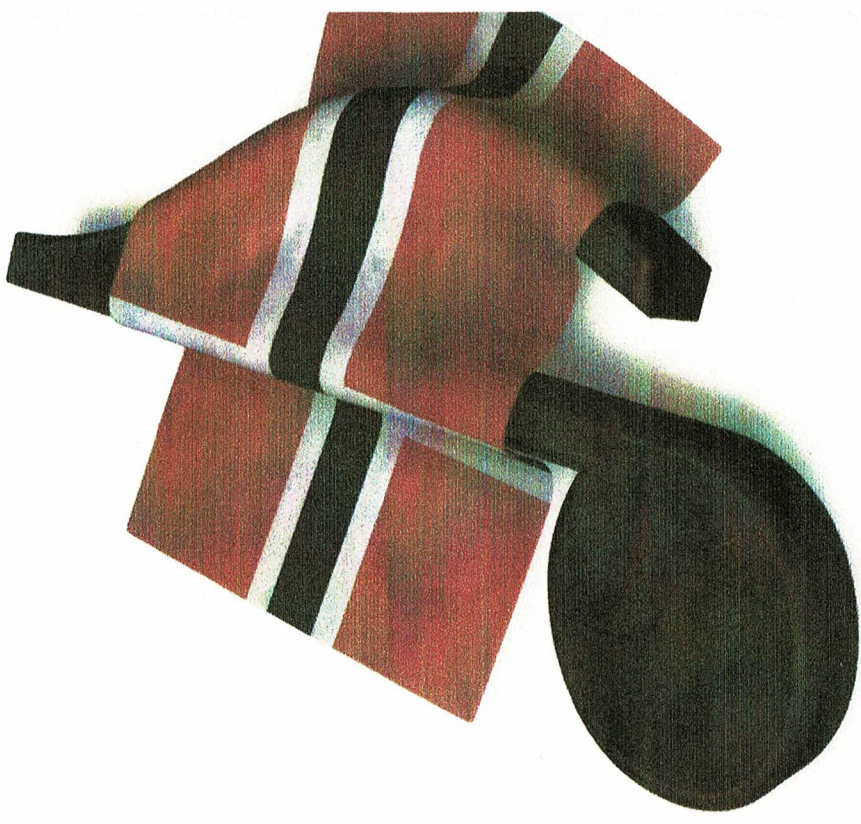


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SONS OF NORWAY SONGBOOK



SVERDRUP LODGE 4-10

O Canada

5

R. STANLEY WEIR, D.C.L.

"That True North" (Tennyson)
S.A.T.B.

C. LAVALLÉE

Maestoso

1. O Can - a - da! Our home and na - tive land! True pa - triot
2. O Can - a - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow, Great prai - ries
3. O Can - a - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies May stal - wart

love in all thy sons com - mand. With glow - ing hearts we
spread and lord - ly riv - ers flow, How dear to us thy
sons and gen - tle maid - ens rise; To keep thee stead - fast

see thee rise The True North strong and free; And stand on guard, O
broad do - main, From East to West - ern sea! Thou land of hope for
through the years From East to West - ern sea. Our own be - lov - ed.

CHORUS *ad lib.*
Can - a - da, We stand on guard for thee.
all who toil! Thou True North strong and free! O Can - a - da!
na - tive land, Our True North strong and free.

Glo - rious and free! We stand on guard, We stand on guard for

ff rit.
thee. O Can - a - da! We stand on guard for thee.

Ja, vi elsker dette landet

Yes, We Love This Land of Ours

RIKARD NORDRAAK

Maestoso

1. Ja, vi el-sker det-te lan-det, som det sti-ger frem fu-ret vær-bitt
 1. Yes, we love this land of ours As with moun-tain domes Storm-lash'd o'er the

o-ver van-net med de tu-sen hjem, el-sker, el-sker det og ten-ker
 sea- il tow-ers With the thou-sand homes. Love it dear-ly, ev-er think-ing

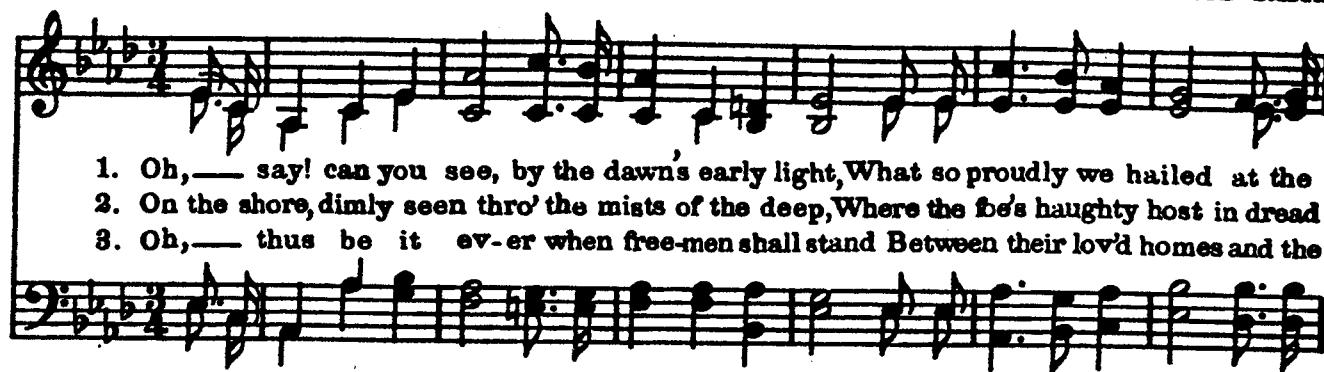
på vår far og mor og den sa-ga-natt som sen-ker drøm me på vår
 Of our fa-thers' strife And the land of Sa-ga sink-ing, Dreams up-on our

jord, og den sa-ga-natt som sen-ker, sen-ker drøm-me på vår jord.
 life, And the land of Sa-ga sink-ing, Sink-ing dreams up-on our life.

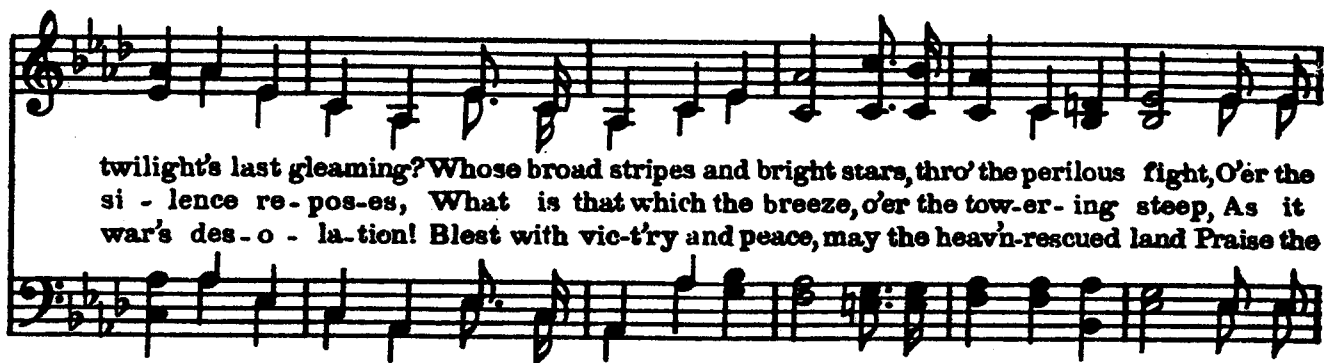
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

RANCIS SCOTT KEY

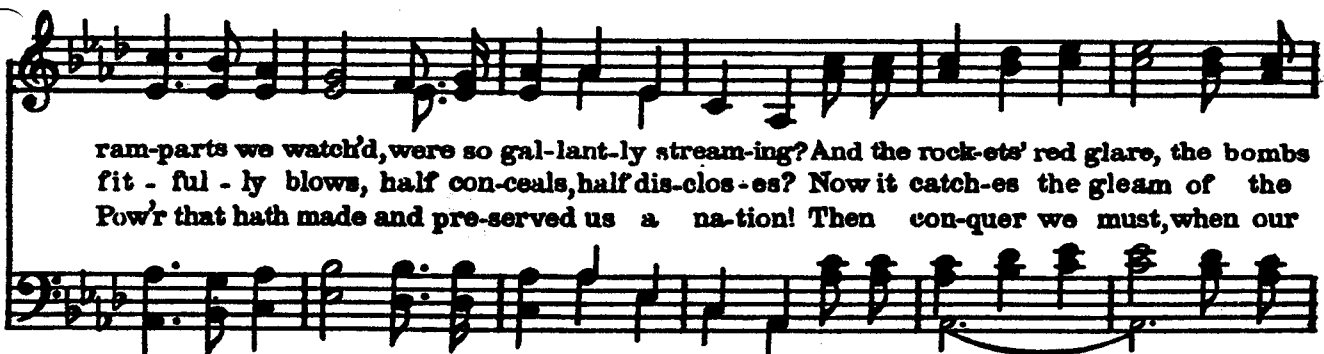
JOHN STAFFORD SMITH



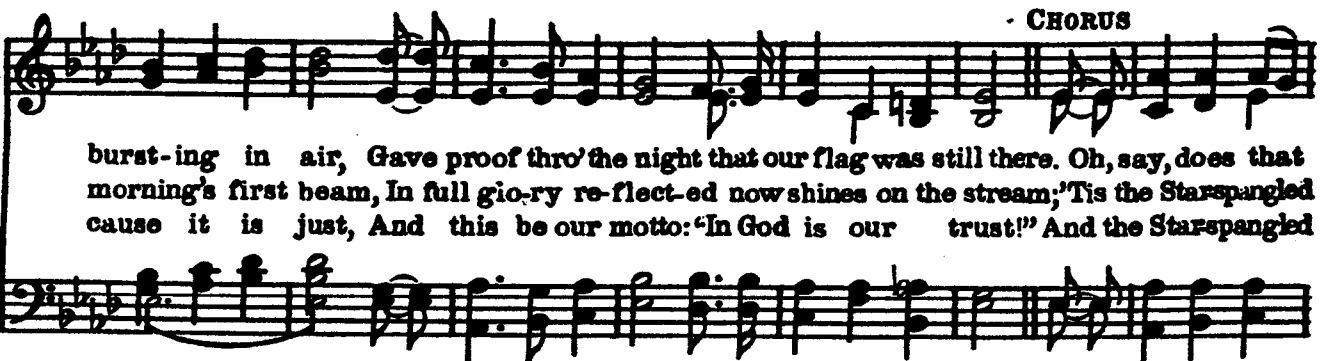
1. Oh, — say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. Oh, — thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the



twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

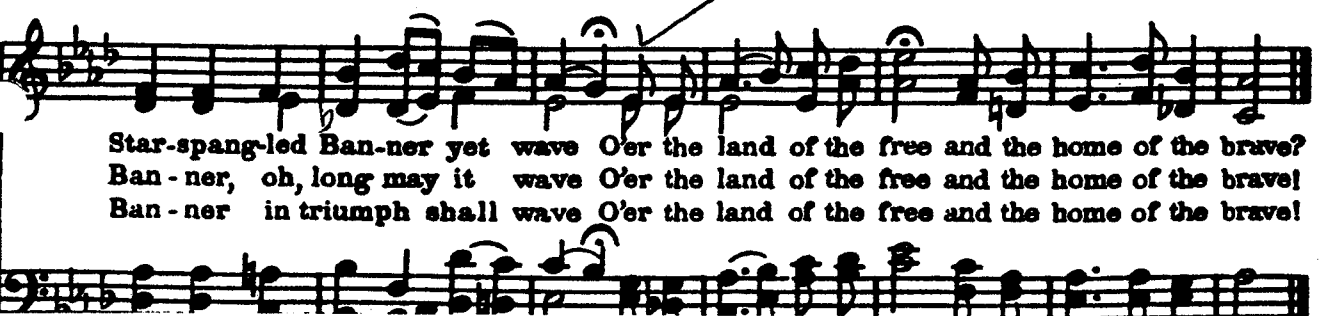


ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our



- CHORUS

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full gio-ry re-lect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Starspangled
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the Starspangled



Star-spang-led Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 Ban - ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 Ban - ner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

BIRTHDAY & ANNIVERSARY SONG

Happy (birthday, anniversary) to you,
 Happy (birthday, anniversary) to you,
 Happy (birthday, anniversary) dear friends,
 Happy (birthday, anniversary) to you.

Gid du lenge, lenge, lenge liv må	If you wish longer, long, long life have
Gid du lenge, lenge, lenge liv må	If you wish longer, long, long life have
Gid du lenge, lenge, liv må.	If you wish longer, long, life have

Happy Birthday

For Easy Piano

Traditional
 Arranged by Ben Dunnnett

Moderato

dd gg gg aaaa b
 dd gg gg aaaa b
 bb D C $\frac{e}{g}$ C ba9

Table Prayer

(1st in Norwegian, then in English
with Amen after English only)

Niceta of REMESIANA? ca. 392. (Old Hundredth.)

L. BOURGEOIS, 1551.



1. Thee, God, we praise, Thy name we bless, Thee, Lord of all, we do con-fess;
2. To Thee a-loud all an-gels cry, The heav'ns and all the powers on high,
3. O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, Thou God of hosts, by all a-dored;
4. O God e-ter-nal, might-y King, We un-to Thee our prais-es bring;



1. The whole cre-a-tion wor-ships Thee, The Fa-ther of e-ter-ni-ty.
2. The cher-ubs and the ser-aphs join, And thus they hymn Thy praise di-vine:
3. Earth and the heav'ns are full of Thee, Thy light, Thy power, Thy ma-jes-ty.
4. And to Thy true and on-ly Son, And Ho-ly Spir-it, Three in One.



A-men.



Tr. by C. Doving, 1911.

11. Den glade vandrer

Text: Juul Hansen
Tune: Friedrich W. Møller

(G7) C G7 C C#dim. Dm7 G7

Den gla - de van - drer kal - les jeg, for sorg-løs går jeg på den

G7 C F Dm C G7 C

en - de - lø - se lan - de - vei. Der li - ker jeg å gå. Fal - le

G7 C G7 C

ri, fal - le - ra, fal - le - ri, fal - le - ra ha ha ha ha ha! Fal - le

G7 C F Dm C G7 C

ri, fal - le - ra! Der li - ker jeg å gå.

DEN GLADE VANDRER

1. Den glade vandrer kalles jeg,
for sorgløs går jeg på
den endeløse landevei.
Der liker jeg å gå.

Refreng:

Falleri, fallera,
falleri, fallera ha ha ha ha ha!
Falleri, fallera!
Der liker jeg å gå.

THE HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go a wandering
Along the mountain track
And as I go I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.

Falleri, Fallera,
Falleri, Fallera ha ha ha ha ha!
Falleri, Fallera,
My knapsack on my back.

Hils fra mig der hjemme

A Sailor's Greeting

English Version by F. Wick

In waltz time

I den sto - re tau - se natt står jeg her ved ski - bets ratt,
On the deck I stand at night, When the stars a - bove are bright,

un - der him - lens stjer - ne - vell, e - ne og for - latt.
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.

continued next PAGE

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

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

hils de grøn - ne il - er, og den blan - ke fjord.
And my lit - the broth - er When he wel - comes you.

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

REFRAIN

29. La oss leve

Text: B. Sundstrom
Tune: F. R. Friis

C7 F C7

Det hen - der of - te at li - vet gir små slag og mot - gang

C7 F F7 Bb

— som kan - skje svir. Det finns en men - ing med alt som skjer,

Bb Gdim.7 F Gm7 C7 F

men har - de ord, de ba - re ød - e - leg - ger mer. La oss

F Bb Gm C7 F C7

le - ve for hver - an - dre og ta va - re på den tid vi har. La oss

F Bb Gm F Gm C7 F

le - ve for hver - an - dre, li - vet selv kan gi det ret - te svar.

3 vs.

MOCKIN' BIRD HILL

*Sons of Norway Song*Words and Music by
VAUGHN HORTON

Piano *Fast Waltz*

The piano introduction is a fast waltz in 3/4 time, marked 'p' (piano). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in the key of G major. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively, dance-like feel.

Verse

1. When the sun in the morn-in' peeps o-ver the hill And kiss-es the
2. Got a three-cor-nered plow and an a-cre to till And a mule that I
3. When it's late in the eve-ning I climb up the hill And sur-vey all my

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the verse is in G major, 3/4 time. It features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

ros-es 'round my win-dow sill; Then my heart fills with glad-ness when
bought for a ten dol-lar bill; There's a tum-ble-down shack and a
king-dom while ev-'ry-thing's still; On-ly me and the sky and an

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the verse continues the harmonic pattern, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.

I hear the trill Of the birds in the tree-tops on MOCK-IN' BIRD HILL.
rust-y ol' mill, But it's my Home Sweet Home up on MOCK-IN' BIRD HILL.
ol' whip-poor-will, Sing-in' songs in the twi-light on MOCK-IN' BIRD HILL.

The piano accompaniment for the third line of the verse concludes the section with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

Chorus

TRA-LA LA TWIT-TLE-DEE DEE DEE, it gives me a thrill To

mf

wake up in the morn-in' to the mock-in' bird's trill; TRA-LA

mf

LA TWIT-TLE-DEE DEE DEE, there's peace and good will; You're

mf

wel.- come as the flow-ers on MOCK-IN' BIRD HILL. 2. Got a HILL. 3. When it's

mf

1-2 *D.S. al Fine* *Fine*

D.S. al Fine *rit.*

My Wild Irish Rose

Lyric and Music
By CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Moderately

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Moderately' and 'mf'. The vocal melody is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are as follows:

If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a sweet lit - tle
They may sing of their ro - ses which, by oth - er
song Of a flow - er that's now drooped and dead, Yet dear - er to
names, Would smell just as sweet - ly, they say, But I know that my
me, yes, than all of its mates, Tho' each holds a - loft its proud head. 'Twas
Rose would nev - er con - sent To have that sweet name ta - ken a - way. Her

M.W.&SONS 8955-4

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PRICE \$1.00

My wild I - rish Rose, The sweet-est flow'r that grows, —

REFRAIN With much expression

world's bright-est star, And I call her my wild I - rish Rose.
day I may win

known no re - pose, She is dear - er by far than the
my true love grows, And my one wish has been that some

giv - en to me by a girl that I know, Since we've met, faith, I've
glam - ces are shy when - er I pass by The bow - er, where

— You may search ev- 'ry - where but none can com - pare With my wild

I - rish Rose. — My wild I - rish Rose, —

— The dear - est flow'r that grows, — And some day for my

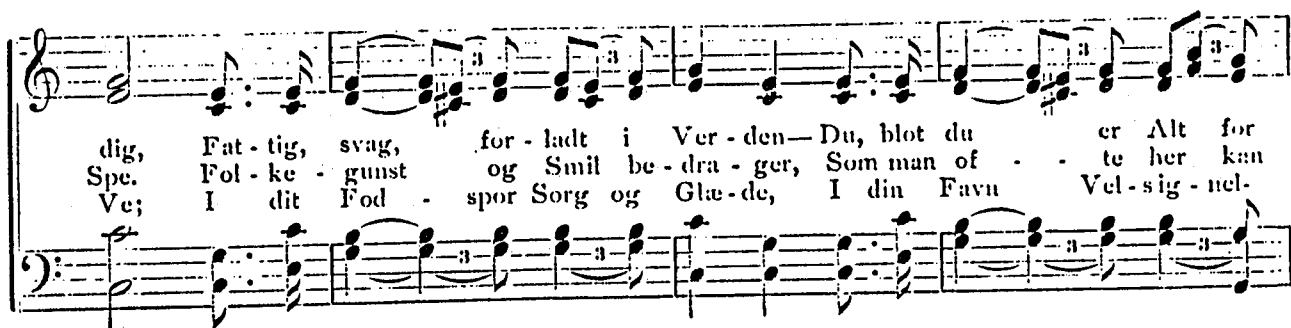
sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild I - rish Rose. —

Verdens Bedrag.

6



1. Je - sus, du min Ven er ble - ven, Alt lad gaa, jeg fol - ger
2. Ver - den hoi - ligt mig be - kla - ger, Kom - mer med sin Spot og
3. Kom - me da, hvad Gud til - ste - der, Nød og Mod - gang, Smer - te,



dig, Fat - tig, svag, for - ladt i Ver - den—Du, blot du er Alt for
Spe. Fol - ke - gunst og Smil be - dra - ger, Som man of - te her kan
Ve; I dit Fod - spor Sorg og Glæ - de, I din Favn Vel - sig - nel -



mig. Bort al Ver - dens Fo - re - stil - ling, Hvor - af jeg be - dra - gen
se; Men, O Je - su, du vil bli - ve God og tro - fast, full af
se. Ab - ba Fa - der, jeg dig kal - der Og har sat mit Haab til



var; O, hvor sa - lig nu min Stil - ling; Thi jeg Gud og Him - len har.
Magt. Om mig Ven - ner ov - er - giv - er, Jeg er din trods al For - agt.
dig. Om saa he - le Ver - den fal - der, Blir dog al - ting vel for mig.

6

This Welcome Song Can be Used For
Initiation of New Members

10

Vi er et Folk

A People We

GRETRY

Moderato

1. Vi er et folk, vi fant et hjem, nu slår vi rot i lan - det.
I kap-pe-dyst vi stev-ner frem, saa kvast som no - get an - det.

1. A peo-ple we who found a home, Our roots are here em-bed-ded.
Let us pur-sue, as here we roam, Our on-ward course un-dread-ed.

Vi kom fra nor-dens sne og is, vi ven-tet in-tet pa-ra-dis, vi
We came from north-ern ice and snow, No par-a-dise to seek be-low. Like

vil på ek-te nord-manns vis stå æres-vakt om lan-det.
Norse-men did so long a-go We'll guard the coun-try's hon-or.

We welcome you to this our home
of brotherhood and pleasure.
We bid you join us and become
our friends in greatest measure.
We welcome you and raise our voice;
in happiness we now rejoice.
Our chain is strengthened by your choice
to aid our Lodge and Order.

We give a helping hand to all
our sick and needy members.
We make our fellowship recall
the ties that bind forever.
The sacred trust we have received;
and founding fathers had achieved
A brotherhood to fill the need
of Norway's sons and daughters.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

♩ = 140

Ball/Olcot - 1912

When I - rish eyes are smil - ing sure it's

like a morn in Spring. In the

lilt of I - rish laugh - ter you can

hear the an - gels sing. When

I - rish hearts are hap - py all the

world seems bright and gay and when I - rish eyes are

smil - ing sure they steal your heart a - way.

413

How Great Thou Art

by Stuart K. Hine

VERSES

Capo 1, Play A

Bb (A) Eb (D)

1. O Lord my God! When I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the
 3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar - ing, Sent Him to
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

Bb (A) F (E) Bb (A) Eb (D)

all the*worlds Thy hands have made, — I see the stars, I hear the*roll - ing
 birds sing sweet - ly in the trees; — When I look down from loft - y moun - tain
 die I scarce can take it in; — That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! — Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -

REFRAIN
 Eb (D) Bb (A) F (E) Bb (A)

thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played, —
 gran - deur And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze; — Then sings my
 bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin; —
 ra - tion And there pro - claim, my God, how great Thou art! —

Bb (A) Eb (D) Bb (A) F (E) Bb (A)

soul, my Sav - ior God to Thee; How great Thou art, — how great Thou art! — Then sings my

Cm (Bm)
 Bb (A) Eb (D) Bb (A) Eb (D) F (E) Bb (A)

soul, my Sav - ior God to Thee; How great Thou art, — how great Thou art! —

Hvilken venn vi har i Jesus

Tekst: Schreven

Heede Melodi: C. C. Converse

Arr.: Ingunn Seland

D $\text{♩} = 80$ **G** **D** **Bm** **Em⁷** **A⁷**

Hvil - ken venn vi har i Je - sus, alt han vet og alt for-mår!

5 **D** **Am⁷** **D⁷** **G** **D** **A⁷** **D**

Tyng - ste byr-de han oss let - ter når i bønn til ham vi går.

9 **Em** **A⁷** **D** **Am** **D⁷** **G** **D** **Em⁷** **A⁷**

Akk, men titt vår fred for-styr - res, sorg og møy-e blir vår lønn,

13 **D** **Am⁷** **D⁷** **G** **D** **A⁷** **D**

blott for-di vi ik-ke brin - ger al - le ting til ham i bønn.

Blir du fristet eller prøvet
Synes livets kamp deg hård
Aldri skal du miste motet
Når i bønn til ham du går
Selv om kjærest venn deg svikter
Aldri svikter deg Guds sønn
Han alene deg kan trøste
Tal til ham om alt i bønn!

Er ditt hjerte fullt av uro?
Tror du trengsler forestår?
Jesus er den beste tilflukt
Når til ham i bønn du går
Kan en sådan venn du finne
Som Guds egen kjære sønn?
Bær i gleden som i sorgen
Alle ting til ham i bønn!

In the Garden.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. Hespeaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
 fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
 in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.



Jeg Er Så Glad Hver Julekveld

📖 HOLIDAY, PUBLIC DOMAIN

Jeg Er Så Glad Hver Julekveld

Marie Wexelsen, 1859

Peder Knudsen, 1859
Norway

Jeg er så glad, hver ju - le - kveld, for da ble Je - sus født; da

lys - te stjer - nen som en sol, og en - gler sang, så søtt.

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3. Nu bor han høyt i himmelrik,
han er Guds egen sønn,
men husker alltid på de små
og hører deres bønn.

3. Nu bor han høyt i himmelrik,
han er Guds egen sønn,
men husker alltid på de små
og hører deres bønn.

Lyrics - Norwegian

(Melody by Peter Knudsen, Lyrics by Marie Wexelsen, 1859)

1. Jeg er så glad hver julekveld,
for da ble Jesus født;
da lyste stjernen som en sol,
og engler sang så søtt.

2. Det lille barn i Betlehem,
han var en konge stor
som kom fra himlens høye slott
ned til vår arme jord.

14

HOME ON THE RANGE

1

Lyrics by DR. BREWSTER HIGLEY
Music by DAN KELLY

Moderately

The musical score is written for piano and voice in 3/4 time, key of G major. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is marked 'Moderately' and includes a piano introduction with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody features triplets and is accompanied by lyrics. The second system continues the melody and lyrics. The third system includes a piano introduction and a melody with lyrics. The fourth system continues the melody and lyrics. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, notes, rests, and lyrics.

Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, where the

deer and the an - te - lope play, where

sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word and the

skies are not cloud - y all day.

Chords: G, C, Am, A7, D7, G, D7, G

Tempo: Moderately

Dynamic: *mf*

Articulation: *Adim*

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Words by BETH SLATER WHITSON
Music by LEO FRIEDMAN

Slowly
A^b E^bm E^b7 A^b E^b7

Accordion mf

Master

A^b A^bdim A^b

Let me call you sweet-heart, I'm in

D^b F⁷C E^b7 E^b7

love with you Let me

A^b E^bdim A

hear you whis-per that you love me,

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On Top of Old Smokey

Traditional
Arr. Julie A. Lind

Moderately

3 2

mp On top of old Smo - key, All

This system contains measures 1 through 4. The music is in 3/4 time. Measure 1 starts with a piano introduction of two eighth notes in the bass and a quarter rest in the treble. Measures 2-4 contain the vocal melody. Measure 2 has a quarter note 'On' and a quarter rest. Measure 3 has quarter notes 'top' and 'of', followed by a half note 'old'. Measure 4 has a half note 'Smo -', a quarter note 'key,', and a quarter rest. The lyrics 'All' are written below the final measure. A fermata is placed over the 'key,' note.

5

cov - ered with snow, I

This system contains measures 5 through 8. Measure 5 has quarter notes 'cov -' and 'ered', followed by a quarter rest. Measure 6 has a quarter note 'with' and a quarter rest. Measure 7 has a half note 'snow,' and a quarter rest. Measure 8 has a half note 'I' and a quarter rest. A fermata is placed over the 'snow,' note.

9

lost my true lov - er, for

This system contains measures 9 through 12. Measure 9 has quarter notes 'lost' and 'my', followed by a quarter rest. Measure 10 has a quarter note 'true' and a quarter rest. Measure 11 has a half note 'lov -' and a quarter rest. Measure 12 has a half note 'er,', a quarter note 'for', and a quarter rest. A fermata is placed over the 'er,' note.

13

court - ing too slow.

This system contains measures 13 through 16. Measure 13 has quarter notes 'court -' and 'ing', followed by a quarter rest. Measure 14 has a quarter note 'too' and a quarter rest. Measure 15 has a half note 'slow.' and a quarter rest. Measure 16 has a half note and a quarter rest. A fermata is placed over the 'slow.' note.

Amazing Grace

CROSS AND COMFORT

Words: John Newton, 1779. last verse author unknown, before 1829.
 Music: 'New Britain' James P. Carrell and David L. Clayton, 1831. Setting: Edwin Othello Excell, 1900.
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♩ = 100

1. A - - maz - - ing grace! How sweet the sound That
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
 3. Through ma - - ny dan - - gers, toils and snares, I
 4. The Lord has pro - - mised good to me, His
 5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - - cious did that
 have al - - rea - dy come; 'Tis grace hath brought me
 Word my hope se - cures; He will my Shield and
 mor - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - - sess, with -

now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 Por - - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
 in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, Who called me here below,
 Shall be forever mine.

7. When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we'd first begun.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Introduced by Kate Smith Armistice Day, 1938

Medium in F (C to D)

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

VOICE
ad lib.

While the storm clouds gath-er Far a-cross the sea, Let us swear al-

*ad lib.**mf*

le-giance To a land that's free, Let us all be grate-ful For a land so

fair, As we raise our voi-ces In a sol-emn prayer.

*a tempo***NOTICE** In order to preserve the character of this composition, no arrangements may be made without written permission.

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CHORUS

Marziale

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/style marking is *Marziale*. The lyrics are: "GOD BLESS A - MER - I - CA Land that I love Stand be - side her and guide her Thru the night with a light from a - bove From the". The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures, with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking at the beginning.

GOD BLESS A - MER - I - CA

Land that I love Stand be -

side her and guide her Thru the

night with a light from a - bove From the

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moun - tains to the prai - ries To the

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The vocal line is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'moun - tains to the prai - ries To the' are written below the vocal staff. The music features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and the piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

o - ceans white with foam

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues the melody with a long note on 'foam'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'o - ceans white with foam' are written below the vocal staff.

GOD BLESS A - MER - I - CA My home

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line has a long note on 'CA' and then 'My home'. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. The lyrics 'GOD BLESS A - MER - I - CA My home' are written below the vocal staff.

1. sweet home. 2. home.

This system contains the final two staves of the page. It includes a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.'). The vocal line ends with a long note on 'home.' in both endings. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. The lyrics 'sweet home. home.' are written below the vocal staff.

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God Bless America 3

Ue

Se, Norges blomsterdal!

See Norway's Flowery Vale

S.A.T.B.

75

Allegretto

1. Se, Nor-ges blom-ster-dal! Far-vel du kval-me fan-ge-krok, den
1. See Nor-way's flow-ry vale! Fare-well to stuff-y, hot con-fines! A -

vil - le gra - ne - skog er nu så dei - lig svall!
mong the state - ly pines pure oz - one we in - hale.

Tra - la - la - la - la - la! Ja, ly - ste - lig det
Tra - la - la - la - la - la! The north much mirth and

er i Nord, blandt fjell og li og fjord, blandt fjell og li og fjord!
joy af - fords 'Mongst mountains, lakes and fjords, 'Mongst mountains, lakes and fjords.

2. Hør fjellets stolte foss!
Nyss brøt den vintrens bånd og tvang,
nu går den fritt sin gang
og brummer bass til oss:
Tra, la, la, o.s.v.
Ja, lystelig det er i nord, o.s.v.

2. Hear booming waterfall,
Just freed from winter's harsh restraint,
Its thunder now no feint,
In 'basso' sounds its call:
Tra, la, la, etc.
The north much mirth and joy, etc.

3. På friske grønne eng
står blommer røde, gule, blå
og reder alfer små
en yndig brude-seng
Tra, la, la, o.s.v.
Ja, lystelig det er i nord, o.s.v.

3 And on the verdant field
Stand flowers, yellow, blue and red
And make the cutest bed
For little elves to shield.
Tra, la, la, etc.
The north much mirth and joy, etc.

4. Og får vi enn en skur
litt regn gjør bondens aker godt;
vi skyet aldri vådt;
det er mot vår natur.
Tra, la, la, o.s.v.
Ja, lystelig det er i nord, o.s.v.

4 And should there come some rain
That's what the farmer's field must get;
We never shunn'd the wet;
'Twould go against our grain.
Tra, la, la, etc.
The north much mirth and joy, etc.

Andr. Abel.

Carl G.O. Hansen

Pål på haugen

Paul On the Hillside
S.A.T.B.English version by F. W.
Allegretto

FOLK SONG

1. Pål si - ne hø - no på hau - gen ut - slep - te, hø - nunn så
1. Paul let his chick-ens run out on the hill - side, O - ver the

lett o - ver hau - gen sprang; Pål kun - ne væl på hø - nom for -
hill they went trip - ping a - long; Paul un - der - stood by the way they were

ne - me ræ ven va u - te mæ rum - pa så lang: Klukk, klukk,
act - ing; Feel - ing a warn - ing that some - thing was wrong: Cluck, cluck,

Klukk, klukk,
Cluck, cluck,

klukk, sa hø - na på hau - gom, Klukk, klukk, klukk, sa
cluck, The chick - ens were cack - ling, Cluck, cluck, cluck, The

klukk, klukk,
cluck, cluck,

Klukk, klukk, klukk, klukk,
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,

hø - na på hau - gom; Pål han sprang og v reng - de mæ
chick - ens were cack - ling. Paul was a - ware of the task he was

au - gom: "Nå - tør' eg in - kje ko - ma heim åt a mor!"
tack - ling: "Now I'm a - fraid to go home to my ma!"

Se, Norges blomsterdal!

See Norway's Flowery Vale

S.A.T.B.

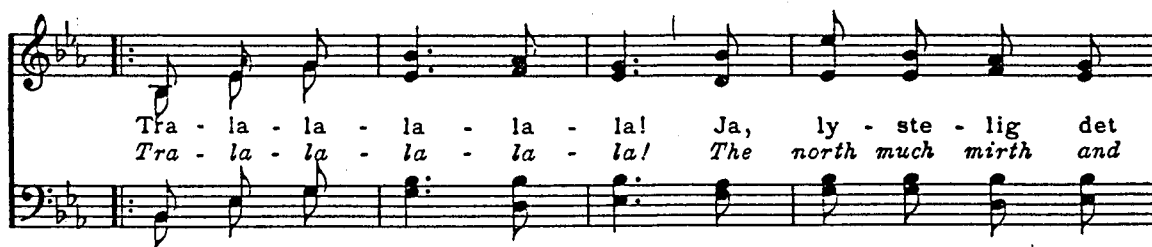
Allegretto



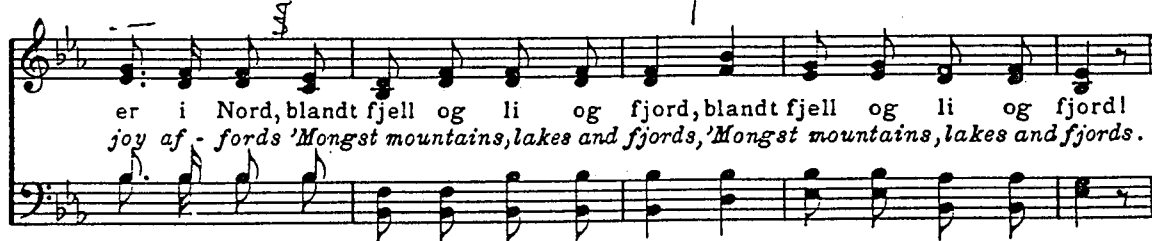
1. Se, Nor-ges blom-ster-dal! Far-vel du kval-me fan-ge-krok, den
1. See Nor-way's flow-ry vale! Fare-well to stuff-y, hot con-fines! A-



vil-le gra-ne-skog er nu så dei-lig svall
mong the state-ly pines pure oz-one we in-hale.



Tra-la-la-la-la-la! Ja, ly-ste-lig det
Tra-la-la-la-la-la! The north much mirth and



er i Nord, blandt fjell og li og fjord, blandt fjell og li og fjord!
joy af-fords 'Mongst mountains, lakes and fjords, 'Mongst mountains, lakes and fjords.

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That's what the farmer's field must get;
We never shunn'd the wet;
'Twould go against our grain.
Tra, la, la, etc.
The north much mirth and joy, etc.

Andr. Åbel.

Carl G.O. Hansen

36. Nidelven

Text: A. Hoddo
Tune: C. Christensen

D D7 G Gm6 D Ddim. A7 D

Langt i det fjer - ne, bak fjel - le - ne blå, lig - ger et sted jeg har kjær. —

Intro. D7 G Gm6 D Ddim. A7 D

Dit mi - ne tan - ker og drøm - mer vil gå, all - tid du er meg så nær. —

Start A7 D

Nid - el - ven, stil - le og vak - ker du er, her hvor jeg går og drøm - mer. —

D A7 D

Drøm - mer om hen - ne jeg had - de så kjær, nu er det ba - re min - ner. — Den

G D B7b9 Em A7

gam - le by - bro er lyk - kens por - tal, sam - men vi sei - ler i stjer - ners ko - ral.

Intro

D A7 D

Nid-el-ven stil-le og vak-ker du er, her hvor jeg går og drøm-mer.

NIDELVEN

1. Langt i det fjerne,
bak fjellene blå,
ligger et sted jeg har kjær.
Dit mine tanker
og drømmer vil gå,
alltid du er meg så nær.

Refreng:

Nidelven, stille og vakker du er,
her hvor jeg går og drømmer.
Drømmer om henne jeg hadde så kjær,
nu er det bare minner.
Den gamle bybro er lykkens portal,
sammen vi seiler i stjerners koral.
Nidelven, stille og vakker du er,
her hvor jeg går og drømmer.

THE NID RIVER

1. Far off in the distance,
behind the blue mountains,
there lies a place that I cherish.
That's where my thoughts
and dreams want to go,
you are always so close to me.

Refrain:

Oh Nid River, how quiet and beautiful you are,
here where I sit dreaming.
Dreaming about the girl that was so dear to me,
now there are only memories left.
The old city bridge is the gate of happiness,
together we sail in corals of stars.
Oh Nid River, how quiet and beautiful you are,
here where I sit dreaming.



4 VS.

1 Norwegian
3 Sig - Hum
4 Norwegian
1 English

Aftensolen

Sunset
S. A.T.B.

quart - 3rs -

C.H. RINCK

Andantino

no breath

① Af - ten - so - len smi - ler o - ver jor - den ned,
 1. Sun - set warm and glow - ing Smiles and sounds all cease,

no breath

og na - tu - ren hvi - ler taus i hel - lig fred.
 Na - ture is be - stow - ing Si - lent, ho - ly peace.

2. Ikkun bekkens vøve
 risler saktelig,
 gjennom mark og skove
 frem den slynger sig.

2. But the brooklet's billow
 Murmur on and on;
 There, 'mong break and willow,
 Day is never done.

2
SM
③ Ingen aften bringer
 stansning i dens fjed,
 ingen klokke ringer
 den til ro og fred.

3. Evening never bringeth
 Less'ning in its pace;
 Curfew never ringeth
 Ending in its race.

④ Så mitt hjerte stunder
 i sin kjærlighet,
 til jeg engang blunder
 i en evig fred.

4. So my heart is beating
 In unending love,
 Until, death defeating,
 I find peace above.

H. Hoffmann.

Siver Serumgard.

Kan du glemme gamle Norge?

Old Norway

NORWEGIAN-AMERICAN FOLK SONG

Andante

✓ 1. Kan du glem-me gam-le Nor - ge? Al - dri jeg det glem-me kan,
 ✓ 1. How can you for-get old Nor - way, Land of rock and nar-row fjord,

som med stol-te klip-pe - bor - ge er og blir mitt fø-de - land.
 Where the moun-tains are like cas - tles Stand like sen-ti-nels on guard?

2. Kan du glemme dette landet
 som dig først tok i sin favn?
 Mon du finne vil et annet
 med så stolt og herlig navn?
- ✓ 3. Kan du glemme Norges skover
 med sin furu, birk og gran?
 Kan du glemme sjøens vover,
 alt du da forglemme kan.
4. Kan du glemme disse trange
 fjorde, som sig bukter inn?
 Hvor som barn du mange gange
 vugget dig for førllig vind?
5. Svever stundom ei din tanke
 dithen hvor din vugge stod?
 Føler du ei hjertet banke
 for det land som du forlot?
- ✓ 6. La da kun din tanke sveve;
 det kan aldri falle tungt.
 Må for nordmenn lenge leve
 gamle Norge, evig ungt!

2. How can you forget old Norway,
 Land of everlasting fame?
 : Can you ever find another
 With so glorious a name? :
3. How can you forget old Norway
 And its narrow fjords so grand,
 : In and out between the mountains?
 'Tis my own, my native land. :

1 Norwegian
 3 Norwegian
 6 Norwegian
 1 English

13. 17de mai-sang for de små.

Ikke hurtig.

p
Syt-tend mai er jeg så gla' i, mo-ro jeg har fra mor-gen i kveld

Då er det så du, om vi er små du, er vi med li-ke - vel.

d. Jeg ro-per hur-ra da-gen så lang, syn-ger for Nor-ge man-gen en sang.
p

p
Og jeg, jeg kan du el-ste mitt land du, det skal du se en gang.

Hurra