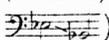


Foraarsmelodien

Humoreske

Batteria (Drums)
(Timpani in )

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

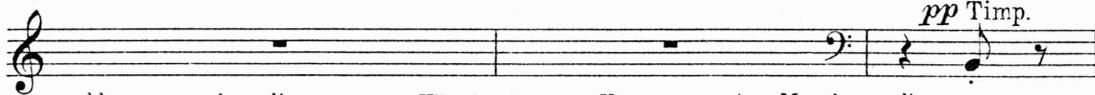
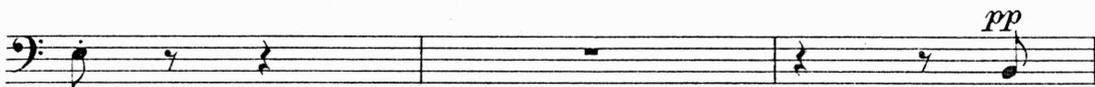
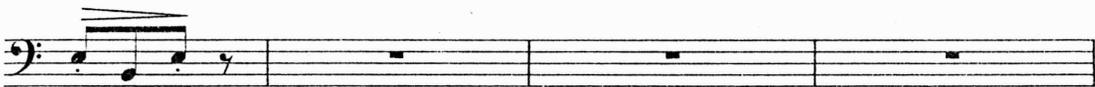
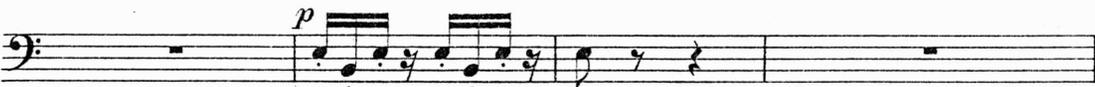
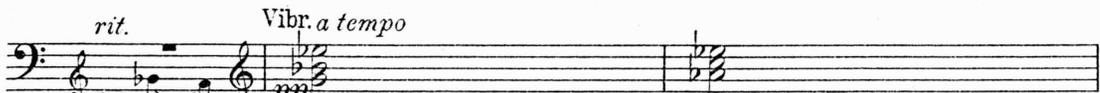
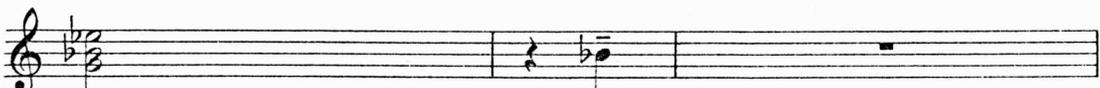
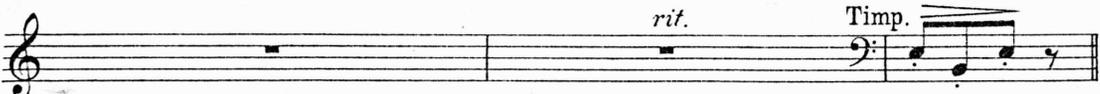
Antonin Dvořák, Op. 101 No. 7

Arr.: Leopold Weninger

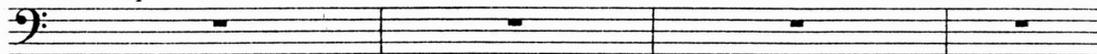
Poco lento e grazioso

Timp. tr, , Vibraphon 

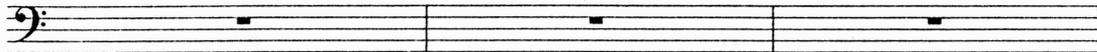
2

Luf-tig som en Lær-ke-tril-le,
May has set my heart a-sing-ing,klar og kø-lig som en Kil-de kom-mer Vaa-rens mun-tre Me-lo-di,
May has sent my thoughts a-wing-ing, Far a-way to bright-er, hap-pier lands,løf-ter Hjer-tet paa sin Vin-ge, la-der glem-te To-nerklin-ge og gør Sjæ-len karsk og
Where be-side a cop-pice ly-ing, Doves and swallows round it fly-ing, All a-lone a cot-tagefri. Blæst o-ver Lan-de! Vaag-nen-de Van-de spej-ler den gyld-ne
stands. Peace lies a-bout it, with-in, with-out it All things are bath'd inForaars-sol. Un-der Skov-kæmpers Kro-ner smaa A-ne-mo-ner smi-ler til Skov-mær-ke og Vi-
gol-den light. And the tall pines a-bove it, shel-ter and love it Thro' the live-long day and still byol. Blandte tu-sind Blom-ster Bi-en bæ-rer For-aars-me-lo-di-en
night. Happy bees thro'-out the day-time Hum this litt-le song of May-time,fuld af Sød-me i den kla-re Luft. Med sit. Bud-skab rundt den i-ler
Dra-gon-flies are dart-ing to and fro, Na-ture scat-ters free-ly, blind-ly,og til-sidst for-tum-let hvi-ler sødt i Ro-sens el-skovs-he-de Duft.
All her boun-teous gifts and kind-ly On the vines the rip'-ning clus-ters grow.

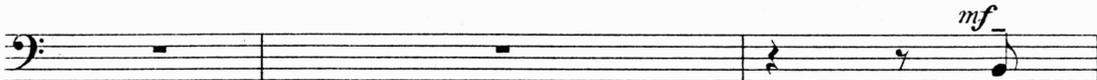
a tempo



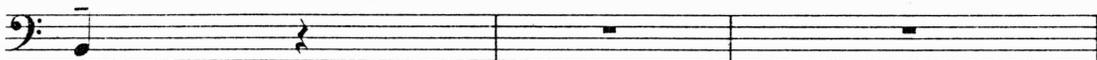
Men en Dag maa al den - ne Skøn - hed fal - de Somrens gyld - ne Bæ - ger til Bunder tomt.
Yet how swift - ly all that our hearts can cher - ish, All the fair - est blooms of the smil - ing May,



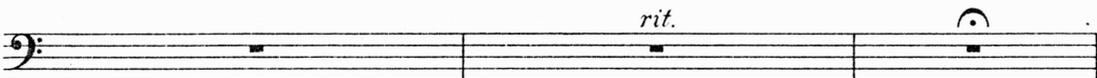
Gen - nem Hø - stens Stor - me vi hø - rer Vin - tren kal - de og den sid - ste Trækfugl for -
By an an - gry blast may be swept a - way, to per - ish, All their pe - tals scat - ter'd in



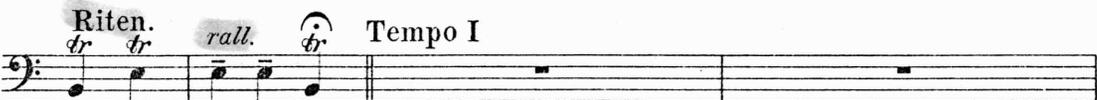
længst er rømt. Un - der Vin - trens lan - ge og trø - stes - lø - se U - ger
one brief day! Ev' - ry bird and beast seeks its lair and lies there hid - ing,



Kul - den i sin haar - de Favn Na - tu - ren knu - ger, Sko - vensort og en - som o - ver
And the air is loud with an - gry storm - winds rid - ing, Ev'n the old - est trees are bent and



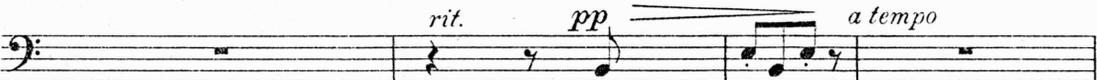
nø - ne Gre - ne ru - ger, graa og trist er Jor - den saa langt man ser.
quake be - neath its chid - ing, With - er'd leaves and flow'rs lie a - bout all my way!



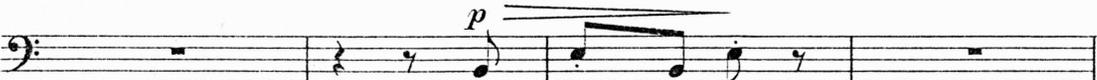
Saa en Dag paa - ny sig løf - ter Laer - ken o - ver Grav og Grøfter
Yet my heart is soft - ly sing - ing, Far a - way my thoughts are winging,



med den lil - le For - aars - me - lo - di. Blan - ke Van - de vaag - ner at - ter
To a kind - ly land where all is bright, Fra - grant ze - phyr's round me sigh - ing,



og til Blæstens kaa - de Lat - ter spej - ler So - len sig paa - ny der - i. Glæd dig ved Li - vet
Hap - py birds a - bove me flying, For the sun has driv'n the clouds to flight. Hold fast to glad - ness,



Ung - dom - men gi - vet blev jo hin For - aars - me - lo - di. Tag den Lyk - ke, du fin - der,
ban - ish all sad - ness Laugh with the sun in gol - den May. Let no fair glad - ness fly you,



for 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!