

Cliffking and the mermaid.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1876

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THE CLIFFKING AND THE MERMAID.

(KLINTEKONGEN OG HAVFRUEN.)

Tempo di menuetto.

Ancient Swedish Melody.

VOICE.

PIANO.

In the o - cean, where with might - y waves It foams a - gainst Ste - vens' Cliff so white
Dybt i Ha - vet, som med stær - ke Bøl - ger Skum - mer mod Ste - vens hvi - de Fjæld,

There be - neath the sur - ges hides a mer - maid, While it is breez - y blue twi - light.
Der en Hav - fru sig paa Bun - den døl - ger I det blaa kjø - lig - fri - ske Væld.

But, when the moonbeam on the calm surface stays, Up she ris - es then, and soft the harp she plays. Hark, hark, hark,
Men naar Maanen højt paa spejlklar Flade staar Hæver hun sig op og sag - te Harpen staar. Tys, Tys, Tys,

what a pleas - ing sound, Far o'er the wave, the mermaid's song resounds, Far o'er the wave the mermaid's song resounds.
hvil - ken lif - lig Klang! Fjærnt ov - er Bøl - gen ly - der Hav - fru - sang, Fjærnt ov - er Bøl - gen ly - der Hav - fru - sang.

The Cliffking and the Mermaid.

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From his snow-white throne the Cliffking gazing,
He recalls delights of other days;
"Thou who charmed me by thy harp-voice, hasten,
O, my bride, to my heart for aye!"
Through the blue wave she blushes with downcast eyes,
And answers him thus, as the soft harp-sound dies,
"Hush! Hush! Hush! I am not your bride;
Cold is the wave—there love can never bide."

Klintekongen fra sin hvide Trone
Stirrer ud, mindes svundne Lyst
"Du, som henrev mig ved Harpens Tone,
O, min Brud kom til dette Bryst!"
Men hun rødmer højt igjennem Bølgen klar,
Harpens Toner dø, hun stammer frem til Svar;
"Tys, Tys, Tys, jeg er ej din Brud!
Bølgen er kold, den slukker Elskov ud."