

# Foraarsmelodien

# № 123

# 3 4

Humoreske

Violoncello

## A little May-Time Song

Famous Humoreske

Tysk original Text af H. Lengsfelder og N. Intrator

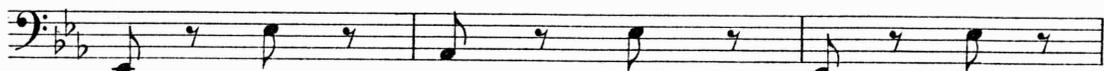
Paa Dansk ved Mogens Dam

Engelsk Text: D. Millar Craig

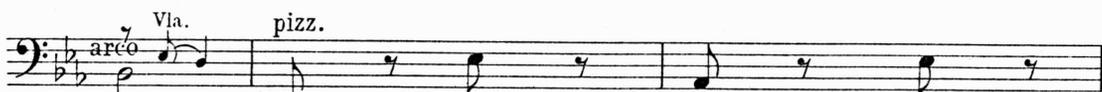
Antonin Dvořák, Op. 101 No. 7

Arr.: Leopold Weninger

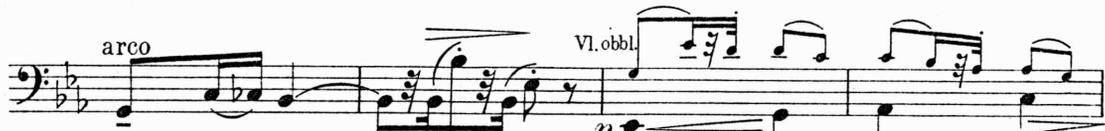
Poco lento e grazioso



Luf-tig som en Lær-ke-tril-le, klar og kø-lig som en Kil-de kommer Vaa-rens mun-tre Me-lo-  
*My has set my heart a-sing-ing, May has sent my thoughts a-winging, Far a-way to brighter, hap-pier*



di, løf-ter Hjer-tet paa sin Vin-ge, la-der glem-te To-ner klin-ge  
*lands; Where be-side a cop-pice ly-ing, Doves and swal-lows round it fly-ing,*



og gør Sjø-lenkarsk og fri. Blæst o-ver Lan-del Vaag-nen-de Van-de  
*All a-tone a cot-tage stands. Peace lies a-bout it, with-in, with-out it*



spej-ler den gyld-ne Foraarssol. Un-der Skov-kæm pers-Kro-ner smaa A-ne-mo-ner  
*All things are bath'd in goldenlight. And the tall pines a-bove it, shel-ter and love it*



smi-ler til Skov-mær-ke og Vi-ol. Blandt de tu-sind Blom-ster Bi-en  
*Thro the live-long day and still by night. Hap-py bees thro'-out the day-time*



bæ-rer Foraarsme-lo-di-en fuld af Sød-me i den kla-re Luft. Med sit Budskab rundt den i-ler  
*Hum this litt-le song of Maytime, Dragonflies are dart-ing to and fro, Na-ture scatters free-ly, blind-ly,*



og til-sidst for-tum-let hvi-ler sødt i Ro-sens el-skovs-he-de Duft.  
*All her bounteous gifts and kind-ly, On the vines the rip'-ning clas-ters grow.*

# Violoncello 3

*a tempo*  
*mf espr.*

Men en Dag maa al den-ne Skøn-hed fal-de Som-rens gyld-ne Bæ-ger til  
Yet how swift-ly all that our hearts can cher-ish, All the fair-est blooms of the

Bunds er tømt. Gen-nem Høstens Stor-me vi hø-rer Vin-tren kal-de og den sid-ste Træk-fugl for-  
smit-ning May, By an an-gry blast may be swept a-way, to per-ish, All their pe-bals scal-ter'd in

*> mf*

længst er rømt. Un-der Vintrens lan-ge og træ-stes-lø-se U-ger Kul-den i sinhaar-de Favn Na-  
one brief day! Ev-ry bird and beast seeks its lair and lies there hiding, And the air is loud with an-gry

*pizz.* *arco*

tu-ren knu-ger, Sko-ven sort og en-som o-ver nøg-ne Gre-ne ru-ger,  
stormwinds rid-ing, Ev'n the old-est trees are bent and quake be-neath its chid-ing,

*pizz.* *rit.* *p* *arco* *Riten.* *rall.* *f* *p*

graa og trist er Jor-den saa langt man ser.  
With-er'd leaves and flow'rs lie a-bout all my way!

## Tempo I

*pizz.*

Saa en Dag paa-ny sig løf-ter Lærken o-ver Grav og Græf-ter medden lil-le For-aars-me-lo-  
Yet my heart is soft-ly sing-ing, Far a-way my thoughts are wing-ing, To a kind-ly land where all is

*arco* *pizz.*

di. Blan-ke Van-de vaag-ner at-ter og til Blæ-stens kaa-de Lat-ter  
bright, Fra-grant ze-phyrs round me sigh-ing, Hap-py birds a-bove me fly-ing,

*rit.* *arco* *a tempo* *mf*

spej-ler So-len sig paa-ny der-i. Glæd dig ved Li-vet Ung-dom-men gi-vel  
For the sun has driv'n the clouds to flight! Hold fast to glad-ness, ban-ish all sad-ness,

*dim.*

blev jo hin For-aars-me-lo-di. Tag den Lyk-ke, du fin-der,  
Laugh with the sun in gol-den May. Let no fair good-ness fly you,

*rit.* *dim.*

før den for-svin-der- Li-vets For-aar gaar os alt-for snart for-bi! *pp*  
while it is nigh you, For the Springtide pas-ses all too soon a-way!