

Falco

"Per Tyrssons DÅttar I VÃænge"

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[The Ballad of Per Tysson's daughters in VÃænge]
[Lyrics: Traditional, Translation: Mathias Blad]

Per Tyrsson's daughters in VÃænge
Oh how chilly their woods
They were fast asleep a long time ago
Whilst the woods burst into leaf
The youngest was the first one to awake
She soon awoke the others
They sat themselves down upon their beds
And plaited the hair on each other's heads
Then they dressed in clothes of silk
And made their way to church
When they came to VÃænga hill
They met three robbers who held them still
"Pray, would you care to become robbers' wives?
Or would you rather lose your lives?"
"We would not care to become robbers' wives.
We would much rather lose our lives."
They chopped their heads off on birch-wood stem
And soon three wells sprung forth by them
The bodies were dug down in muddy ground,
The clothes they carried to VÃænga town.
As they arrived in VÃænga farm
Fru Karin came to greet them.
"Say, would you care to buy clothes of silk
That nine maidens have knitted and crotcheted?"
"Open your bundles and let me see
Maybe I know them, all three."
Fru Karin quivers as never before
And runs to Per Tyrsson who stands by the door
"There are three robbers outside our farm
They've gotten rid of our daughters"
Per Tyrsson grabs his sword and then
He runs to slay the two older men.
He asked the third one before he stroke
"Who is your father and mother?"
"Our father Per Tyrsson in VÃænge,
Our mother Fru Karin in SkrÃænge."
Per Tyrsson went to the smithy
And forged himself iron round his waist.

"What shall our retribution be?"
"We'll build a church out of stone and lime."
"Kärna Church shall be its name"
Oh how chilly their woods
"Oh, how willingly we will build it."
Whilst the woods burst into leaf

[Per Tyrssons Dötrar i Vänge]
[Lyrics: Traditional: Swedish Version]

Per Tyrssons dötrar i Vänge.
Kaller var deras skog.
De sovo en sömn för i Vänge.
Medan skogen han låvas.
Först vaknad den yngsta,
Sa väckte hon upp de andra
Sa satte de sig på Vängestock
Sa flätade de varandras lock
Sa togo de på sina silkesklar
Sa gingo de sig åt kyrkan
När som de kommo på Vänga lid
Där mötte de tre vallare
"Säg viljen i bli vallareviv
Eller viljen i mistra era unga liv?"
"Ej vilja vi bli vallareviv
Hellre vi miste vart unga liv."
De högg deras huvu'n på björkestock,
Sa rann där strax tre kärllor opp
Kropparna grovo de ner i dy,
Kärderna buro de fram till by
När som de kommo till Vänga gard
Ute för dom fru Karin står
"Och viljen i kända på silkeskärkar,
Som nio jungfrur har stickat och virkat?"
"Lås upp edra knyten och lat mig se,
Kan ändå jag känner dem alla tre."
Fru Karin sig för bröstat slar
Och upp till Per Tyrsson i porten hon gar.
Dethaller tre vallare på var gard
De haver gjort av med dötrarna var."
Per Tyrsson tar sitt svärd i hand
Sa högg han ihjäl de äldsta tva
Den tredje fråga han innan han slog:
"Vad heter er fader och mor?"
"Var fader Per Tyrsson i Vänge,
Var moder fru Karin i Skränge."
Per Tyrsson han gar sig åt smedjan,
Han låt smida sig järn om midjan
"Vad ska vi nu göra för syndamen?"
"Vi ska bygga upp en kyrka av kalk och sten!"
"Den kyrkan ska heta Kräna."

Kaller var deras skog
"Den ska vi bygga upp sa gÃ¤rna"
Medan skogen han lÃ¶vas

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