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Bridal party on the Hardanger Fjord.

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THE BRIDAL PARTY ON THE HARDANGER FJORD

Words by A. MUNCH.

BRUDEFAERDEN I HARDANGER.

Music by H. KJERULF.

Andantina.

Der aander en tin-drende Som-mer-luft varmt o-ver Har-
There quivers a glit-ter-ing sum-mer air, Warm o'er the Har-

dangerfjords Van-de, hvor høit op mod Him-len i blaa - lig Duft de
danger Fjords' foun-tains, Where high 'gainst the heavens, so blue and bare, Are

mægti - ge Fjel - de stan - de; det skinner fra Bræ, det grønnes fra
tow'ring the migh - ty moun - tains; The glacier shines bright, the hill-side is

Li, sit Hel-lig-dags-skrud staar Egnen klædt i thi see o-ver grønklare
green, The people are clad in their Sunday clothes clean, For look! o'er the blue billows

all nature responds with beauty serene

f

Bøl - ge hjem - gli - - der et Bru - de - føl - ge. O-ho! aahei!
 row - ing, The wed - ding folks home are go - ing. " "

p *mf*

la la la la la la la O-ho! aahei! la la la la la, thi see o-ver grønkla re
 " " " " " " " For look! o'er the blue billows

stringendo.
fz

Bøl - ge hjem - gli - der et Bru - de føl - - - ge. } O
 row - ing, The wed - ding folks home are go - - - ing. }

1. Verse. 1-4. 2. Verse. 5.

ho

*En Oldtidens Kongedatter deilig og prud,
Med Guldkrone paa og Skarlagén.
I Stavnen sidder den prægtige Brud
Saa fager som Fjorden og Dagen,
Lyksalig den Brudgom svinger sin Hat
Nu fører han hjem sin dyreste Skat,
||:Og seer i de Øine mil-de
Sit Liv som et Bryllupsgilde.:||*

*Alt risler det lokkende Tonefald
Af Gangar. Og Slaat over Voven.
Fra Fjeld og til Fjeld ruller Bøssens Knald
Og Glædesraab svare fra Skoven.
Med Brudens Smaaterner drives der Skjem,
Og Kjøgemestren har ikke glemt
||:At fylde ustandselig Kruset
Til Ære for Bru-de-hu-set.:||*

*Saa drage de frem at med lysteligt Spil
Henover den blinkende Flade,
Og Baad efter Baad sig slutter dertil
Med Bryllups gjæster saa glade,
Det blaaner fra Kløft, det skinner fra Bræ,
Det dufter fra blomstrende Abildtræ
||:Erværdig staar Kirken pa Tangen,
Og signer med Klokkeklengen.:||*

*Og i dette bævende flygtige Nu
Før Draaben af Aaren er trillet,
Har Kunsten fæstet med kjærlig Hu
Det hele straalende Billet
Og løfter det stolt for Verden frem,
At Alle kan kjende vort herlige Hjem
||:Og vide de Eventyr klare
Som Norriges Fjorde bevare.:||*

*A beautiful princess, from times of old,
With crown and with scarlet and crimson,
Sits high in the boat-stern so fair to behold,
Than fjord and the day-light more winsome.
The hat of the bride-groom, how happy it flies,
For home he is bringing his loveliest prize;
||:He sees in her eyes reflected
The hopes of his life reflected.:||*

*Hardanger's weird instruments now pour forth
Strange tunes o'er the billows resounding,
The mountains return ev'ry gun's report,
And echoes of joy are rebounding.
The maids of the bride, of sport get their lot,
The man of the feast, he has not forgot
||:To serve unarding potations
And honor the bride's relations.:||*

*And thus they move forward with music gay,
Their way o'er the bright waters wending;
And boat after boat makes up th' array,
The guests all in gladness contending.
The clefts they look blue, the mountain tops shine,
Sweet fragrance comes down from th' apple and pine,
||:The bells in the church tower ringing,
Rich blessings from God are bringing.:||*

*And just at this moment so soon to depart,
The drops on the oars are yet gleaming;
The artist has caught with his loving heart
This picture with beauty beaming.
He shows to the world the work of his hand,
That all may observe our glorious land,
||:And learn the wonderful stories
That add to our Norse fjords' glories.:||*