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Spring song.

Sätherberg, C. H.

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1875

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SPRING SONG.

LÄNGTANTILL LANDET.

Tempo di Marcia.

From the Swedish by A. SAND.

VOICE. *f*

Win - ter spent its force among our mountains, Frosty blos - soms
 Vin - tern ras - at ut bland vå - ra fjäl - lar, Drifvans blom - mor

PIANO. *f*

melt away and die. Spring-time flow-ers smile like sparkling fountains,
 smäl-ta ned och dö; Him - len ler i vår-ens ljusa qväl - lar,

p dol.

Fields are kissed to life by sun-ny sky. Summer soon is here, in
 So - len kys - ser lif i skog och sjö. Snart är sommarn här; i

p dol.

pur - ple bil - lows Gold adorn'd, with a - zure changing looks,
pur - pur - vå - gor, Guld - belag - de, a - zur - skif - tan - de

cheerful lie the lawns with blooming willows, Mong the trees are dancing singing brooks.
Lig-ga ängarne i da-gens lågor, Och i lun-den dansa källorne.

Yes, I come, ye merry winds! to greet you.
To the country, to the songsters all,
Birch and linden-tree! I come to meet you;
Sea and berg! I come on you to call.
Back I'll bring my happy days of childhood,
Follow will I each brook to the sea;
Song of thrush hear I will in the wildwood
Watch the sea-bird play on fjord and lea. :

I will hear how gentle winds are shaking
Groves, where buds are bursting on each tree.
Mirrored shall I be where ducks are making
Graceful ripples on the moonlit sea.
Then I'll dream with nature's arms around me,
Dream of spring, delight's unfailing source;
And my sorrows, they will cease to wound me
Free as clouds that hold their heav'nly course. :

Spring Song

(Swedish.)
Ja, jag kommer! helsen, glada vindar!
Ut till landet, ut till foglarna:
Att jag älskar dem, till björk, till lindar,
Sjö och berg, jag vill dem återse, —
Se dem än, som i min barndoms stunder,
Följa bäckens dans till klarnad sjö,
Trastens sång i furuskogens lunder,
Vattenfoglens lek kring fjärd och ö. :

Lyssna vill jag, huru vinden susar
Uti halfsprukna björkars lund,
Spegla mig i sjön, der anden krusar
Med sin köl det månbe glänsta sund,
Och i samnen af naturen drömma
Vårens dröm, som ingen tröttat än,
Och min sorg i jagtens lund forglömma,
Fri som skyn der uppå himmelen. :

C. B. Säterberg.