

Ingerid Sletten av Sillejord [c. 3:40] p. 1

Å vesle Kari vår [c. 2:10] p. 5

Draumkvaedet [c. 4:15] p. 9

Here are three charming Norwegian folk songs, arranged for soprano and violin. *Ingerid Sletten from Sillejord* cherishes a cap given to her by her mother, always saving it to wear on that special occasion that never comes. When she is old and looks for it in her chest, it is gone, eaten by moths. Moral: use the gifts given to you. *Å vesle Kari vår* is a cheerful romp about how little Kate snares a husband. This version of *Draumkvaedet* has only the first five verses of a much longer ballad about Olaf Åsteson, who goes to sleep on Christmas Eve and awakens thirteen days later to tell of a wondrous dream of a journey to the Kingdom of the Dead.

duration: c. 10:00

THREE NORWEGIAN FOLK SONGS

*Ingerid Sletten av Sillejord
hadde hverken sølv eller gull,
men en liten hue av farget ull
som hun hadde fått ut av mor.*

*Ingerid Sletten , she had no gold,
nor silver to treasure and hide,
but a coloured cap which her mother of old
had given her before she died.*

*En liten hue av farget ull
hadde hverken stas aller for,
men fattig minne om far og mor,
der skinte langt mer enn gull.*

*That little bonnet of coloured stuff,
simple and plain of hue,
was full of memories ever new,
which gave it glory enough.*

*Hun gjemte huen i tyve år,
måtte ikke slite den ut!
Jeg boerer den vel engang som brud
når jeg for alteret går.*

*For twenty years it was laid aside;
wearing this cap she would stand
in the church, she hoped, a blushing bride,
as she pledged her heart and her hand.*

*Hun gjemte huen i tredve år,
måtte ikke skjemme den ut!
Så boerer jeg den så glad som brud
når jeg for Vårherre står.*

*For thirty years she laid it aside.
Jealously she guarded her hoard.
"I'll wear my cap as God's own bride,
when I stand before the Lord."*

*Hun gjemte huen i førti år,
husget ennu på sin mor.
"Vesle min hue, forvisst jeg tror
vi aldri for alteret står."*

*For forty years she laid it aside,
mem'ries of her mother kept green.
"Poor little cap, I don't think," she cried,
"We together in church will be seen."*

*Hun ganger for kisten at tage den,
hjertet var så stort derved;
hun leter frem til dens gamle sted,
da var der ikke tråden igjen.
Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson*

*She goes to the chest where the bonnet lies
her weary heart of sadness was full.
What sight, alas, met her anxious eyes?
Gone, gone every tissue of wool.*

*Å vesle Kari vår, så lita som ho går,
ho lokka ein kar ifrå Hallingdal,
med sale og med hest og med sylvknappa vest,
med gullstava hår og med sprotabelte på.*

*Our Kate's a match for all, although she's only small.
She fooled a young fellow from Hallingdal.
He'd buttons made of pearl and a fine golden curl,
A saddle and horse and a silverbuckled belt.*

*Å Tileguten visste sitt eige beste,
kaupte seg ei drift med fe og med heste.
Føre kom Kari lullands og lokkands,
etter kom Tileguten tiltands og hoppands
på silkesokkar.*

*This fine young farmer's boy, he had lots of money,
bought a handsome farm and cows for his honey.
First came young Katie, winsomely tripping,
Then came her man, and he was hopping and skipping
so spick and span, oh.*

folk song from Valdres

Draumkvaedet

*Vil du meg lyda, eg kveda full' kan
um einkvan nytan drengen,
alt um han Olav Åsteson,
som heve sove so lenge.
Og det var Olav Åsteson
som heve sove so lenge.*

*Han la seg ned um joleftan.
Og sterkan svevnen fekk;
vakna kje att fyrr um trettandagen,
då folket åt kyrkja gjekk.
Og det var Olav Åsteson
som heve sove so lenge.*

*Han vakna kje fyrr um trettandagen,
då soli rann i lide;
då sala han ut fljotan folen,
han vilde åt kyrkje ride.
Og det var Olav Åsteson
som heve sove so lenge.*

*Presten stend for altaret,
og les upp lestine lange,
Olav set seg i kyrkjedori
og tel'e draumane mange.
Og det var Olav Åsteson
som heve sove so lenge.*

*Gamle menner og unge
dei gjeva etter gaum'e,
med' han Olav Åsteson
no tel'e sine draume.
Og det var Olav Åsteson
som heve sove so lenge.*

folk song from Telemark

*If you will hearken, I'll sing you a song,
sing you a very fine rhyme,
sing about Olav Aasteson,
who slept for such a long time.
Yes, it was Olav Aasteson,
who slept for such a long time.*

*He went to bed on Christmas Eve,
soon in deep sleep he lay,
never woke up till Twelfth Night
when folks went off to pray.
Yes, it was Olav Aasteson
who slept for such a long time.*

*He woke at last on the thirteenth day,
the sun shone bright outside.
Then he saddled his swiftest grey;
to the church he wanted to ride.
Yes, it was Olav Aasteson
who slept for such a long time.*

*Parson was standing and around him his flock
praying to God as beseem'd.
Olav sat down in the porch,
and recounted what he had dream'd.
Yes, it was Olav Aasteson
who slept for such a long time.*

*All of them listen'd to what he told,
Both young and old they waited;
meanwhile this Olav Aasteson
wond'rous dreams of heaven related.
Yes, it was Olav Aasteson
who slept for such a long time.*