

Our aged mother Norway.

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OUR AGED MOTHER NORWAY.

DER LIGGER ET LAND &c.

From the Norse Lay Song
"Ola Glomstulen"

by J. F. RING.

Moderato

VOICE.

There lies a fair landneath the old gla - cial snow, There
Der lig - ger et Land mod den e - vi - ge Sne, i

PIANO.

spring-life we find but in nar - row clefts low, The o - cean
Rev - ner - ne kun er der Vaar - liv at se. Men Ha - vet gaar

rolls on with its Sa - ga roar; Than this land, no mother can lov'd be more.
til med Hi - sto ri - e Døn og el - sket er Landet som Mor af Søn

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*We leaned on her bosom while children we were,
 She gave us a book full of pictures of her;
 We read till our eyes they grew large and moist,
 Then did she but nod, and with smiles rejoiced.*

*We ran to the fjord-side to find and behold
 The wonderful ^ubauta so gray and so old;
 Now older she stood there all mute, profound
 The grave-stones around us ~~nigh~~ ^{on which} hid the ground.*

*Our hand she then took, and led us away,
 To where the old church-yard so quietly lay;
 There humbly our fathers have bent the knee,
 She kindly entreats: "As did they, do ye!"*

(Norse.)

*Hun tog os i Fanget, dengang vi var smaa,
 Og gav ossin Saga med Billeder paa.
 Vi læste, saa Øjet blev stort og vaadt;
 Da smilte den Gamle og nikked blot.*

*Vi sprang ned til Fjorden, vi stirrede mod
 Den askegraa Bauta, hvor gammel den stod;
 Hun stod der end ældre så Ingenting;
 Men stensatte Hauger laa rundt i Ring.*

*Hun tog os ved Haanden, og Følge hun gav
 Bort derfra til Kirken saa stille og lav,
 Hvor Fædrene ydmygt har böjet Knee
 Og mild, lig hun sagde: gjør I som De!*

She covered the mountain-sides over with snow,
 And bade then her boys on their skees down them go;
 She swept the old North Sea with roaring gale,
 And bade her brave sailor-lads hoist the sail.

She placed the most beautiful maids in a row,
 Their songs, and their smiles on our deeds to bestow;
 Herself sat enthroned on her Saga-Chair
 Enwrapped in her Norse-moonlight cloak so fair.

Then echoes of forward so loudly did roll,
 In ancestral speech, and with ancestral soul;
 For freedom, for Norsemen, for Norway, hurrah!
 The mountains ~~themselves~~ ^{echoed} gave a long hurrah.

She filled inspirations old glorious bowl,
 And we were baptized by her powerful soul;
 Then shone on the mountains a ~~glowing sight~~ ^{glorious light}
 Which ~~always shall cheer us~~ ^{a star that shall guide us} till death's dark night.

(Norse)

Hun strödde sin Sne over fjeldbratte Li;
 Bød saa sine Gutter at staa den paa Ski.
 Hun knuste med Stormhaand det Nordhavs Speil,
 Bød saa sine Gutter, at hejse Seil.

Hun satte de vakreste Jenter i Rad
 At følge vor Idræt med Smil og med Kvad,
 Og selv sad hun højt i sin Sagastol
 Med Maaneskinskaaben op under Pol.

Da lød der et Fremad! et Fremad endnu
 Paa Fædrenemaal og med Fædrene Hu.
 For Frihed for Norskhed, for Norge Hurra!
 Og Fjeldene selv raaber langt Hurra!

Da løsned' Begejstringens rullende Faan,
 Da døbtes vi af hendes mægtige Aand,
 Da stod over Fjældet et Syn i Glød,
 Som siden os maner indtil vor Død.

Björnstjerne Björnson.