

LYRICS | Donnimaar. O Tili

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MoBC Records

Æ Tæærningsspæl' (jysk)

Skjøn ri'er han spuu'r hans fåår' åm fâlåw,

Hans fåår' 'm fâlåw:

"Mo a æ't spæl' tæærning mæ æ jåmmfru i oo'r?"

—Sjæl' venner'enn den æærlii roo's.—

Ak næj, mi kjæær søn! Blyw' hjæemm i Oo'r!

Blyw' hjæemm i Oo'r!

Spæl' tæærning mæ æ jåmmfru: Hon worder dæ få klååw!"

Skjøn ri'er å han kam riien i æ goo'r,

Kam riien i æ goo'r,

Uu(h)e stuk æ skjønn jåmmfru, war swøwt uu(h)i må't.

"Skjøn jåmmfru, skjøn jåmmfru! Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Mi hywwskyw'et' hat sæ'ter a imue'r dæ."

"Di hywwskyw'et' hat træær' a ånner fue'r,

Træær' a ånner fue'r:

Mi hannsk så smoo' sæ'ter a dæærimu'r."

Den føst' gulltæærning øww'er æ tawwbue'r da ran',

Øww'er æ tawwbue'r da ran',

Skjøn ri'er han tauw't, men æ skjøn jåmmfru hon wån*.

"Skjøn jåmmfru, skjøn jåmmfru! Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Mi hest å mi saarl sæ'ter a imue'r dæ."

"Di hest å din saarl trajer a ånner fue'r,

Trajer a ånner fue'r:

Mi Tøfler så smoo' sæ'ter a dæærimu'r."

Den annen gulltæærning øww'er æ tawwbue'r da ran',

Øww'er æ tawwbue'r da ran',

Skjøn ri'er han tauw't, men æ skjøn jåmmfru hon wån'.

"Skjøn jåmmfru, skjøn jåmmfru! Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Mi at'en goo'r i Skaan' sæ'ter a imue'r dæ."

Di at'en goo'r i Skaan' trajer a ånner fue'r,

Trajer a ånner fue'r:

Mi syw skiw(er), i æ fluer sæ'ter a dæærimu'e'r."

Den træær gulltæærning øww'er æ tawwbue'r da rand',

Øww'er æ tawwbue'r da ran'

Skjøn ri'er han tauw't, men æ skjøn jåmmfru hon wån'.

Skjøn ri'er gik i æ goo'r, så bi'terli han græær',

Så bi'terli han græær':

"No hår a spæl' tæærning mæ å jåmmfru deswarr!"

Så kam det en røst fra æ himmel owen nie'r,

Fra æ himmelen owen nie'r:

"Do Spæller gull'tæærning mæ æ jåmmfru jen gång' mie'r!"

"Skjøn jåmmfru, skjøn jåmmfru! Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Spæl' tæærning mæ mæl!

Mi hwii hallsbier'n sæ'ter a imue'r dæ."

"Di hwiiie hallsbiern trajer a ånner fue'r,

Trajer a ånner fue'r:

Mi æær å mi trow' sæ'ter a dæærimu'r."

Den fjaar gull'tæærning øww'er æ tawwbue'r da ran',

Øww'er æ tawwbue'r da ran',

Skjøn jåmmfru hun tauw't, men æ skjøn' ri'er han wån'.

"Mi syw' skiw(er) i æ flue'r de kom'er snåår' få lan',

Di ko'mer snåår' få lan',

Dem gi'r a te dæ, rajs bort, do fræmme man!"

"Di syw skiw(er) i æ flue'r, di kom'er, nær di ka,

Di kom'er, nær di ka.

Men a vel ha den jåmmfru, a mæ mi æær da wån". "

Skjøn ri'er han gik i æ goo'r å læjjæ (elle lewæ) mæ hans swaar,

Å læjjæ (eller lewæ) mæ hans swaar:

"Do får lånt bæjje gywtermoo'l, end do noon ti(k) æ waa'r."

—Sjæl' venner'enn den æærlii roo's.—

The Game of Dices (eng)

The fair knight asks his father for permission:

"Can I go play dices with the Maiden?"

—One wins the honourable praise for oneself—

"Oh no, dear son, stay home this year;

Playing dices with the Maiden; she will be much too wise for you."

The fair knight arrived in the yard, riding.

The Maiden was standing outside, marten-clad.

"Fair Maiden! Fair Maiden! Play dices with me!

My high-top hat I will bet against thee!"

"Your high-tip hat I place under my foot.

My little gloves I bet against thee."

The first golden dice ran across the table.

Fair knight lost, and the Maiden won.

"Fair Maiden! Fair Maiden! Play dices with me!

My horse and saddle I bet against thee!"

"Your horse and saddle I place under my foot.

My little slippers I bet against thee."

The second golden dice ran across the table.

Fair Knight lost, and the Maiden won.

"Fair Maiden! Fair Maiden! Play dices with me.

My eighteen farms in Scania I bet against thee!"

"Your eighteen farms in Scania I place under my foot.

My seven ships in the river I bet against thee."

The third golden dice ran across the table.

Fair knight lost, and the Maiden won.

Fair knight runs into the yard, pitifully crying

"I have played dices with the Maiden, unfortunately!"

Then a voice sounded from the heavens:

"You will play gold dices with the Maiden once more!"

"Fair Maiden! Fair Maiden! Play dices with me.

My white collarbone I bet against thee!"

"Your white collarbone I place under my foot.

My honor and fate I bet against thee."

The fourth golden dice ran across the table.

Fair Maiden lost, and the fair knight won.

"My seven ships in the river will arrive at land soon.

I will give them to you. Leave! You foreign man!"

"Your seven ships in the river will arrive when they may.

But I want the Maiden whom I won with my honor."

Fair knight walks in the yard, while playing with his sword.

"You will get a much better union than you were ever worth."

—One wins the honourable praise for oneself—

Agenetå i æ Bjæær' (jysk)

Hr. Pæjjer han riier i æ roosenslun'

—Fowlil hun sjønger—

Å dæær Jæns Mek'mand ham møø't.

—Skjønner do dæ, skjønner do dæ, skjøn' dæ, Agenetå!—

"Å hwa ska a gi dæn Man',
Som ka fly mæ Agenet ve æ Håå'n!

Ja, a'll* gi ham Skjæ'per a Gul'
Å måål dæm åp mæ Tå'per full."

Agenet' hon soj' o æ Aw'er å to'we
Da kam' Jæns Mek'mand gæen te.

Han tuk Agenet' ve hinne Håå'n:
"No ska do in' a æ Bjærr mæ mæ."

Han stå'pet hinne Øør, han lå't hinne Mån',
Saa føør han hin te æ Haw' si Bån'.

Tre Gåång di om æ Bjæær' gik åmkræng',
Te sist gik di a æ Bjæær' dæin'.

Agenetå wa dæ i å't Oo'r,
Syw' Sønner hun ve æ Hawwman' håå'r.

En Daw', Agenet i æ Bjæær' da soj'
Hon hør æ Klo'ker te Danmark goo'.

Agenetå hon spuu'r æ Hawwman' åm Fålåw:
"Å mo a no æ't te æ Kjæ'rk goo' i Daw'?"

"Jåw', do mo te Danmark si Kjæær'k goo'
Men glæm' så æ't di Bøør'n så smoo'!

Å nå'r do ko'mer o æ Kjæerrgoor,
Da må do æ't slo uh di fawwer Hoo'r.

Og nå'r do ko'mer a æ Kjæær'rk dæin',
Da må do æ't smii'l ån'er æ Skarlawenskin'.

Og nå'r do ko'mer o æ Kjæær'rkgwål',
Så må do æ't go i di Mue'r hinne Stue'l.

O nå'r æ Præst, han nøwner Dæn Hyww,
Da mo do dæ æ't nier dæ bøww.

[Sårn tall æ Hawwman' te hans Vææn bruu'r:
"Do mo æ't viis dæm wå riidåm' å gul'. "]

Men hon dråw Gul' al' øwer Gul',
Brøst å Fæn'ger dem satt' hon ful'.

Han stå'pet' hinne Øør, han lå't hinne Mån',
Så føør han hin å Danmark si Grån'.

Men den Gång' hun kam' o æ Kjæerrgoor,
Da sluk hun uu'r hinne fawwer Hoo'r.

Den Gång' hun kam' a æ Kjæær'rk dæin',
Da smiilt hun ånn'er hinne Skarlawenskin'.

Den Gång' hun kam' o æ Kjæær'rkgwål',
Da gik hun te hinne Mue'r hinne Stue'l.

Da æ Præst han nøwnt Den Hyww,
Hon loo' sæ dybt nier'bøww.

"Høør do, Agenet', kjæær' Dæ'ter te mæ!
Hwa ga' æ Hawwman' for æ Møø'dåm' te dæ?"

"Ja, han ga' mæ en Par søllspææn Skow',
Dæ fennes æ't bæjer o æ Dråning hinne Fu'er."

"Å høør do, Agenet', kjæær' Dæ'ter te mæ!
Hwa ga' han dæ mier få æ Møø'dom' te dæ?"

"Ja, han ga' mæ en Bælt' a røø' Gul' styw',
Dæ fennes ingen bæjer åm æ Dråning hinne Lyw'."

"Å, høør do, Agenet', kjæær' Dæ'ter te mæ!
Hwa ga' han dæ mier få æ Møø'dom' te dæ?"

"Han ga' mæ en Har'p a Gul',
A sku spæll o dæn', nå'r a war sårreful'."

"Hør do, kjæær' Dæ'ter, hwa a sæj'er te dæ:
Do spæller en Støk' o æ Harp' få mæ!"

Ja, hon sluk o dæn føst Stræng':
Det høør æ Hawwman' hjæm' te hans Sæng'.

Ja, hun sluk o dæn annen Stræng':
Æ Hawwman' han klæær' sæ i får ve hans Sæng.

Å hon sluk o dæn træær Stræng':
Æ Hawwman' han komm'er la'kens fræm'.

Æ Hawwman' han trajer a æ Kjæær'rkdoør' dæin',
Å all æ smoo' Bælder di vææn sæ åmkræng'.

"Å væl du føll(e) a æ Bjæær' mæ mæ?
Å all di smoo' Bøør'n de græær' a'ider dæ?"

"Ja, a lar dæm græær det, di græær væl,
A aw'ter æ't mier å kåmm dæte."

"Ja, tænk o di stuer, men mjæst o di smoo'!
Især o dæn lelle, der i æ Vuu'g dæær låw'."

"A tænk'er hwarken o di stuer, aj' hæller o di smoo',
Lån't minner o dæn lelle, der i æ Vuu'g dæær låw'."

Æ Hawwman' vøw't a hin mæ Ælverpin'.
"Do skjønner dæ, Agenet', i æ Bjæær' å in'!"

Han stå'pet hinne Øør, han lå't hinne Mån',
Så føør han hin o æ Haw' si Bån'.

Træj' Gåång di åm æ Bjæær' gik åmkræng',
Te sist gik de a æ Bjæær' dæin'.

Dæn' Gång' hun kam' a æ Bjæær' dæin',
Hinne syw smoo' Sønner staa'r hin i Sen' (sind).

Di træj' di sat' æ Mar o æ Bue'r,
De tåw' de skøør hin æ Skam'mel å'ner hinne Fue'r.

Jens Mek'mand han tall te hans Tjænnestkvin':
"Do hint'er mæ in' en Hoo'r'n mæ Vii'n!"

Agenetå, hon dråk a æ Vii'n mæ stur' Løst:
—Fow'lil hun sjønger—
Så dråk hon Danmark a hinne Brøst.
—Skjønner du dæ, skjønner du dæ, skjøn' dæ, Agenetå!—

Agenetå in the Mountain (eng)

Mr. Peder is riding in the rose garden,
—the little bird is singing—
And there he met Jens Mekmand. [i.e. Hr. Nek / Nøkken / a male
nixie]
—[the refrain is ambiguous and can be interpreted as either:
"Hurry up, hurry up, hurry, Agenetå" or: "Do you understand? Do you
understand? Do you understand, Agenetå?—

"What may I give that man..."
"...who can deliver Agenetå to my hand?"

"I'll give him heaps of gold,"
"Measured with high tops."

Agenetå was working in the field,
When Jens Mekmand approached her.

He took Agenetå by her hand,
"Now you will enter the mountain with me."

He stuffed her ears, he stuffed her mouth,
And brought her to the bottom of the ocean.

The walked around the mountain three times.
In the end they entered.

Agenetå was in the mountain for eight years.
Seven sons she has with the mermaid.

One day, when Agenetå was sitting in the mountain,
She heard the bells of Denmark chiming.

She went to stand before the mermain,
“May I visit the Danish church?”

“Of course, you may visit the Danish church...”
“...As long as you return to your little children.”

“And when you enter the church yard,”
“You may not let down your fair hair.”

“And when you enter the church,”
“You may not smile by you scarlet cheek.”

“And when you step onto the church’s floor,”
“You may not walk to your mother’s chair.”

“And when the priest mentions the high one,”
“You may not bow down.”

Thus spoke to merman to his beloved wife:
“You may not reveal to them our wealth and gold!”

But she wore gold over gold;
Breast and fingers she covered in full.

And then he stuffed her ears, and he stuffed her mouth.
And then he took her to Denmark’s ground.

But as she entered the church-yard,
She let down her fair hair.

And when she entered the church,
She smiled by her scarlet cheek.

And when she stepped onto the church’s floor,
She walked to her mother’s chair.

And when the priest mentioned the high one,
She bowed down deeply.

“Oh, listen, Agenetå, dear daughter of mine:”
“What did Jens Mekmand give you in return for your virginity?”

“He gave me a pair of silver-buckled shoes.”
“None finer adorn the queen’s feet.”

“Oh, listen, Agenetå, dear daughter of mine:”
“What else did that merman give you in return for your virginity?”

“He gave me a golden belt.”
“None finer adorns the queen’s waist.”

“Oh, listen, Agenetå, dear daughter of mine:”
“What else did he give you in return for your virginity?”

“He gave my a golden harp...”
“...To play when I was sorrowful.”

“Oh, listen, dear daughter, what I’m telling you:”
“You will play the harp for me.”

But as soon as she struck the first chord,
The merman awoke at home in his bed.

And as soon as she struck the second chord,
The merman got dressed in front of his bed.

And as soon as she struck the third chord,
The merman appeared before them.

When the merman entered the church,
All the little images therein turned around all at once.

“Listen, Agenetå, what I’m telling you:”
“That your little children are longing for you.”

“Let them long as much as they want to long,”
“I will never ever return to that place.”

“But think of the big ones, and think of the little ones;”
“Especially of the baby still in the cradle.”

“I think neither of the big ones, nor of the little ones;”
“Least of the baby still in the cradle.”

Jens Mekmand waved at her with an elver-wand:
“You hurry up, Agenetå, in the mountain therein!”

He stuffed her ears, he stuffed her mouth,
And brought her to the bottom of the ocean.

They walked around the mountain three times.
In the end they entered.

As soon as she entered the mountain,
Her seven little children sprang to her mind.

Three of them set the table with food,
Two of them placed the footrest under her feet.

Jens Mekmand spoke to his servant:
“Bring me a horn full of wine.”

Agenetå drank the wine with much desire.
—the little bird is singing—
Then she drank Denmark off of her chest.
—“Hurry up, hurry up, hurry, Agenetå”
or: “Do you understand? Do you understand? Do you understand,
Agenetå?”—

Adeluds i æ Bjæær (jysk)

Det var æ kånng hans orlowsmæn’
—Æ dans dæn æ lirren.—
Å di kam sajlenn hæer te æ lan’.
—Lyyr dero, hwo æ jåmfri te æ bjæær ble dåår(n)!—

Da di nu kam nææer te lan’,
Di høer æ frøkn Adeluds i æ bjæær, dæ sång.

Æ skipper han taaler te lirren smodræng:
”Å do ska go mæ mæ te stålten Adeluds i løn!”

Han pe’ket o æ daa’r med hans skin’:
”Vaagn åp, stålt’ Adeluds, du låå’ker mæ in!”

Hæær æ bue’r fra di fæsteman’,
I ska komm nier te ham ve a stran’.

”Håår du bue’r fra mi fæsteman’ kjæær,
Da søj mæ, hwa naw’n han monne mo bæær!”

”Niels Me’kelsen hie’r di fæsteman’,
Å do ska føø(le) mæ mæ fra lan’.”

En selk’(e)særk hon føst drow’ o’,
En gullblo’met kjo’r tel hon derøwwer slow’.

Hon drow Gul’ al’ øwer Gul’,
Brøst å Fen’ger dem sått’ hon ful’.

Frøken Adeluds tuk æ smådrenng’ ve æ håå’n,
Å så gik di dær nier te æ stran’.

Hon læær ham æ væjle å steel o æ wan’,
Hon læær ham rowner å skryw mæ æ håå’n.

Hon læær ham æ ven’ å wrii å vææen,
Å hon læær ham åw å stæll’et igjæn.

Hon læær ham æ væ å rejs så stue’r,
Så all æ Skiw di sánk nie’r for æ fjue’r.

Stålt’ Adeluds u(h)e i æ skiw da språng’,
Æ skipper hin i æ arm da nam’.

”Ja, skam faa do, do skippertyw’!
Vill du så forråå mi ånng lyw’?”

"No ska do æ't komm o di fâå'r hans lan',
Før te du får en sòn, dæ ka ta æ ruer i hans håå'n.

No ska do æ't komm o di mæ'r hinne øø',
Før te du får en Dæ'ter, dæ ka skjæær å søj'."

Frøkn Adeluds u(h)e i æ haw' da språng',
Så svømme hun a hinne fâå'r hans lan'.

Æ skipper han sejlld, å æ jåmfu hon svømme,
Dog kam hon te lan' en stun' føø'r end ham.

"Når æ a ko'men o mi fâå'r hans lan':
Mi sòn ka hwærken seill hæller ta æ rue'r i hans håå'n.

No æ a o mi mæ'r hinne øø':
Mi dæ'ter hon ka hwærken skjæær heller søj'.

Men hâj'et æ't wærn for di lirren smådræng',
—Æ dans dæn æ lirren.—
A sku ha drownet all æ kånng hans howmæn."
—Ly'er dero, hwo æ jåmfu te æ bjæær ble dåårn!—

Adeluds in the Mound (eng)

The king's men-o-war,
—The dance is slight—
Came sailing to this land.
—Listen to this, how the maiden of the mound was deceived!—

When they now approached the coast,
They heard Miss Adeluds in the mound singing.

The skipper spoke to the ship's boy
"You will come with me to proud Adeluds' chamber."

He knocked on the door with his skin:
"Wake up, proud Adeluds, and let me in!

I bring word from your husband,
You must meet him on the beach."

"Do you have word from my dear husband,
Then tell me what name he goes by."

"Your husband's name is Niels Mikkelsen,
And you will follow me from this land."

She dressed herself in a silk gown,
And thereover she wore a kirtle with gilded flowers.

She put gold on top of gold,
Breast and fingers were covered in full.

Miss Adeluds took the ship's boy by his hand,
And then they walked to the beach.

She taught him to calm the weather on the sea
And to write runes with his hand.

She taught him to twist and turn the wind,
And to settle it again.

She taught him to conjure a weather so mighty
That all ships would sink before the fjord.

Then proud Adeluds jumped aboard the ship,
Where the captain grabbed her by her arm.

"Shame on you, you skipper-thief!
Would you betray my young life like this?"

"You will not return to your father's land,
Before you have birthed a son who can steer the rudder.

You will not return to your mother's island,
Before you have birthed a daughter who can cut and sow."

Miss Adeluds jumped into the sea,
Then she swam to her father's land.

The skipper sailed, and the maiden swam,
Still she reached the shore far ahead of him.

"Now I'm on my father's land:
My son knows neither to sail nor steer the rudder.

Now I'm on my mother's island:
My daughter knows neither to cut nor sow.

And hadn't it been for your little ship's boy,
—The dance is slight—
I would have drowned all the king's men."
—Listen to this, how the maiden of the mound was deceived!—

Æ Hawwfrååw hon danser o Tilli (jysk)

Æ dannerkång kaal o hans swenn smo':
—Æ hawwfrååw hon danser o tilli.—
"I be'r æ lirren hawwfrååw, te hon kommer hær å sto!
—Å så kunn hon frææm mi villæ.—"

Drånning Damme hon klap'et o æ hynner blo':
"Å lø'ster æ lirren hawwfrååw å hwil dero?
—For så kunn do frææm mi villæ.—"

"Hwi vel du forråå mi ånng lyw?
Dærånner dæ lewwer di hwass knyw'.
—For a kunn nok frææm di villæ.—"

"Ja, ve' do det, så ve' do meer:
da sæjer do mæ a mi skæbner flie'r!
—"Sårn ka do frææm mi villæ.—"

"Ja, sæjer a dæ a æ di skæbne te dæ,
Så mister a snåå'r æ huer te mæ.
—A tør æ't frææm di villæ.—"

"Dæro gi'r a dæ mi hwii håå'n,
Te dæ slet engenteng' skåår ka.
—Om do væl frææm mi villæ.—"

"Ja, do skal føø tre sønner smo'
Di ång' lyw do sætter te for dæm
—Sårn ka a frææm di villæ.—"

"Ska'et mæ så ill for æ barn mæ go,
Så sæjer do mæ, hwa skjæbne de mått' fo!
—For så kunn do frææm mi villæ.—"

"Den først ska blyw dannerkång hæær,
Den annen ska æ røe gullkroon bæær.
—For a kunn nok frææm di villæ.—"

Den træær ska blyw så vii's en man',
Han ve' hwa te dæ skjer u(h)i frææmme lann.
—For a kunn nok frææm di villæ.—"

Drånning Damme hon swøwer hinne huer i skjen',
Å så ganger hun for æ dann'erkång derin'.
—For hon hær frææm hinne villæ.—"

"Og høø'r, Dann'erkång, kjær', Herre te mæ!
I skjæn'ker lirren hawwfrååw hinne lyw!
—For hon håå frææmæ mi villæ.—"

"Hwi ska a gi æ hawwfrååw lyw',
Nær hon hær wælt mi Skiww syw!
—For a ka æ't frææm di villæ.—"

Danske drånning såt* nier som en juer,
Hoon dåånd' nier ve æ dann'erkång hans fue'r.
—For han vil' æ't frææm hinne villæ.—"

"Sto åp, Drånning Damme! Ta dæ't æ't så nææ'r!
Du fuller hin te æ strand' mæ all di Mø'r!
—For a skuld' nok frææm di villæ.—"

Æ hawwfrååw hun satt' sæ o æ bøl'jer så bloo',
Drånning Damme hon græær' så soor øwer det.
—For hon hær frææmæ hinne villæ.—"

”Å høðr, Dránning Damm! Grææ’r æ’t fá mæ!
Ti æ himmerii si po’ort stár áven for dæ.
–For a kunn nok frææm di villæ.–

Ja, æ himmerii si klok’er di rænger atter dæ,
Å æ smoo’ bøðr’n te mæ di længes atter mæ.
–For a kunn nok frææm di villæ.–

Ja, æ himmerie si ængel di længes atter dæ,
–Æ hawwfrááw hun danser o tilli.–
Å æ haw’ si bánn stuk áwwen for mæ.
–For a kunn nok frææm di villæ.–

The Mermaid is dancing on the Floor (eng)

The Danish queen asked her little servants,
–the mermaid is dancing on the floor–
To bring the little mermaid to her.
–this way they could serve her will–

The Danish queen padded those blue cushions:
”Wouldn’t the little mermaid wish to rest here-upon?”
–so that you may serve my will–

”Why would you betray my young life?
”There-under lies those sharpened knives.”
–I dare not serve your will–

”If you know that, you’ll know much more!”
”Tell me what fortune my future holds.”
–thus you may serve my will–

”If I tell you your fortune...”
”...I will soon loose my head.”
–I dare not serve your will–

”I extend my white hand to you as a promise...”
”...that nothing bad may happen to you.”
–if indeed you will serve my will–

”You will birth there sons”
”Your young life you will sacrifice for them.”
–thus I may serve your will–

”Should I suffer such a bad fortune for them...”
”...please tell me their fortunes too.”
–thus you may serve my will–

”The first will become the Danish king,”
”The second wear a golden crown,”
–thus I may serve your will–

”The third become the wisest man,”
”He will know what takes place in distant lands.”
–thus I may serve your will–

The Danish queen covered up,
And went to speak with the Danish king.
–that he would serve her will–

”Listen, Danish king, my dear lord...”
”You will spare the little mermaid’s life.”
–so you may serve my will–

”How may I spare the mermaid’s life,”
”When she has sunk my seven ships?”
–I cannot serve your will–

The Danish queen blacked-out like soil,
She fainted by the Danish king’s feet.
–because he refused to serve her will–

”Listen, Danish queen, don’t be upset,”
”You will bring the little mermaid to the
beach along with all your maids!”
–thus I may serve your will–

The mermaid sat high atop a blue wave.
The Danish queen was crying woefully.
–since she had served her will–

”Listen, Danish queen, don’t cry for me,”
”The gates of heaven are open for thee.”
–thus I have served you will–

”The bells of heaven are chiming for thee,”
”And my little children are longing for me.”
–because I have been serving your will–

”The angels of heaven are longing for thee,”
”And the depths of the sea are open to me.”
–for I have been serving your will–

Hustru og æ Man’ hans Mue’r (jysk)

Hr. Pæjjer han rææst sæ op áner øø’
Han fææst stált Ellen, den wææne mø.
–Æ elskov twinger æ frow’ så sáár.–

Han fææst hiin á føø’r hin hjæm’
Han ga hans kjææ’r mue’r hin i gjæmm.

Den føst næt, de tesamen da sáw’,
Da bløw’ stált Ellen mæ di twæln’er tow’.

Stált Ellen hon swøwer hinne huer i skjín’,
Å sá ganger hon for hinne Swiiermuer dæ’rinn’.

”Å høø’r, lirren Kjæsten, kjææ’r swiiermuer te mæ!
Hu lænng går en kwin’ mæ æ bárn te sæ?”

”I føø’rtyw’ uuer gik Marie mæ Kræst,
Å sáárn gjør alle wor dann’kwonner vist.

I føø’rtyw’ uuer gik a mæ miin’,
I á’t oo’r ska do go ’mæ diin’.

Di føø’rtyw’ uuer war gán fábi(k)
Da börjer stált Ellen á søø’rw á kwii.

Di fuller hin u(h), á di fuller hin in’,
Å all sá ræenn æ táár o hinne hwii kin’:

”A vist æ’ ant, æn te a war kwin’ i mi háån:
A ku sno en Stræ’k a hwii en sáån.

A vist æ’ ant, æn te a war kwin’ i mi sen’:
A ku wrii á vænn al verden ámkræng’.

A vist æ’ ant, æn te a war kwin’ i mi ue’r:
A ku ta æ sue’l á æ máån á læw’em o æ jue’r.

A vist æ’ ant, æn te æ hiel juer war fágjoo’r,
Fáuræn den stjé’, dæ mi kist* da stoo’r.

Den kist den (gjoo’r) æ u(h) a flywen røn’:
Slæt ingen fágjøø’r den ka - uui løn.

Men ka’et æ’ anneliere’ mæ mæ blyww
Sá føer I mæ te dææ’r, som a war, nær a war pii!”

Dææ’r bløw fooler a æ æng da hint* hjæm’,
Å sá bløw dæ fá æ gull’kaa’rm da spææn’.

Da di no kam op o æ Hywwlan’ si brow’,
Den guer gull’kaa’rm, den brast uu(h)’ i tow’.

”Hukken sønful’ kwin’ má a vist vææ’r,
Mens mi guer gull’kaa’rm ka mæ æ’ bææ’r!

Men ka a æ’ anneliere’ komm te wá goo’r,
Sá vel a ganng hjem pá mi baar fue’r.”

Og da hon kam te æ báár’w si leh,
Uu(h)e stuk hinne kjææ’r fáár’ á hwiilt sæ dæve(h).

”Wallkom’en, wallkom’en, kjææ’r dæ’ter, hjæm’ te mæ!
Hwárn háár du løø’we i Bierlan’ sá lænng?”

”I tór æ’ veh á spøø’re te mæ,
Å I ska se en stue’r ønk op o mæ.”

De lo djær goo'r mæ swât sel'k ámmhænnng,
Á fuller stál't Ellen a æ stjænnestow dærin'.

De láár stál't Ellen o æ kap'er så bloo',
Á straks føj hon dæær tow' sønner så smoo'.

Det war stor øn'k, lánt støør kwii:
De tow' bøørn bløw skáár uu(h) a æ mue'r hinne sii.

Den føst stuk op á kjæmme hinne hoo'r:
"For vist æ a no i mi á'ten oo'r."

Den annæn stuk op á war roosli røø'r:
"For vist ska a hæwn' mi kjæær mue'r hinne døø'r."
—Æ elskov twinger æ frow' så sáár.—

Wife and her Husband's Mother (eng)

Mr. Peder went traveling under the Island
he married proud Ellen, that beautiful Maid.
—Love forces the Lady so—

He married her and brought her home
he placed her under his Mother's Command.

The first Night they slept together,
proud Ellen conceived of two Twins.

Proud Ellen covers her Head in Hide,
and goes to see her Mother-in-law.

"Tell me, Little Kirsten, my dear Mother-in-law:
how long must a Woman carry her Child?"

"For forty Weeks, Marie was carrying Christ,
and so do all our Danish Wives.

For forty Weeks, I was carrying mine,
for eight Years, you'll be carrying thine."

When those forty Weeks had passed,
proud Ellen started mourning and crying.

They followed her out, and they followed her in,
all the while Tears ran down her white Cheek.

"I knew nothing else than that I was a Woman in my Hand;
That I could spin a Thread of the whitest Sand.

I knew nothing else than that I was a Woman in my Mind;
That I could twist and turn the whole World around.

I knew nothing else than that I was a Woman in my Word:
Could take the Sun and the Moon and place them on the Earth.

I knew nothing else than the entire World is cursed,
except for the Place where my Coffin stands."

"That Coffin is made from flying Rowan,
no one can secretly curse it.

But can it not be any different for me,
then take me to where I was when I was a Girl."

Then Foals were brought Home from the Meadows,
and they were fastened to the golden Coach.

But as they passed over the Highland Bridge
that good golden Coach broke into two.

"What a sinful Woman I must be,
when my good golden Coach cannot carry me.

But is there no other way for me to get to our Farm,
I will walk on my bare Feet."

And as she reached the Farm's Fence,
her Father was resting thereby.

"Welcome, welcome, dear Daughter, home to me!
how have you been living in the Land of Praying for so long?"

"You dare not ask about me,
for you'll see a great Misery upon me."

They covered their Farm in black Silk,
and brought proud Ellen into the Stone Hall.

They laid her down on blue Capes,
and immediately she birthed two little Children.

It was great Misery, far larger a Sorrow:
The two Children were cut from the Mother's side.

The first stood up, combing her Hair:
"For sure, I am now in my eighth Year."

The other arose and was red as a rose,
"For sure, I will avenge my dear Mother's Death."
—Love forces the Lady so—