

THE HIGH SCHOOL
SONGBOOK



“WELL SING THEN
DENMARK
LET
YOUR HEART
TALK”

1.

- 1 We have a look at the blessed day
coming up at us from the sea
it lights up the sky - more and more
filling us with lust and piety!
We're children of the light and you can be
sure the night is over!
- 2 The blessed hour, the midnight hour
where our lord let himself feed
it dawned in the east
the loveliest red
when the light came on, the bold of the earth
will light up and smoke!
- 3 If every tree in every wood came alive
and if every leaf was a tongue
They really wouldn't have the right voice
to sing of the graceful law of God
Like right now the light of life is shining
for the senior citizens and youngster alike!
- 4 If every straw, every plant
in every field or clearing had
a voice it still wouldn't not be sufficient for
praising the day, the light, the life, the thousands
years that has gone by.
It should be a thanking song!
- 5 It's rather difficult to jump up a mountain
if you've got weak thighs, but the eagle is
a wee bit niftier; he reaches the top by having the
weather blow off under his wing.
And the lark is really an small bird, and it can sing
(and fly) in the sky!
- 6 The mighty river roars
and tumbles from the cliffs.
The smaller brooks aren't that loud.
But they're pretty quick!
And it looks good when the snake their way
through meadows and green linden trees!
- 7 We thank our God, the good father
as the lark at the dawning of the day
For the day he sent us
for the life he sent from the grave
For every spiritual food stuff that has grown in
any field the last 999+1 years!
- 8 As long as we behold the golden sun
and the wood is the garden of the danes
We're positioning May in a church stool
and flowers on the grave's of our male ancestors.
To a happy party with life and lust,
a bona fide Pindse-gift!
- 9 Our mild tears flow like small brooks from our
eyes
Lots of brookes make for a river,
the river is reaching for the source of the light
the light the light
It'll get a wage increase
a heart sighs
it's early, yet late!
- 10 No day is overlong
the evening comes along
We get light and sun mountain lag
God lighted up in the church;
but it'll dawn once again,
the hearts of morning will wait!

11 Bugger off, Pindse-day, you
 With rays in wreath around the summit!
 Every hour, pleasing the lord
 Like the brrok in the meadow
 in here
 it really cuddles of the the green Linds!

12 The early morning is like gold
 When the day resurrects
 Yet the nice evening red kisses us
 with golden teeth You'be got to get a glint in the
 eye, red on those cheeks!

13 We travel to the land of our father
 It's really not sleeping
 There's a forteress there, good looking and big
 With great stuff in golden halls
 With enjoyment will talk to friends there
 forever with friends in the light

Posted by: Morten Blund on November 6, 2006 03:24 PM

9

Light's Angel with his penis tip
 Walks through heav'nly gates
 God's Angel's shiny dip
 Makes the shadowy black night fade
 Melodi: Lysets engel går med glans

Posted by: Anders on October 26, 2006 12:26 AM

12

Oh, thank you God!
 We slept so good!
 Baby laid with warm cheek on the pillow.
 Now as the bird crisp!
 Fresh as the sea's fish!
 Morning sun is peaking through the window.

Posted by: Marie on October 30, 2006 10:10 AM

14

See, now the sun is rising from the shot of the sea
 Air and waves blushes in fire, in glow
 that a blessed hilarity, even though everything is
 quiet
 while the light is landing on the coast of the world

Posted by: Trine-Maria on October 28, 2006 05:05 AM

21

See what a morning-stun, sunlight has just begun
 Nina is taking a bath and I'm in my aftermath
 Life isn't nearly the worst that is here
 and the coffee's almost clear

Claus Dahl

47

- 1 Get up, all those objects that God made
to put a price on his deliciousness
even the smallest things he made is big
and that proves his physical energy
- 2 If all kings stood in a queue
in their immense greatness
they couldn't even a page
put on a nettle

Posted by: emme on October 25, 2006 02:42 PM

74

- 1 Utrolige Grace
Hvor sød den lyd
Som frelste et skod som mig
Jeg engang var fortabt
Men nu' jeg frelst
Var blind, men nu jeg ser
- 2 Det var Grace
Som lærte mig om frygt
Og Grace tog frygten væk
Og alle skal se
At Grace står frem
Den time som de tror
- 3 Igennem farer,
skidt og lort
Er vi allerede gå'ed
Det var Grace
Der førte os hertil
Og Grace før' os osse hjem

- 4 Når vi har vær't her tusind år
og skinnet som en sol
er der lisså mange
dage tilbage
som da vi først begyndt

- 5 Utrolige Grace
Hvor sød den lyd
Som frelste et skod som mig
Jeg engang var fortabt
Men nu' jeg frelst
Var blind, men nu jeg ser

Posted by: Ellen on October 31, 2006 01:35 AM

100

Who sits behind the screen there
 He's got the hand-rag blues
 A patch upon his eyeball
 And holes in both his shoes
 Well, that is John the wayman
 He wishes he were dead
 He uses his old hammer
 To turn these rocks to bread

Posted by: holger on October 26, 2006 08:14 PM

102

- 1 I know a larks's nest
 I do not say where
 It's located on a heath
 Somewhere where noone sees
- 2 In the nest there are offspring
 And the offspring has down feathers
 They squeak and they have tongues
 and the nest is so cosy
- 3 And the two old larks
 they fly close about
 I think perhaps they notice
 I don't do them anything
- 4 I lurk behind a Blackthorn
 where I am quite near
 I stretch upon my toe
 And keep my breath in

- 5 Because the fox he wants to bite
 and the boy collect berries
 But noone shall have knowledge
 Of where the larks nest is

Posted by: Stefan on November 3, 2006 02:47 PM

111

- 1 Sorry, I strain a serious word.
 It is wise that you understand it now.
 Just a shelf to this earth,
 because we only have the same.
 The world has been hating more than enough.
 We can only answer by making love.
 My self in the earthly love
 Are weapons against a raven rock.

In your short life
 every hour is animal
 every second, an animal second
 You hopefully wont forget that the years smoke
 Watch your watch:
 The songs are flying,
 stay awake, friend
 our little life
 is ending inside a sleep.
 We are of the same fabric
 that dreams are done by:
 the big empty room.

Posted by: Julie on October 28, 2006 04:59 AM

117a

- 1 O that være a hen
none can be find whereis
put by themselves deep to a orchard
pikke a rødhudet berry.
- 2 O that være a tøjhund
kiss a blankøjet boy
reside to his affectionate branches
sleep themselves mæt to his bed.
- 3 O that være a æble
tumour to abundance and mag
suge grasping to composition
release a sensommerdag.
- 4 O that være a blighter
spot at the regnvåde way
lonely fordrunken and abject
such a blighter am i.

Posted by: Bo Bjavkæde on November 2, 2006 06:40 PM

117b

- 1 O, if I were a hen
Hiding in the darkest lair
Playing around in the garden
Dicking a redskinned bear
- 2 O, if I were a kapokhead
Kissing a crying boy
living in his loving arms
In the bed stuffed with joy

- 3 O, if I were an apple
Swollen in richness and peace
Drinking the stipe all summer
Some day letting go with ease
- 4 O, if I were a hobo
With no direction home
Hard drinking, unknown and lonely
I am just like than gnome

Posted by: sinatra on November 6, 2006 04:32 PM

144

- 1 Vil du vide mit navn
Hvis jeg saa dig i haven?
Ku' det vaere det samme
Hvis jeg saa dig i haven?
- 2 Jeg maa vaere staerk
Og baere paa,
Fordi jeg ved jeg ikke er lang
Her i haven.
- 3 Ville du holde min haand
Hvis jeg saa dig i haven?
Ville du haelpe mig holde
Hvis jeg saa dig i haven?
- 4 Jeg vil find min vej
Gennem nat og dag,
Fordi jeg ved jeg ikke kan staa
her i haven.

157

5 Tid kan bringe dig ned,
Tid kan boeje dine knæ.
Tid kan brække dit hjerte,
Have dig anmode tilfreds, anmode tilfreds.

6 Forbi laagen,
Er der fred jeg er sikker
Og jeg ved der vil værre nej mere
at rive i haven.

7 Vil du vide mit navn
Hvis jeg saa dig i haven?
Ku' det vaere det samme
Hvis jeg saa dig i haven?

8 Jeg maa vaere staerk
Og baere paa,
Fordi jeg ved jeg ikke er lang
Her i haven.

Posted by: Anonym i Italien on October 27, 2006 02:09 PM

1 Our mothers tongue is lovely it has a jolly sound
with what shall I worship it and cherish it around
a high born virgin a nobel royal bride
for she is so lovely and looks fantastic out
for she is so lovely and looks fantastic out

Posted by: mogens on November 6, 2006 02:07 PM

162

1 The Danish song is a young, blonde maiden
She walks 'round humming in Denmark's house
She is the child of a kingdom laden
With beeches listening when blue waves roar
The Danish song when it sounds its deepest:
A sound of bells and of shield and sword
Against us roar on expanded bird wings
The saga tones from the days of yore

2 The grace of Sealand, the Might of Jutland
Ye echoes twain of both soft and hard
Contain the song that for us does speak and
Report what is in our innermost heart
The customs change, and the times are turning
But art and war still demand we're strong
The beacon by which our souls are burning
It burns the strongest in our old tongue

3 Well, sing then Denmark, let thy heart speak thus
The tongue of hearts is but verse and song
The nightingale of the woods will teach us
As will the lark from the green fields long
The winds are howling their wildest shanty
The beeches thunder a solemn psalm
From country lad and from pavement dandy
Will song alight as freedom's balm

Posted by: Ellen on October 31, 2006 12:28 AM

177

- 1 Should old friend closet clean perish
and be ironed from our mind?
Should old friend closet clean perish
With them days so long behind?

Those fine days of youth, oh yeah,
those days so hard to find!
We lift our cups så happily up
for them days so long behind!

Posted by: niels mlp on November 6, 2006 09:48 PM

226

- 1 My heart is always wanking
In Jesus' labour ward
And hither are my thoughts summed
To say it fairly short
At home is wear I long and
Wear my faith on my sleeve
I will always think about you
You merry Christmas Eve
- 2 Alas, when I am thinking
I know not what to say
'Cause God who lives in Heaven
Is rolling in the hay
Joy and honour up in the blue sky
And lively words from God
Are despised by the people
Because they make them bored
- 3 A pearl which is forgotten
Is very good to find
And diamonds are expensive
and always on her mind
If you chug a grape in the dry leaves
You must be really mad
And I just can't stand to see
My God looking really bad
- 4 Why shouldn't all your chambers
Be dressed in silk and gold
You could get everyone to
Do just as they were told
Why did you not stand in the spotlight
As leader of the band
With all kings of earth around you
All kissing on your hand

243

- 5 Why isn't heaven built like
A giant stadium roof
With starry candles burning
And rhymes on Hella Joof
Why did you not let you see
As a Guardian of the light
With a double silky duvet
To cover all your might
- 6 No Jesus gets a sleep-in
When it is Christmas night
Where beggars use to seek
and to go away and hide
It was not even his own hay
The hay he lay upon
He did not have Therm-a-rest
And all the beds were gone
- 7 A sparrow has a nest and
A place to sit and chill
A swallow doesn't look long
Before it gets its will
And a lion has its warm cave
Where bones he likes to gnaw
Shall my saviours really hide
In a stable full of straw
- 8 Alas I shall now open
My heart my soul and mind
With thousand longing moans singing
Jesus, komm herein!
Don't you ever be a stranger
My house is your house too
I hope you're going to like it
I love you, love me, do

Posted by: Martin on November 7, 2006 01:03 AM

- 1 Hear how angels' song is sounded
Now we have a full-born king
Turns the sheek when he is pounded
Peace on earth to us he bring
Get up folks from all the tribes
Sing out loud and join the vibes
Angles sing, you sing with them
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Hear, the choir's in the shower
King is the one with all the power

Posted by: Martin on November 7, 2006 01:05 AM

253

- 1 It is white here outside
Candle-kitten hits her tangle
Very hardly, very keen
White down there and white above, too
Powdered thick stands tree in garden
As out in my apple-yard
- 2 It is silent out here
Just soft penis on the window
Little bird offers herself
There is no bird now who's singing
On the stick the bird is swaying
Looks around and sways some more
- 3 It is cold here outside
All the other birds are crying
Searching breed and shelter, but
Now the crow is spanking birdie
High on smoking and off-loading
Looking at the creature, tame.

Posted by: Anonym, Amager on November 6, 2006 07:20 PM

266

- 1 It is today a sunny day
Oh, sweetest spring, no longer you're away
I will forget for sure, that it was winter
go shopping hyacinths that I will send there
or bring myself just so he knows I care
- 2 A buying spree she launched for white and blue
she bought away of beauty and of hue
Behold the weather bright! The sun is shining!
Around me fairy thoughts that I'll go mining
and bottle up for my beloved one
- 3 And they came floating by like here and there
Among them her, a happinated flare!
The sun is shining like it never did, man!
Think it should suffice for a day or two, and
I can't resist to kiss that greenish leaf!
- 4 She kissed them one by one with focused lips
she walzed away with flowry swinging hips..
"My friend, the hyacinths are just for you, love!
Forget the winter's freezing grasp of cold, dove
It is today indeed a sunny day!"

Posted by: dalager on November 6, 2006 10:49 PM

336

- 1 Look, dawn is breaking over fields
plowed by the sluggish oxen
the waters to the dark cloud yields
with sunny churches watching
- 2 Oh, dearest fall, will you please bring
a pear with flavors charming
like water from my father's spring
and soil from his own farming
- 3 And that is all the land I have
and all that I desire
I hope that you begrudge me not
what clings to my soles' mire

Posted by: Suzy-Hang-Around on October 25, 2006 04:48 PM

303

- 1 In all her glory shines the sun
The light of life on chair of grace
Now is the time of narcissi
Now it is summer, sheer and mild
Now more than angel's voice predicts
In the Lord's name, a golden crop.

Posted by: Suzy-Hang-Around on October 25, 2006 02:46 PM

347

- 1 There is a lovely land
With bulky beech aplenty
Near salty eastern strand:
It bends and twists through valley, hill
Its name is olden Denmark
Where Freja had her fill:

Claus Dahl

356

- 1 In Denmark I was born there is my dwelling
There is my stuff – my heart goes out from there
You danish tongue – my mother at me yelling
So sweetly blessed you reach my capillair
You danish fresh white sand
Where tombs from long ago
Stand right where hops and apples like to grow
I love you so
Denmark my father land

Posted by: holger on October 26, 2006 12:42 PM

359

- 1 Jutland in between two oceans
Like a rune stick you are laid
Oh, the runes are giant tomb stones
Spread around the glorious woods
And on the heath so awesome big
Here the desert mirage, desert mirage is
- 2 Jutland, you are the main country
Highland with wood loneliness
Wild in west with dune roof sand is
Rising up in stead of hills
Baltic and North seas shake hands
Right across the Skagen, cross the Skagen sands

- 3 Oh, the heath, you won't believe it
But come on, look for yourself
Heather like a gorgeous carpet
Flowers that go on for miles
Hurry up, in just a while
This heath will be a corn field, be a corn field mild

- 4 Soon between the farmers rich farms
A steam dragon you will see
Where the herds of Loke are now
Forests grow and grow and grow
Britons fly across the sea
For to visit Hamlet's, visit Hamlet's grave

- 5 Jutland, in between to oceans
Like a rune stone you are laid
Graves of yours speak of the past now
Future will unfold your force
Oceans sing all that the can
Sing about your coast line, your coast line Jutland

Posted by: Ellen on October 31, 2006 12:51 AM

361

- 1 I know where a garden so beautiful is,
where seas are so blue and green forests exists,
where birdies are building in hedges with joy
and flying each dawn with a song over sky.
- 2 And placed in the midst of the rocky fresh sea
the prettiest island appears suddenly,
the lake is filled up with sea vessels so bold -
the island is brimming with flowers and gold

422

- 3 There's running a brook and a sprinkly spring,
the smallish round hills are a wonderous thing,
a meadow so soft it's a veritable fest
to fall around there and to lighten you breast.
- 4 The girlies are dancing with flowers on hat.
a red and a white on their titties are sat.
the boys they are playing the harp and the sword
retelling the legends in song and in chord.
- 5 Im sure that no other location has got
a softer, more delicate, marvelous spot
the garden whereon this sweet island is put,
I've shown you its splendour the best that I could
- 6 Look over the valley, look over the belt,
behold the sweet garden with leaves oh so svelte,
with flowers in meadows and millponds so grand,
the garden is denmark our fatherly land.

Posted by: tveskov on November 5, 2006 08:06 PM

366

- 1 I see the islands light with beech
Spread out across the sea
So cutting sunlight's beauty
As ever I did see
I see them as they are lying there
They look just like a card
From border until border
But they have got our heart

Posted by: holger on October 27, 2006 04:49 PM

“Den var en Bejler og hans Lass” af William
“Bjavkæde” Shakespeare

- 1 Den var en bejler og hans lass,
Hos en hej, og en ho, og en hej nonino,
At o'er den grøn korn - ager gjorde pass,
I den affjedre gang, den bare smuk ring gang,
Hvor fugle lave afsynge, hej ding en ding ding;
Yndig bejlere elske den affjedre.
- 2 Imellem den areal i den rye,
Hos en hej, og en ho, og en hej nonino,
Disse smuk landskab folk ville ligge,
I den affjedre gang, den bare smuk ring gang,
Hvor fugle lave afsynge, hej ding en ding ding;
Yndig bejlere elske den affjedre.
- 3 Indeværende carol de begyndte at time,
Hos en hej, og en ho, og en hej nonino,
Hvor at liv var men en blomst
I den affjedre gang, den bare smuk ring gang,
Hvor fugle lave afsynge, hej ding en ding ding;
Yndig bejlere elske den affjedre.
- 4 Og, altså, holde den nutid
Hos en hej, og en ho, og en hej nonino,
Nemlig elske er bekranse hos den primtall
I den affjedre gang, den bare smuk ring gang,
Hvor fugle lave afsynge, hej ding en ding ding;
Yndig bejlere elske den affjedre.

Posted by: Bo Bjavkæde on November 3, 2006 10:59 AM

439

- 1 It is to sow lovely to be followed by,
 Lining two , that gladly will together be ,
 Then is with THE JOY one double cheerful ,
 And half about THE AFFLICTION saw heavy to
 sustain ;
 Yes it is merriment
 TO travel together
 WHEN springvelum
 IS LOVE !

*En anonym undersaettelse til et underholdene initiativ.
 Posted by: Anonym i Italien on October 26, 2006 04:02 PM*

465

- 1 Three servants was standing considering advice
 - thinglute, tounge lute, lustoutinplay
 they wanted the millers daughter to see
 - proud Adelouse, boatsman house, mugmother-
 mouse
 - thinglute, tounge lute, lustoutinplay
 - christomania for whopperwhippersnap,
 ceremonial
- 2 Two guys held the bag so long
 the third got inside, wearing a thong
- 3 Oh listen, dear miller, grind us this bag
 but dont dare to loose it, you fag
- 4 So put it near my daughters bed
 all the rats there have been fed
- 5 and as it got darker in every balk
 that bag started to crawl and walk
- 6 oh daddy stand op and light the light
 a miller house thief is our plight
- 7 he padded her on her pale cheek
 beautvirgin, you are mine to seek
- 8 oh daddy turn off that light in out house
 it was just a cat that bit a mouse
- 9 The old bitch lying on the beetroots
 concluded dry: that cat wears boots
- 10 You old bitch, better abscond
 tommorrow you'll end in our millers pond

- 11 Og kællingen sank, og sækken flød,
 - tungluti, tungluti, lustudilei -
 og al hendes vælling blev til grød.
- 12 the bitch sunk, the bag had floatage
 and all her gruel became porridge

Posted by: Poul Krogh on October 27, 2006 11:36 AM

474

- 1 King Vermund the Old
 with useless old eyes
 but wise from the length of his days
 Sat still by the Eider
 with worry and care
 He mourned for his son, yellow Uffe

Posted by: Suzy-Hang-Around on October 25, 2006 02:46 PM

481

- 1 King Christian stood beside the mast
 in battles past
 His posse struck with such a blast
 that skulls of goths all in were smashed.
 The gothic ships and sails went down
 in battles past
 Let's go, screamed goths, let's hit the gas
 The king is kicking our ass
 The king is kicking our ass
 tonight

Claus Dahl

488

1 The time I went away
You wanted me to stay :/
You crazy little whore
I go to fight a war
And if I don't get killed we can go on like before
Well if there was no danger I would stay here with
you
But all the girls in Denmark they trust me like you
do
And that's why I will join
The military now
Horay Horay Horay

Posted by: holger on October 29, 2006 09:04 PM