

My native land.

Chicago: Anton Wulff with W. W. Kimball (205-207-209 State St.),
1875

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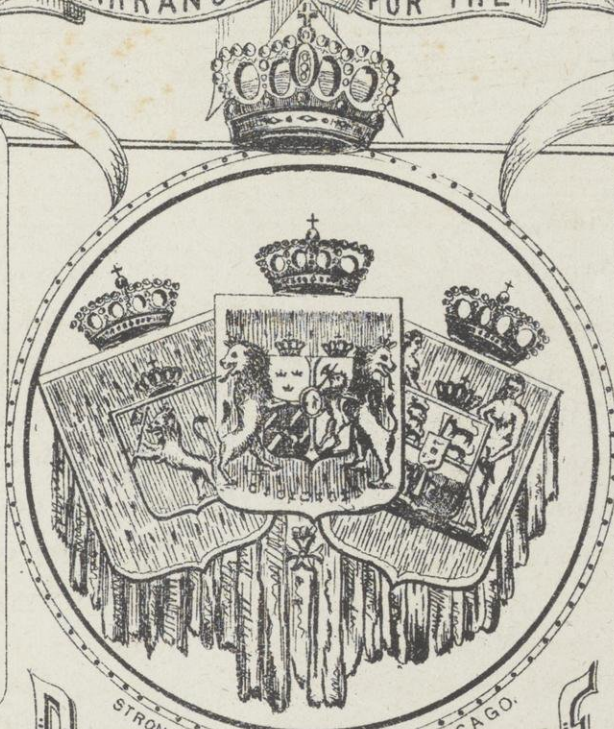
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Wulff

OF
SCANDINAVIAN
COMPOSITIONS MELODIES AND SONGS
SACRED & NATIONAL

ARRANGED FOR THE

NORSKE OG DANSKE
Compositioner
MELODIER
Kirke
National
og
FOLKESANGE.



SVENSKA
Compositioner
MELODIER
Kyrko
National
och
FOLKSÅNGER.

PUBLISHED
Vol 1

PIANO, ORGAN, & VOICE
ANTON WULFF.

WITH
W.W. KIMBALL.
205, 207, & 209, STATE ST.
CHICAGO,
ILL.

MONTHLY
No 1

Prof: R. B. ANDERSON.

MY NATIVE LAND.

(MIT FÖDELAND.)

Maestoso.

mf

How grand is my dear na-tive land! That sea-girt land where mountains
 Hvor her-ligt er mit Fö-de-land, Det hav-om-krans-te gam-le

tow-er Like castle walls that in their power de-fy times all de-destroying
 Norge; Sku disse stol-te Klip-pe-bor-ge, Som e-vig trod-se Ti-dens

hand These mountains from form-er ages Stand firm a-gainst ev'ry storm that
 Tand! Ur-verd-ners gam-le Bau-ta-ste-ne, Der gjen-nem Klo-dens Stor-me

ra - ges, Like gi-ants clad in ar-mor blue With helmets of a sil-ver
e - ne, Som Kjæmper end i Bryn-ger blaa Med Søl-ver-hjelm om Is-sen

hue Like giants clad in ar-mor blue With helmets of a sil-ver hue.
staa. Som Kjæmper end i Bryn-ger blaa Med Søl-ver-hjelm om Is-sen staa.

When Aukathor did here descry,
Those mighty giants that enchanted
His valiant soul, he firmly planted
His throne upon the mountain high.
When through the cloud his car was sailing,
He heard the rocks him proudly hailing,
The giants voices greeted Thor
Aye, valiant times were those of yore.

Da Akathor saa Norges Fjæld,
Sin Kongestol han der oprejste;
De Kjæmper, som mod Skyen knejste,
De huede hans Heltesjæl.
Naar højt i Sky sin Vogn han kjørte,
Sin Hyldest han fra Klippen hørte:
De Kjæmpestemmer hylded' Thor,
Da var der Heltrold i Nord!

Yes, grand is my dear native land!
Old Norway with her summer bowers,
Her rock-bound shores, her snow-crown'd towers,
Defying time's destroying hand.
Though storms the very earth should sever,
These mountains shall remain forever;
As monuments they yet shall stand
And show, where lay my fatherland.

Ja! herligt er mit Födeland,
Det gamle klippefaste Norge
Med Sommerdal og Vinterborge,
Der evig trodse Tidens Tand!
Om Kloden rökkes end, dets Fjælde
Skal Stormen dog ej kunne fælde;
Som Bauta end de skulle staa,
Og vise, hvor vort Norge laa!

My Native Land.