbol of unity, and we raise it toward the sky.**  
Sangen er for oss såkjraer. Sangen er vår venn vår styrke  
**Singing is for us so precious. Singing is our friend, our glory.**  
Aere sangen er vårt ry  
**Singing is our fame.**

3. Tro I året vil vi sammen øver enig samlet vil vi stå,  
**Faithfully this year we will rehearse together. We will stand together in harmony.**  
Må let vinker, vi vil prøve fagre sangermål å nå.  
**The goal beckons; we will try to attain our goals of beautiful singing.**  
Og for strevet får vi lønen i den glede sangen gir,  
**And for the effort we get the reward in the joy the singing gives.**  
Fremad da ja freidig glad.  
**Forward then, be boldly joyful.**  
Vi vil samles, vi vil ta på sangervis friskt et kjekt hurra!  
**We will gather, we will raise in singers' fashion lustily a hearty, "Hurrah!"**

## FARVAL FAREWELL

Du undersköna dal, o, sag, du skogens sköna brud!  
**You exquisitely beautiful valley, O tell, You beautiful bride of the forest!**  
Hvem städe hit dig I min väg, hvem gaf dig denna skrud?  
**Who placed you in my way, Who gave you this attired?**  
Vid glittret af din böla blå, bland dina dunkla trän,  
**With the gitter of your blue ave among your dusky trees,**  
Jag kunde uti drömmar stå och aldrig längta hän.  
**I could stand out there in my dreams and never be homesick.**  
Farvä, farväl, farväl, du sköna dal!  
**Farewell, farewell, farewell, you beautiful valley!**  
Farvä, farväl, farväl, du sköna dal!  
**Farewell, farewell, farewell, you beautiful valley!**  
(Literal translations by Donald Berg)

## LILA STINA

Stina här har du mig, kom skall vi dansa polka!

**Stina, here you have me. Come, we shall dance a polka.**

Jag älskar endast dig! Låt oss inte skolka.

**I still love you! Let us not (stand and) be tardy.**

Tra – la – la - la, la – la, Ack, så roligt får jag blifva din?

**Alas, may I (so enjoyably) become yours?**

Tra – la, la – la – la. Ja jag känner, du är min.

**Yes, I feel you are mine.**

Låt alla stanna, vi dansa ändå rundt-omkring;

**Let all stop (their running). We still dance round about;**

Hoppa blott hopp! Kårlekens hopp. Bry dig se'n om ingenting.

**Skip, (just) skip, love's skip. Don't worry yourself about anything.**

Lilla Stina, känn min pina! Lila Pelle, vi ä säle!

**Little Stina, feel my torment! Little Pelle, we are happy.**

Hvem skall råda? Kom och skåda, vi är lyckliga båda.

**Who shall advise him? Come and see, we are both happy.**

## MIT FAGRE HJEM

1. Mit fabre hjem, hvor bølgen blå har nynnet takten for min vugge;

**My beautiful home, where the blue wave has hummed the tempo for my cradle.**

Havfruer, som ar dybet duke vårfriske krans af øer små.

**Mermaids, that loom up out of the deep, spring-fresh crown of small islands.**

Hvor er så lunt at bygge regde, hvor er så blomster bødt at træde

**Where it is so cozy to build nests, where it is so bare of flowers to walk on.**

Som på din moderlige jord, som på din moderlige jord.

**As on your motherly soil, as on your motherly soil.**

2. Og fjeldets sønner de har vel en smule nærmere til himlen

**And the mountain's sons are really a tiny bit closer to heaven.**

Men øjet mødder stjerne vrimlen så vel fra slette som fra fjeld.

**Buy the eye sees the teeming stars from (the) plains are readily as from (the) mountains.**

Sky himle det er vore bjerge og vore høie er kun overge

**Our mountains are heaven-clouded, and our heights are only midgits**

Men hver og een har kæmper gemt, men hver og een har kæmper gemt.

**But each and every one has fought in secret (to save). But each and every one has fought in secret (to save).**

## I GUDS FRI NATURE

Her, ja her er godt at vaere, her slaa vi os til ro,  
**Here, yes here (it) is good to be; here we (can) take it easy,**  
Og singe til vor skabers aere; Priset, lovet skal han vaere,  
**And sing to the Creator's glory; Glorified, praised shall He be:**  
Priset, Priset, lovet skal han vaere.  
**Glorified, glorified, praised shall He be.**  
Vaeldig røst vor Tak skal baere op til himlens bo;  
**A mighty song our ability, our ability shall bear up to heaven's home;**  
Vaeldig røst vor tak skal baere op til himlens bo, op til himlens bo.  
**A mighty song our ability, our ability shall bear up to heaven's home.**

Se, det rige skabervaerk, det rige skabervaerk trindt omkrng  
**Look! The rich handiwork of the Creator, the rich handiwork of the Creator**  
**around us all**  
Os alle det rige skbervaerk omkring ops alle vidner om, at Gud er staerk om, at  
Gud er staerk!  
**The rich handiwork of the Creator around us all, bears witness that God is**  
**mighty, that God is mighty!**  
Hans magt vi lydt paakalde, hans magt vi lydt paakalde.  
**His power we softly beseech, his power we softly beseech.**  
Vor sang med skovens milde Susen med fuglens røst og fossens Brusen,  
**Our song with the forest's mild rustling, with the bird's song and the waterfall's**  
**roar**  
Forene vi i vaeldigt kor, forene vi i vaeldigt kor og singe høit:  
**We join in mighty chorus, we join in mighty chorus and sing loudly;**  
Vor Guide er stor, vor Gud er stor.  
**Our God is great, our God is great.**

## ENDNU ET STREIF KUN (Even Now Only A Glimpse)

Endnu et Streif kun, et Streif kun af Sol,  
**Even now only a glimpse from the sun,**  
Endnu en Luftning fra Hav.  
**even now only a breeze from the sea.**  
Endnu et Smil fra min Kjaerlighed,  
**Even now a smile from my beloved,**  
Kom saa Død, kom hastelig!  
**Come, therefore, death, come quickly!**

Endnu et Blik fra min Ven, fra min Ven.  
**Even now a glance from my friend, from my friend.**  
Endnu et Tryk, af hans Haand,  
**even now, a squeeze of his hand,**  
endnu en Lyd af de kjendte Trin!

**even now the sound of the familiar foot step!**  
**Kom saa kom, du bødre Land!**  
**Come therefore, come, thou better land!**

**Endnu en inderlig Bøn till Kristus,**  
**Even now, an inward prayer to Christ,**  
**At han mig føre vil,**  
**that He will guide me,**  
**mens jeg vandrer op ad den gyldne Sti,**  
**while I am wandering up toward that golden path.**  
**Kom, saa kom! Evighed.**  
**Come, therefore, come! Eternity.**

**VILA VID DENNA KÄLLA**  
**(Rest by this spring!)**

**Vila vid denna källa! Vår lilla frukost vi framställa:**  
**Rest by this spring! Our little breakfast we prepared:**  
**Rött vin med pimpinella och en nyss skuten beckasin.**  
**red wine with burnet (salad?) and a recently-shot snipe.**

**Klang, vad buteljer, Ulla, i våra korgar överstfulla,**  
**Klink, what bottles, Ulla, in our overly full baskets,**  
**tömnda i gräset rulla, och känn vad ångan dunstar fin!**  
**emptied in the grass roll, and feel how well the steam evaporates!**

**Ditt middagsvin sku vi ur krusen hälla med glättig min.**  
**Your midday wine we shall pour out of the pitcher with a cheerful expression.**  
**Vila vid denna källa, hör våra valthorns klang, kusin!**  
**Rest by this spring. Hear the sound of our French horn, cousin!**  
**Valthornens klang, kusin!**  
**The French horn, cousin!**

**Danmarks Have**  
**(Denmark's Garden)**

**1. Nu haenger højt over Danmarks Have,**  
**Now hangs high above Denmark's garden,**  
**som Klokke skjult i det skaere Gry,**  
**like a bell hidden in the plain dawn,**  
**De klingre Laerker, og lifligt kimmer**  
**the bell-like larks and blissfully chimes**  
**det aarle Kor under gylden Sky.**  
**the early choir beneath a golden cloud.**

Med Sang velsigner det Dagens Timer,  
With singing it blesses the hours of the day,  
at de maa skride med Sang paa ny.  
that they may proceed with singing anew.

4. Men du, som baerer i Danmarks Have  
But you who hear on Denmark's garden  
din Mismods Byrde med bøjet Ryg,  
your burden of despondency with bowed back,  
bad dig i Morgenens klare Vande,  
bathe yourself in the morning's clear water,  
naar Mosekonen har endt sit Bryg!  
when the marsh sprite has finished brewing!  
Dens skønne Renhed befrier din Pande,  
Its beautiful clarity frees your forehead  
Med Sang den signer dig karsk og tryg.  
With singing it blesses you well and safe.

**Kjaerringa mae Staven**  
**(The Old Woman With the Walking Stick)**

Kjaerring . . . Kjaerringa mae Staven høgt op i Hakkedalen,  
Old woman, the old woman with the walking stick high up in the Hakke valley,  
otte Potter Rømme fire Maerker Smør  
eight pots of sour cream (will produce) four marks (two pounds) of butter.  
Saa kjinna Kari, Ola hadde før, Kjaerringa mae Staven.  
So Kari churned, Ole had previously, the old woman with the walking stick.

**SIGURD JORSALFAR**

1.The Norwegian people will travel, they will bring power to others!  
The battle's sword casts a reflection. The people's labor increases the glory.  
When we came from the Jorsal parade, all the song's beacon lights were lit  
And our youth stood around the fire and it illuminated far on the land.

2.Many that previously were extensive and vast are now diminished and are born away.

The great directed thoughts and the time proceeded to the throne (high seat).  
The woman's demand on the young swain now become courage for manly athletics.

The mother's demand on her sons now become a goal with posthumous fame.

3.If on a mountain two travelling merchants met, they had to talk about the parade.

In its glory, it ins joy they become brothers before they parted.  
Yes, the old ones, who sat behind, raised themselves on (theri) crutches, praised  
God and said: "The family increases the glory. Gladly I went. (I am glad I went.)

4.From noble deeds that are not revived (kept alive).  
Rust is brought on the will of the people.

The glory must be eternally young, the glorytmust be eternally young.  
Only in struggle is it brought foth (born).  
Therefore, on dragon wings again the Norwegian heroes go over the ocean,  
over the doubt, toward the great goals (greatness) in the distance.

### KONGEKVADET (The King Ballad)

Chorus:

Hil Jer, Skud af Haraldsstammen, hil Jer, bolde Kongebrødre,  
Hail to thee, heirs of Harald's tribe. Hail to thee, bold brothers of the king,  
En med Fredens fagre Vinding, En med Kampens Seiers Krone  
one with the beautiful advantage of peace; one with the victor's crown of battle.  
Norges Fortid, Norgest Fremtid i de Tvendes Haandtag traeffes  
Norway's past, Norway's future are joined in the handshake of the two.  
Hil Jer, bolde Kongebrødre, Hil Jer! Hil Jer! Hil Jer! Hil! Hil! Hil!  
Hail to thee, bold brothers of the king. Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Hail! Hail! Hail!

### Norrønafolket (The Norewegian People of the Viking Period)

Chorus: Norrønafolket det vil fare, det vil føre Kraft til Andre!  
The Norwegian people will travel, they will bring power to others!  
Kampens Glavind kaster Gjenglans,  
The battle's sword cuts a reflection;  
Aeren øger Folkets Arbeid.  
The people's work increases the glory.

### Sønner av Norge (Sons of Norway) (The Previous National Anthem)

1. Sønner av Norge, det eldgamle rike,  
Sons of Norway, the ancient kingdom,  
sjunger til harpens den festlige klang!  
Sing to the harps the festive sound!

Mandig og høytidsfullt tonen la stige!  
**Manly and full of solemnity let the music rise!**  
Fedrenelandet innvies vår sang.  
**Our song consecrates the ancestral land.**  
Fedreneminner herlig opprinner  
**Memories of ancestors gloriously come back**  
hver gang vi nevner vår fedrenestavn.  
**Every time we mention our ancestral roots.**  
Svulmende hjerter og glødende kinner  
**Hearts swelling with pride and glowing cheeks**  
hyller det elskte, det hellige navn.  
**Hail the beloved, the sacred name.**

2. Oldtid, du svant, men din hellige flamme  
**Ancient past, you disappeared but your holy flame**  
blusser i nordmannens hjerte ennu,  
**blazes still in the Northman's heart.**  
enn er av aett og av kraft han den samme,  
**One is by family and by power the same.**  
enn står til frihet og ære hans hu.  
**One stands for freedom and the memory of its fame.**  
Og når han kveder Norriges heder,  
**And whenever he chants Norway's glory,**  
svulmer hans hjerte av stolthet og lyst.  
**his heart swells with pride and desire.**  
Ham er selv Sydens de yndigste steder  
**Even the most lovely places of the South are nothing to him**  
intet mot Norriges snedekte kyst.  
**in contrast with Norway's snow covered coast.**

Den store, hvide Flok  
**(The Great White Flock)**

1. Den store, hvide, Flok vi se,  
**The great white flock we see**  
Som tusind Bjerger fuld af Sne,  
**like thousands of mountains full of snow,**  
med Skov omkring af Palmesving  
**with forests around of swinging palms**  
for Tronen. Hvo er de?  
**before the throne. Who are they?**

2. Det er den Helteskare, som af hin  
**They are the host of heroes, who from**  
den store Traengsel kom og har sig toed  
**the great tribulation come and have washed themselves**

**i Lammets Blod, til Himlens Helligdom.  
in the Lamb's blood, for heaven's holiness.**

**3. Der holde de nu Kirkegang, med uophørlig Jubelklang  
They keep on church-going now, with unceasing song of jubilation  
i hoje Kor, hvor Gud han bor blandt alle Engles Sang.  
in the high choir, where God dwells in the midst of all the angel's song.**

**Pål PåHaugen  
(Paul and His Chickens)**

**Paul left his hens on the hillside to wander,  
Lightly they sprang as if nothing were wrong;  
Yet Paul wondered, loose was the fox with his tail so long.**

**Klook, klook, klook, clucked the hens on the hillside.  
Paul jumped up and fear made him wide-eyed.  
"Now I don't dare to go home to my ma!"**

**Paul went further along on the hillside;  
There was the fox with a hen in his grip.  
Paul grabbed a stone, took aim then let fly,  
Nipping the fox on the tip of his lip.**

**The fox ran off yelping, yip, yip, yip!  
But the hen Paul had no way of helping.  
"Now I can't come home to my ma!"**

**Never will she ramble and never will she scramble,  
Never will we evermore from her hear a peep.  
Up to the mill I perhaps now should amble,  
Fetching some grain which I'll bring back in heaps.**

**"But shoot," said Paul, "I'm no longer frightened.  
Pluck and courage my spirits have lightened.  
Now I can dare to go home.**

**Sangerhilsen**

**1. Lad os, hvirvle Velkomstsangen, Brødre, mod det glade Tog!  
Let us raise the welcome song, brothers, toward the happy parade!  
Tone højt paa Maerkestangen Harpen i dens eget Sprog!  
A note high as the singers' banner, the harp in its own language!  
Let paa Foden lys i Sind, Sangerfaerd, drag ind, drag ind!  
Light on foot, bright in mind, (i.e. alert) singers' troup, come in, come!**



3. Syng dig sammen, Sangerskare, i et enigt Tonevaeld!  
**Sing together, singers' group, in a singular symphony of sound!**  
Inden spredt i atter fare, vil vi smelte Sjael i Sjael.  
**Scattered within (the group) in coming back together, we will blend soul to soul.**  
Derfor til vor Tonefest, Sangerflok, vel mødt som bedst!  
**Therefore to our singing festival, well met in the best possible way!**

**GUD SIGNE NORIGS LAND  
(God Bless Our Native Land)**

1. Gud signe Norigs Land, kvar heim, kvar dal, kvar strand,  
**May God bless Norway's land, each home, each valley, each beach.**  
Kvar lund og li, kvar lund og li!  
**Each grove and hillside.**  
Han lat det aldri døy, Han verje bygd og øy,  
**May He never let it die. May he protect countryside and island,**  
Han verje mann og møy Til evig tid, T il evig tid.  
**May He protect man and maiden to eternity, to eternity.**
3. Her stig det stort og blaåt vort fagre heimlands slot  
**Here may (it) rise large and blue our beautifly homeland castle**  
Med tind og taarn, med tind og taarn.  
**With pinnacles and towers, with pinnacles and towers,**  
Og som det erved ned, alt fagrar led fyr led,  
**And as it is passed on down (by inheritance) to beautiful generations upon generations**  
Det byggjast skal i fred aat vore born, aat vore born.  
**It (i.e. our land) shall be built upon peace for our children, for our children.**

**AFTENSTEMNING**

1. Alt Skoven sig fordunkler; en gyldne Stjerne funkler paa Hilmen  
**All the woods surpasses itself; the golden star sparkles in sky**  
reen og blid, pass Hilmen reen og blid;  
**clear and gentle, in sky clear and gentle;**  
sin Ret Naturen kraever, og over Engen svaever den hvide Damp ved  
Aftenstid.  
**nature claims its (her) due and over the meadow hovers the white fog at eventide.**
2. Hvor roligt Jorden hviler bag Nattens Slør og smiler saa mild  
**How peacefully the earth rests behind the night's veil and smiles so gently**

og sommervarm, saa mild og sommervarm  
**and summer-warm, so gently and summer-warm**  
fast lig et stille Kammer, hvori al Dagens Jammer forglemmes skall i Søvnens  
Arm.

**steady-like a quiet bedroom in which all the day's misery shall be forgotten  
in the arm of sleep.**

## SANGERHILSEN

2. Lad os, hvirvle Velkomstsangen, Brødre, mod det glade Tog!

**Let us raise the welcome song, brothers, toward the happy parade!**

Tone højt paa Maerkestangen Harpen i dens eget Sprog!

**A note high as the singers' banner, the harp in its own language!**

Let paa Foden lys i Sind, Sangerfaerd, drag ind, drag ind!

**Light on foot, bright in mind, (i.e. alert) singers' troupe, come in, come!**

3. Syng dig sammen, Sangerskare, i et enigt Tonevaeld!

**Sing together, singers' group, in a singular symphony of sound!**

Inden spredt i atter fare, vil vi smelte Sjael i Sjael.

**Scattered within (the group) in coming back together, we will blend soul to  
soul.**

Derfor til vor Tonefest, Sangerflok, vel mødt som bedst!

**Therefore to our singing festival, well met in the best possible way!**

## Nidelven

Langt i det fjerne bak fjellene blå ligger et sted jeg har kjer.

**Far in the distance behind the mountain blue lives a place (that) I hold precious.**

Dit mine tanker og drømme vil gå, altid de er mig så nær.

**Thence my thoughts and dreams want to go, always they are so near to me.**

Nidelven stille og vakker du er, her hvor jeg går og drømmer,

**Nidelven, quiet and beautiful you are, here where I am strolling and dreaming.**

Drømmer om henne jeg hadda så kjer, Nu er det bare minner

**Dreaming about her (whom) I had so dear. Now it is just memories.**

Den gamle bybro er Lykkens portal sammen vi seiled i stjernerens koral.

**The old city bridge is a gateway to happiness. Together we sailed in the stars'  
chorale.**

Nidelven stille og vakker du er, her hvor jeg går og drømmer.

**Nidelven, quiet and beautiful you are, here where I am strolling and dreaming.**

## JEG LAGDE MIG SA SILDIG

Jeg lagde mig så sildig  
**I went to bed so late.**  
Jeg lagde mig så sildig alt sent om en Kveld,  
**I went to bed so late, so late in the evening,**  
Jeg vidste ingen Kvide, ingen Kvide  
**I knew no pain, no pain**  
Til at have;  
**To have;**  
så kom der da Bud ifra Kjaeresten min.  
**Then there came a message from my beloved**  
Jeg til hende måtte fare,  
**I had to go to her,**  
Jeg til hende måtte fare.  
**I had to go to her.**  
Ingen har man elsket over hende,  
**No one have I loved above her,**  
Har man elsket over hende,  
**Have I loved above her,**  
Ingen, Ingen, Ingen har man elsket over hende. Ingen!  
**No one, no one, no one have I loved above her. No one!**

## DEN SOM HAR LIVETS MILDHED SØGT

Den som har livets mildhed søgt,  
**The one who life's gentleness has sought**  
Mø der sin skaebne uden frygt,  
**Meets his destiny without fear,**  
Saa vist vil mig aabnes en himmel  
**Certainly for me a heaven will be opened.**  
Jeg fandt den her paa jord.  
**I found it here on earth.**

## AFTENRØSTER (Evening Songs)

Lad nu daempet suse, grønne Skov, din Sang!  
**O green forest, let the quiet whisper your song!**  
Bølge, du ej bruse, sagte nu din Gang!  
**O you wave, do not roar; quiet your movement!**  
Lille Blomst, du bøje, lille Blomst, du bøje

**O you little flower, bow. Little flower bow,  
nu din Kalk til Ro!  
now your cup to rest.**  
Bi, hold op at ile rundt om Blomstens Bo,  
**O bee, refrain (from) hurrying around among the flower beds.**  
Bi, hold op at ile rundt om Blomstens Bo!  
**O bee, refrain (from) hurring around among the flower beds.**  
Bjerg og dybe Dale, tag nu mod den Fred,  
**O mountains and deep valleys, receive now the peace**  
der fra Himlens Sale saenker sig hened,  
**which from the halls of heaven settles down here,**  
der fra Himlens Sale saenker sig hened, saeneker sig hened.  
**Which from the halls of heaven settles down here, settles down here.**

**HILS FRA MIG DET HJEMME  
(Greet from me there at home)**

I den tause stille natt Står jeg her ved skibets ratt  
**In the silent, quiet night, here I stand at the ship's wheel**  
Under Himlens stjernevell, Ene og forlatt  
**Beneath Heaven's abundance of stars, alone and forlorn.**  
Under Himlens høie tak, høres tjerne vinge slag:  
**Beneath the sky's high dome is heard a distant beating of wings.**  
Fugletrekket atter går mot Nord, mot lyse vår.  
**The migration of birds is going back toward the North, toward our daylight.**

1. Hils fra mig der hjemme, Hils min far og mor,  
**Greet from me there at home. Greet my father and mother.**  
Hils de grønne lier, og den blanke fjord.  
**Greet the green meadows and the glittering fjords.**  
Hvis jeg hadde vinger Fløi jeg hjem med dig,  
**If I had wings, I (would) fly home with you,**  
Til de lyse netter. Hils dem! Hils fra mig!  
**to light nights. Greet them! Greet from me.**

2. Hils fra mig der hjemme, Hils og bring dem bud,  
**Greet from me there at home. Greet and bring them a message:**  
Bed dem aldri glemme oss som reiste ut.  
**Ask them never to forget us who emigrated.**  
Intet har vi elsket, Høit som hjemmets navn.  
**Nothing have we loved (as) deeply as the name of home.**  
Si dem det og hils dem Hils i hjemmets havn.  
**Tell them that, and greet them. Greet in the ports of home.**

**TONERA**  
**(The Tones/Tunes/Music)**

Tanke, hvars strider blott natten ser,  
**(O) mind, whose struggles only the night sees**  
Toner, hos eder om hvila den ber.  
**(O) sounds, with you it asks about rest.**  
Hjärta, som lider, som lider af dagens gny,  
**(O) heart, which suffers, which suffers from the day's clamor.**  
Toner till eder, Till er vill det fly.  
**(O) sounds, with you will it flee to you.**

**HIL DIG, NORGE**

Hil dig, Norge, Hil dig, vort Norge,  
**Hail to you, Norway, Hail to you, Norway!**  
Norge, vort land; vort land, vort faedreland!  
**Norway, our land, our land, our Fatherland!**  
Hil dig, Norge, Hil dig, vort Norge.  
**Hail to you, Norway, Hail to you, our Norway!**

1. Din aere er vor  
**Your glory is ours.**

Din ret vore sönners til seneste år.  
**Your law is our sons' to the latest years.**  
Din ret til seneste år.  
**Your law to the latest years.**

Chorus:

Hil dig, Norge, Hil dig vort faedreland!  
Hil dig Norge, Hil dig Norge vort land,  
Hil dig Norge vort faedreland!  
Hil dig Norge, hil dig Norge, hil dig Norge, Norge!

2. Ved ord og ved dåd  
**By word and by deed.**

Du aeret skal baenkes i folkenes råd.  
**You honored shall be seated in the council of the people.**  
Du aeret i folkenes råd.  
**You honored shall be seated in the council of the people.**

Chorus:

**PER SPELMANN**

1. Per Spelmann han hadde ei einaste ku  
**Per fiddler, he had but the one only cow.**  
han bytte bort kua fekk fela igjen!  
**He traded his cow for a fiddle right now!**  
han bytte bort kua fekk fela igjen!  
**He traded his cow for a fiddle right now!**  
Du gamle gode fiolin du  
**“My good old, tuneful violin,**  
fiolin du, fiolin du, fiolin du  
**my violin, my violin!”**

2. Per Spelmann han spelta og fela hu lat,  
**Per fiddler then on with his fidd’ling he kept;**  
sa gutterne dansa og jenterna grat!  
**The boys kept on dancing, the girls they just wept.**  
så gutterne dansa og jentene gråt!  
**The boys kept on dancing, the girls they just wept.**  
Du gamle gode fiolin du  
**”My good old, tuneful violin,**  
fiolin du, fiolin du, fiolin du  
**my violin, my violin.”**

3. Og um eg vert gamel som mossse pa tre,  
**And if I get old as the moss on the tree,**  
så aldrig eg bytta bort fela for fe,  
**No swapping of fiddle and cattle for me**  
Du gamle gode fiolin du  
**”My good old, tuneful violin,**  
fiolin du, fiolin du, fiolin du  
**my violin, my violin.”**

### NORSK FAEDRELANDSSANG (Norway’s National Anthem)

Ja, vi elsker dette Landdet, som det stiger frem  
**Yes, we love this land of ours as with mountain domes storm lash’d**  
Furet, veirbidt over Vandet med de tusind Hjem,  
**O’er the sea it towers with the thousand homes.**  
Elsker, elsker det og taenker paa vor Far og Mor  
**Love it dearly, ever thinking of our father’s strife**  
Og den Saganat, som saenker Drømme paa vor Jord,  
**And the land of saga sinking, dreams upon our life,**  
Og den Saganat, som saenker—saenker fagre Drømme paa vor Jord.  
**And the land of saga sinking, sinking dreams upon our life.**

## DEN SOM HAR LIVETS MILDHED SØGT

**Solo:** Death itself cannot frighten me.  
No trembling is in my voice which could betray me.  
For I know that I have still loved,  
And I cannot forget these hours, golden and happy,  
Now as I shall leave life's table.

**Chorus:**  
Den som har livets mildhed søgt,  
The one who life's gentleness has sought  
Mø der sin skaebne uden frygt,  
Meets his destiny without fear,  
Saa vist vil mig aabnes en himmel  
Certainly for me a heaven will be opened.  
Jeg fandt den her paa jord.  
I found it here on earth.

**Solo:** People seek fortune blindly,  
No one knows where it is to be found.  
The smile from a lady stands as a star over the way.  
She gilded my days only with a smile I now remember.

**Chorus:** (repeats)

## NORSK FAEDRELANDSSANG (Norway's National Anthem)

Ja, vi elsker dette Landdet, som det stiger frem  
Yes, we love this land of ours as with mountain domes Storm lash'd  
Furet, veirbidt over Vandet med de tusind Hjem,  
O'er the sea it towers with the thousand homes.  
Elsker, elsker det og taenker paa vor Far og Mor  
Love it dearly, ever thinking of our father's strife  
Og den Saganat, som saenker Drømme paa vor Jord,  
And the land of Saga sinking, dreams upon our life,  
Og den Saganat, som saenker—saenker fagre Drømme paa vor Jord.  
And the land of Saga sinking, sinking dreams upon our life.

## GAMLE NORIG

Gamle Norig, nørdest i grendom, er vaart eget aettarland.

**Old Norway, northernmost in neighborhoods, is our very own ancestral land.**

Der er have, some heilt aat endom leikar um den lange strand.

**There are seas which totally as one play around the long shoreline.**

Der er vikar og votn og øyar, tusund fjordar og tusund fjell,

**There are bays and peninsulas and islands, thousands of fjords and thousands of mountains,**

Snøydor der sjeldan snoen tøyar, dalar, der fossen digger fell.

**Snowy, where the snow rarely melts, valleys where the enormous waterfalls fall.**

Leid er vel den lange vetter, endaa grøn vaar granskog stend,

**Nasty indeed are the long winters; yet green our pruce forests stand,**

Og naar lauv i lidom spretter, fagre liter faer vaar grend.

**And whenever the foliage on the hills shoots forth, beautiful colors reach our neighborhood.**

Store dagar og stutte naeter lida lett um den ljose jord;

**Great days and short nights pass gently around the bright earth,**

Strand or fjor og fjell og saeter skiner av sol fraa sud og nord.

**Coast and fjord, and mountains and mountain farms bask in sunlight from south and north.**

Born av deim som bygde landet er paa tuftom endaa til;

**The children of those who built the land are still on the foundations;**

Garden stend i gamle standet bygd og bødt som bonden vil.

**The farms stand on old locales built and repaired as the farmer desires.**

Van til møda meir enn til kjaela, leikar lyuden paa land og sjo.

**Accustomed to difficulty more than to affectionateness, the sound/song plays on land and sea.**

Give han sitje med sømd og saela trutt paaa tuftom I trygd og ro.

**May they be granted (to) sit with dignity and to enjoy steadfastness on foundation in safety and peace.**

Gamle Norig, nørdest i grendom, er vaaart eget aettarland.

**Old Norway, northernmost in neighborhoods, is our very own ancestral land.**

Gamle Norig, nørdest i grendom, er vaart eget aettarland.

**Old Norway, northernmost in neighborhoods, is our very own ancestral land**

## NORGE, MIT NORGE!

Solo

**Norway, my Norway, securely asleep,**

**In winter's bright halls now reposing.**

**Your dreams are so pleasant, your slumber so sweet,**

**When rivers and streamlets are closing,**



And no one can rest so serenely in peace  
When song birds are silent and even the trees,  
In wint'ry garments, in wint'ry garments are dozing.

1. Og skogen sover i dale.

(literally) **And forest sleeps in valley.**

Norway, my Norway! Let springtime appear  
With sunshine and warmth for the meadows;  
But hear me, oh, hear me; when evening draws near  
With coolness and lengthening shadows.  
Oh Norway! Then teach me to wither and die,  
And grant in your hallowed ground I may lie  
When summer and life are departing.

2. Når sommeren dragger af lande.

(literally) **When summer departs out of the land.**

## AFTENSANG

1. Aften solen smiler over Jorden ned,  
**Evening sun smiles on the earth below**  
og Naturen hviler taus i hellig Fred.  
**And nature rests silent in holy peace**

2. Ikken Bækkens Vove risler sagtelig,  
**Only the brook's waves ripple gently**  
gjennem Mark og Skove frem den slynger sig.  
**Through field and woods forward it throws itself.**

3. Ingen Aften bringer Stansning i dens Fjed,  
**No evening brings standstill to its flow**  
Ingen Klokke ringer den til Ro og Fred.  
**No bells ring it to quiet and peace.**

4. Saa mit Hjerte stunder i sin Kjaerlighed,  
**So my heart stops in its love**  
til jeg engang blunder i en evig Fred.  
**Until I one day sleep in an eternal peace.**

## MORGENSANG af 'ELVERSKUD!'

I Østen stiger Solen op, den spreder  
**In the east, the sun rises; it spreads**  
Guld paa Sky, gaar over Hav og Bjerger top, gaar  
**yellow on the clouds. (It) goes over the sea and the mountain top,**

Over Land og By. Den komer fra den fagre  
**goes over the countryside and the city. It comes from the beautiful**  
Kyst, den fagre Kyst, hvor Paradiset laa, den bringer  
**coast where Paradise lay. It brings**  
Lys og Liv, den bringer Liv og Lyst til store og til  
**light and life; it brings life and delight to great and**  
smaa, til store og smaa. Og med Guds Sol ud-  
**small, to great and small. And with God's Sun there**  
gaar fra Øst en himmelsk Glans paa Jord, et Glimt, et Glimt fra  
**goes out from the east a heavenly ray on the earth; a glimpse from**  
Paraidesets Kyst, hvor Livets Abild gror!  
**Paradise coast, where the apple of life grows.**

### I MIDNATTSOLEN

Der ute står ildröd et flamehjul.  
**Out there stands, fiery-red, a flame wheel,**  
Flammer på hav mot land.  
**It blazes on (the) ocean toward (the) land.**  
Der vrimler fugl fra klöfters skjul.  
**Here(it) teems with birds from (hiding) places of crevices**  
Og under går havet langs strand.  
**And beneath, the ocean flows along (the beach).**  
Det suser i vinger, nu daler de, se  
**It whirs in (their) wings, now they dive. Look!**  
Fugler i klippen som sne.  
**Birds in the cliff like snow.**  
Midnattsol! Midnattsol!  
**Midnight sun! Midnight sun!**  
Fugleberg sover. Drömme syn. Midnatt sol!  
**Bird mountain sleeps. A dream-scene. Midnight sun.**

Her vil jeg for Herren böie mitt kne,  
**Here I want to bow my knee before the Lord (and)**  
Take for evig lys.  
**Thank (Him) for eternal light.**  
Var jeg some fuglen, flö jeg av sted,  
**And if I were like the bird, I (would) fly away**  
Ut over ravgyllent hav,  
**Out over (the) amber-yellow ocean**  
Mot röd men de sol som stiger der av.  
**Over the reddening sun, which rises from there,**  
I rummet met fylt av Guds fred.  
**In the space filled by God's peace.**  
Midnattsol, Midnattsol.  
**Midnight sun. Midnight sun.**

**VACKRA SKY**  
**(Beautiful Cloud)**

Vackra sky som tagar ofver det vida bla  
**Beautiful cloud, which processes across the wide blue (sky),**  
Hvar skall du, jag fragar, hvar skall du ro och hvila fa?  
**Where shall you, I ask, where shall you get peace and rest? Where? Where?**  
Vackra sky som tagar ofver det vida bla, hvar? hvar?  
**Beautiful cloud, which processes across the wide blue (sky). Where? Where?**  
Hvar skall du ro och hvila fa? Luftens skona haging  
**Where shall you find peace and rest? Beautiful mirage of the air,**  
Skall du helt forga? Skall af din faging  
**shall you entirely perish? Shall nothing of your beauty**  
intent atersta? Skona haging,  
**remain? Beautiful mirage,**  
skall af din faging intet intet  
**shall of your beauty nothing, nothing,**  
intet atersta? Vackra sky! Vackra sky!  
**nothing remain? Beautiful cloud, beautiful cloud.**

**PIE JESU**

**Pie Jesus, pie Jesu, pie Jesu, pie Jesu**  
Merciful Jesus, merciful Jesus, merciful Jesus, merciful Jesus

**Qui tollis peccata mundi**  
Who takes away the sins of the world

**Dona eis requiem, dona eis requiem.**  
Grant them rest, grant them rest.

**Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei**  
Lamb of God, Lamb of God, Lamb of God, Lamb of God

**Qui tollis peccata mundi**  
Who takes way the sins of the world

**Dona eis requiem, dona eis requiem**  
Grant them rest, grant them rest

**Sempiternam, Sempiternam Requiem**  
Everlasting, everlasting rest

## HO GURO

O kjenne du ho Guro?

**O do you know that woman, Guro?**

Kjenne du ho Guro, den lystigo kvinno?

**Do you know that woman, Guro, that merry woman?**

Ho kunna baka, vaeva o spinno,

**She can bake, weave, and spin..**

frisk, so sin kar, ho sannole foldo,

**(just as) lively as her fellow, she certainly went along;**

ho va i faeres vege og kjordo

**she could drive on the worst roads;**

ho va inkji bangi for stande paa meia,

**she ws not afraid of standing on the sled-runners;**

ho kunna sela maerrae si eia!

**She could harness her own mares!**

ho va inkji bangi for stande paa meia,

**She was not afraid of standing on the sled-runners;**

ho kuna sela maerrae si eia!

**She could harness her own mares!**

Kjenne du ho Guro?

**Do you know that woman, Guro?**

Ho kunna so lett paa skjio renno,

**She could run so easily on skis,**

Ret so dei kara, so inkji ae seine,

**just like the guys, who were not slow;**

flink so ein kar, ho va uti stakken,

**skilled as a fellow, she was out in (her) skirt:**

ho kunna kjoyro laso i bakken,

**she could haul a load of hay on the hill;**

ho kunn'gjera hestsko o slea,

**she could make horse-shoes and hammer**

so nye, ho kunna klyppe si troio taa tye!

**as if (they) were new! She could cut her clothes straight from the cloth.**

ho kunn'gjera hestko o siea,

**She could make horse-shoes and hammer**

so nye, ho kunna klyppo si troio taa tye!

**as if they were new! She could cut her clothes straight from the cloth.**

(i.e. without using a pattern)

FANEVAGT  
(Banner Guard)

Fold dig ud, vort gamle Maerke,  
**Unfold yourself our old emblem**  
evig unge Sangerflag  
**eternally young singers flag!**  
Gjør de veke Viljer stærke,  
**Make the weak wills strong**  
Naar du loftes for vor Sag!  
**Whenever you are raised for our cause.**  
Laer os seigt som Egens Kviste,  
**Train us strictly like the oak's branch**  
Holde ud med modigt Bryst.  
**(to) endure with courageous chest.**  
Styrk os, styrk os, styrk os  
**Strengthen us, strengthen us, strengthen us**  
at vi aldrig miste Haabets glade Sangfuglrost.  
**that we never lose hope's joyful songbird voice.**

**2. Forward over (the) waves of Time!**  
**Sons of the Song, do not falter!**  
**The night's deep darkness can conceal the goal.**  
**Faithfully you show us (the ) way!**  
**The poet's vision with clear eyes**  
**cleaves the fog's web.**  
**Sharpen our vision, sharpen our vision,**  
**sharpen our vision.**  
**Whenever Time's falsehoods veil the ideal's pinnacle.**

**3. Loft da hojt vor Sangerfane!**  
**Lift high then our singers' banner!**  
Fylk om den en Ungdomsvagt!  
**Array around it a guard of youth!**  
Laden straale paa vor Bane,  
**Let it shine upon our path,**  
Altid kjaekt og uforsagt!  
**Always cheerful and undismayed.**  
Dugen rod skal til det Fjerne  
**To the far-off (its) red cloth shall bring**  
bringe Bud som Baunens Brand,  
**a message like (the) fire of a beacon.**  
Bringe Bud, bringe Bud,  
**Bring a message. Bring a message,**  
at den unge Slaerdt vil vaerne Frihed, Konge, Faedreland!  
**that the young generation will protect freedom, king (and) fatherland.**  
Fold dig ut, vort gamle Maerke, fold dig ut.  
**Unfold yourself, our old emblem. Unfold yourself.**

## NAAR FJORDENE BLAANER

Naar Fjordene blaaner som Markens Fiol og  
**When the fjords turn blue like the violet in the meadow and**  
Bræerne glitrer i spillende Sol,  
**Glaciers glisten in the playing of the sunshine.**  
. . . naar Liljekonval . . . . ved Foden af Haeg  
**Whenever lilies of the valley at the foot of the wall (cliff)**  
. . . .staar duftende skjøn langs med Klippnes Vaeg, mens  
**smells waft beautifully along the walls of the cliff while**  
Elven den danser og Trosten den synger,  
**The river it dances and the thrush sings.**  
da røres mit Bryst, da røres mit Bryst, da blot hviske, jeg kan:  
**Then my breast is stirred – then I can barely whisper;**  
Gud signe dig Norge, mit deilige Land,  
**God bless you, Norway, my beautiful land**  
Gud signe dig Norge, mit deilige Land!”  
**God bless you, Norway, my beautiful land.**  
Men naar jeg ser Folket, som rydder den Jord som  
**But when I see landsmen lay bare the earth’s hoard,**  
virker paa Fjeld og ved fiskerig Fjord,  
**Employed on the hills and the finny-rich fjords,**  
de tusinde Maend, som tilsjøs og tillands,  
**The ten thousand men, who on sea and on land**  
i Arbeitets Sved vinder Norge en Krans;  
**In their labor’s warm sweat win loved Norway a crown,**  
de tusinde Kvinder, som yndig og tro med  
**The ten thousand women, who, tender and true**  
Kjaerlighe sysler i Hjemlivets Bo,  
**With loving hands render to home in life its due,**  
da svinger jeg Hatten, da Hjertet faar Tolk;  
**Then, swinging my hat, I break forth into song,**  
Hurra, for mit brave, mit kraftige Folk!  
**Hurrah for my people, so loyal and strong!**  
Hura for mit Folk, for mit Kraftige Folk.”  
**Hurrah for my people, so loyal and strong!**

This song depicts the awakening of nature as yet another spring arrives in Norway. It is a praise, not only to the blue fjords, the beautiful and fragrant flowers, the rushing brooks and the singing birds, but to the hard working men and women of Norway as well. In seven words, "Gud signe dig Norge, mit deilige Land" (God bless you Norway, my beautiful land), the lyricist John Paulsen of Bergen, has braided into his song a simple prayer for the homeland. The Norwegian emigrant composer, organist and choral director Alfred Paulsen of Chicago, helped immortalize the song with perhaps his best known tune, which he wrote in 1907. Alfred Paulsen, a student of L. M. Lindemann and Edvard Grieg, composed "Norge, Mit Norge" in 1911 (text Teodor Caspari). He also composed and wrote arrangements under the pseudonym of Leon

Lambert. He was church organist in Jacob's Church in Oslo until 1888, the year he went to America. From 1895, he was organist and choral conductor of "Bethania" and directed both the Norwegian Glee Club and the Norwegian quartette Club of Chicago.

Dr. Alf L. Knudsen

## LANDKJENDING (LANDSIGHTING)

1. Og det var Olaf Trygvason, stævned over Nordsjø fram

**Oh, it was Olaf Trygvason, sailing o'er the North Sea grim,**

Op mod sit unge Kongerige, som ikke vented ham.

**Up to his youthful royal kingdom, never expecting him.**

Fik han saa første Synet: "Hvad er dette for Mur i Havbrynet?"

**At first sight, halting motion: "What is this kind of wall a thwart the ocean?"**

2. Og det var Olaf Trygvason, landet syntes ganske staengt,

**Oh, it was Olaf Trygvason, quiet forbidding was the land;**

alle hans unge Kongelaengsler følte mod Klippen spraengt,

**All of his youthful kingly longings seemed by the mountains banned.**

indtil en Skald opdaget hvide Kupler og Spir i Skylaget.

**Then came a skald+ perceiving whitened towers and spires, the sky piercing.**

(+any ancient Scandinavian poet, specifically one of the Viking period writing in the complex late Old Norse style)

3. Og det var Olaf Trygvason, syntes, han med engang saa

**Oh it was Olaf Trygvason, then it seemed that he should go**

graaspraengte, gamle Templemure, snehvide Hvaelv derpaa.

**To grayed and ancient temple bastions, white with a crown of snow.**

Laengtes han da saa saare med sin unge Tro staa in denfore.

**Sorely he then kept longing, with his youthful faith to stand where belonging.**

4. Landet sig aabned , Vaar der var, durende af Fossebrus,

**Open the land was; spring was here rumbling from its waterfalls.**

Stormvejr og Havdøn rundt omkring dem, saelsom var Skogens sus,

**Storm clouds and sea din rolled around them. Rustling, the forest calls.**

Orgler og Klokker hørtes, Kongen saa sig om.

**Organs, with bells enhancing, Olaf looked about**

Kongen henførtes: Kongen henfortes:

**himself entrancing. Himself entrancing.**

5. (King Olaf's Prayer) Baritone solo

"Her er Grunden funden, funden, Tempelhavaelvet trodser Helved,

**"Our foundation here is grounded, temple-pillars bar out Hades.**

Aanden baever, Hjertet fyldes, her den Største kun kan hylldes!

**Spirit trembles, heart is swelling; Just the greatest here is honored!**

Gid min Tro staa fast some Grunden, stige ren some Jøkelrunden,

**May my faith match my foundation, mount to Jøkel's elevation.**

Aanden naa Natures Højde, fylt af Ham, som sammenføjde.”  
**Be my soul, at nature’s apex, filled by Him who all created!”**

6. Olaf Bøn vi alle tage nu som da og alle Dage:

**Olaf’s prayer we all submit to, now and always all commit to,**  
“Aanden baever, Hjertet fyldes, her den Største kun kan hyldes!  
**“Spirit trembles, heart is swelling; just the greatest here is honored!**  
Gid min Tro staa staerk som Grunden, stige ren some Jokelrunden,  
**May my faith match my foundation, mount to Jokel’s elevation.**  
Aanden naa Naturens Højde, fylt af Ham, som sammenføjde!  
**Be my soul, at nature’s apex, filled by Him who all created!**  
Fylt aft Ham! Fylt af Ham!”  
**Filled by Him! Filled by Him!”**

Hav!

Hei! Du fykende maake, aa hei, la mig følge dig.  
**Hey! You darting sea gull, O hey! Let me accompany you.**  
Baer mig paa hvite vinger over din hav blaa vei.  
**Carry me on white wings over your sea-blue way.**  
Baer mig dit ut hvor til je er barmbrede bolger blaa,  
**Carry me out where (the) floor is chest-wide blue waves (and the)**  
Tak er den hoie himmel, hvaelvet der oven paa.  
**ceiling is high sky, the arch there above.**

Baer mig dit ut,  
**Carry me out there,**  
dit ut hvor havets hugstore stolte sang  
**where the sea’s high-minded, proud song**  
gaar gjennem domens, ode.  
**goes through the emptiness**  
gaar gjennem domens, domens ode  
**of the cathedral’s dome**  
Som eneste tones klang.  
**like (the) sound of a single tone.**

Der vil jeg baarerne ride, seile paa blanken sjo,  
**There will I ride the billows (and) sail on the shiny sea,**  
Staenkes afsaltteste hav sproit!  
**Splashed by the very salty sea spray**  
ensom der ute do.  
**(and) die out there alone.**  
Aa hei, aa hei! Du fykendemaake, aa hei, aa hei!  
**Oh Hey! Oh Hey! You darting sea-gull, oh hey, oh hey!**  
la mig følge dig!  
**Let me accompany you.**



Baermig paa hvite vinger over din hav blaa vei!  
**Carry me out there on the sea! In ocean spray!**  
Baer mig dit ut paa hav! I havsprøtt!

## I MIDNATTSOLEN

Der ute star ildrød et flamehjul.  
**Out there stands, fiery-red, a flame wheel,**  
Flammer paa hav mot land.  
**It blazes on (the) ocean toward (the) land.**  
Der vrimler fugl fra kløfters skjul.  
**Here(it) teems with birds from (hiding) places of crevices**  
Og under går havet langs strand.  
**And beneath, the ocean flows along (the beach).**  
Det suser i vinger, nu daler de, se  
**It signs in (their) wings, now they dive. Look!**  
Fugler i klippen som sne.  
**Birds in the cliff like snow.**  
Midnattsol! Midnattsol!  
**Midnight sun! Midnight sun!**  
Fugleberg sover. Drømme syn. Midnatt sol!  
**Bird mountain sleeps. A dream-scene. Midnight sun.**

**Here I want to bow my knee before the Lord (and)**  
Her vil jeg for Herren böie mitt kne,  
**Here I want to bow my knee before the Lord (and)**  
**Thank (Him) for eternal light.**  
Take for evig lys.  
**Thank (Him) for etenral light.**  
**And if I were like the bird, I (would) fly away**  
Var jeg some fuglen, flö jeg av sted,  
**And if I were like the bird, I (would) fly away**  
Ut over ravgyllent hav,  
**Out over (the) amber-yellow ocean**  
Mot rödmende sol som stiger der av.  
**Over the reddening sun, which rises from there,**  
I rummet met fylt av Guds fred.  
**In the space filled by God's peace.**  
Midnattsol, Midnattsol.  
**Midnight sun. Midnight sun.**

NORGES FJELD  
**(Norway's Mountains)**

1. Norges bedste Vaern og Faeste er dets gamle Fjeld;  
**Norway's oldest Forts and boldest are its mountains high**  
Skumle Dod sig skjuler i dets dybe Huler  
**Dismal death there burrows deep in rocky furrows.**  
Varden ope paas dets Toppe spejder.  
**Beacons shining, tops defining**  
Spejder Dad og Kveld. Spejde Dag og Kveld.  
**Day and night (catch sight of) Day and night (catch sight of)**

2. Ingen Fejde kan han spejde. Haeng da Riffelen hen!  
**And no fighting He is sighting. Put the gun away.**  
Gamle Bjorneskytte, krans med Lov din Hytte!  
**You who went bear hunting, deck your hut with bunting.**  
Tapre Jaeger, tom et Baeger for dit  
**Valiant huntsman, lift your cup**  
For dit Fjeld og den, for dit Fjeld og den!  
**For hills and liberty. For hills and liberty.**

**GUD SIGNE NORIGS LAND**  
**(God Bless Our Native Land)**

1. Gud signe Norigs Land, kvar heim, kvar dal, kvar strand,  
**May God bless Norway's land, each home, each valley, each beach.**  
Kvar lund og li, kvar lund og li!  
**Each grove and hillside.**  
Han lat det aldri døy, Han verje bygd og øy,  
**May He never let it die. May he protect countryside and island,**  
Han verje mann og møy Til evig tid, T il evig tid.  
**May He protect man and maiden to eternity, to eternity.**

3. Her stig det stort og blaet vort fagre heimlands slot  
**Here may (it) rise large and blue our beautifly homeland castle**  
Med tind og taarn, med tind og taarn.  
**With pinnacles and towers, with pinnacles and towers,**  
Og som det erved ned, alt fagnar led fyr led,  
**And as it is passed on down (by inheritance) to beautiful generations upon generations**  
Det byggjast skal i fred aat vore born, aat vore born.  
**It (i.e. our land) shall be built upon peace for our children, for our children.**

**LYS VED AFTENTID**  
**(Light at Eventide)**

1. Kjaere Frelser folg min sti,

med ditt lys evinnelig,  
nar det kvelder Herre gi lys, lys,  
lys ved aftentid.

## 2. SOLO

4. Nar jeg frelst for tronen star,  
der, i evighetens var,  
bryter ut min lovsangs pris:  
lys, lys, lys i Paradis. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

## DEN STORE, HVIDE, FLOK

Den store, hvide, stoe hvide Flok vi se,  
***Behold a host like mountains bright!*** (This translation is from SBH)  
som Tusind Bjerger fuld af Sne,  
***Lo! Who are these, arrayed in white,***  
(med Skov omkring)  
med Skov omkring  
***A glorious band,***  
(af Palmesving)  
af Palmesving for Tronen. Hvo er de  
***with palms i ahnd around the throne of light?***

Det er den Helteskare, Helteskare, som  
***Lo, tehse are they who overcame***  
Af hin den store Traengsel kom  
***Great tribulation in his Name,***  
(og har sig toed)  
og har sig toed  
***And with his Blood***  
(i Lammets Blod)  
i Lammets Blod, till Himlens Helligdom  
***the Lamb of God hath washed away their shame.***

Der hold de, der holde de nu Kirkegang,  
***Before God's face they sing and pray***  
Med uophorlig Jubelklang,  
***Their voices blend with angel's lay,***  
(i høje Kor)  
i høje Kor,  
***And all conspire, a joyous choir***  
(hvor Gud han bor)  
hvor Gud had bor blandt alle Engles Sang.  
***To laud him night and day.***

**VI ER SANGERE**  
(Translation by Donald Berg)

**1.**

Vi er sangere av hele hjerte, hjerte sjel og liv og sinn,  
**We are singers of whole heart, heart, soul and mind;**  
hver av oss er enkle dele  
**each of us is a separate part**  
Som et mannskor fatter inn.  
**which makes up a men's chorus.**  
Sangen er vårt samlings merke  
**Singing is our symbol of unity,**  
og vi hever det mot sky,  
**and we raise it toward the sky.**  
sangen er for oss så kjaer.  
**Singing is for us so precious.**  
Sangen er vår venn vår styrke  
**Singing is our friend, our strength, our glory.**  
æere sangen er vårt ry.  
**Singing is our fame.**

**3.**

Tro i året vil vi sammen  
**Faithfully this year we will rehearse together.**  
øve enig samler vil vi stå,  
**We will stand gathered in harmony.**  
må let vinker, vi vil prøve  
**The goal beckons; we will try to attain**  
fagre sangermål å nå.  
**our goals of beautiful singing.**  
får vi lønen  
**For the effort we get the reward**  
i den glede sangen gir,  
**in the joy the singing gives.**  
Fremad da ja freidig glad.  
**Forward /Onward then, yes boldly joyful.**  
Vi vil samles, vi vil ta på  
**We will gather, we will raise in**  
sangervis friskt er kjekt hurra!  
**singers' fashion lustily a hearty, "Hurrah!"**