

Hils fra mig der hjemme

A Sailor's Greeting

Olaf Gustafson

English Version by F. Wick

In waltz time

I den store tau-se natt står jeg her ved skibets ratt,
On the deck I stand at night, When the stars above are bright,

under himlens stjernerne velt, ene og forlatt. —
Far a-way from friends and home, Lone-ly here I roam. —

Un-der him-lens høi-e tak hø-res fjer-ne vin-ge-slag:
Swal-lows on their wings so high Now in Spring they home-ward fly,

Fug-le-trek-ket at-ter går mot nord, mot ly-se vår. —
To the land where sun-light beams in-to my child-hood dreams. —

REFRAIN

Hils fra mig der hjem - me, hils min far og mor, —
 Greet my dear, old moth - er, Greet my fa - ther too —

p-f

Hils de grøn - ne li - er, og den blan - ke fjord. —
 And my lit - tle broth - er When he wel - comes you. —

Hvis jeg had - de vin - ger fløi jeg hjem med dig, — til de
 Had I wings to fol - low Hap - py would I be — Dear - est

ly - se net - ter. Hils dem! Hils fra mig! — mig! —
 lit - tle swal - low, Greet them all from me. — me. —

1 2

A.

Give Me a Greeting Shores A Sailor's Greeting

