

# PETER HEISE

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## DYVEKES SANGE

NR.1

*Lyrics by Holger Drachmann*

### SKAL ALTID FÆSTE MIT HÅR UNDER HUE

I Bergen

Skal altid fæste mit Haar under Hue,  
tør aldrig binde en Sløjfe deri;  
ilde lugter den Kræmmerstue -  
hvem der som Fuglen var fri!  
Min Moder var dog en stadselig Frue;  
Kom, lille Speil, lad mig se.  
De kaldte ved Daaben mig "Due",  
hun flyver helst i det Fri.  
De Klokker ringe til Ottesang<sup>1</sup>,  
nu bliver Dyvekes Dag saa lang;  
og vil jeg af Byen med Moder gaae,  
der spærre de Bjerger saa isengraae.

Men ude i Haven staar Urter og Blommer,  
dèr drømmer mit Hjerter blandt Zwibler og Løg;  
krydret dufter den liflige Sommer,  
og Hjertet slaaer som en Gøg.  
Det slaaer mod min Haand, under Huden det  
det varsler saa langt, saa langt mig et Liv.  
Vær hilset, du Fugl, mellem Urter og Blommer,  
vær hilset, vær hilset du kukkende Gøg!

## THE SONGS OF DYVEKE

NO.1

*English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen*

### MUST ALWAYS FASTEN MY HAIR BENEATH THE CAP

In Bergen

Must always fasten my hair beneath the cap,  
dare never tie a ribbon in it;  
foul smells the grocery shop  
if only I were free as the bird!  
My mother was a fine lady  
come, little mirror, let me see.  
They named me "Dove" at the christening,  
she flies rather in the open.  
The bells ring to mass,  
now Dyveke's day will be so long;  
and if I want to walk away from the town with my  
the ice grey mountains will block our way.

But outside in the garden herbs and flowers are  
there my heart dreams among onions and bulbs.  
The joyous summer smells spicy  
and the heart beats like a cuckoo.  
It beats against my hand and drums under my  
it predicts such a long, long life for me.  
Welcome, you bird, among herbs and flowers,  
welcome, welcome you cuckooing cuckoo!

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<sup>1</sup> "Ottesang" er en betegnelse for en gudstjeneste før dag gry i Romerkirken.

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<sup>1</sup> "Ottesang" is a service before dawn in the Roman Church.



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