

Falconer

"Per Tyrssons DÃ¶ttar I VÃ¶nge"

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

Per Tyrsson's daughters in VÃ¶nge
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 VÃ¶ngahill
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 VÃ¶ngatown.
As they arrived in VÃ¶ngafarm
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 VÃ¶nge,
our mother Fru Karin in SkrÃ¶nge."
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."
"Kärfärna 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 Därfättrar i Väfnunge]
[Lyrics: Traditional: Swedish Version]

Per Tyrssons därfättrar i Väfnunge.
Kaller var deras skog.
De sovo en säfätmn fäfatr läfnunge.
Medan skogen han läfatvas.
Fäfatrst vaknad den yngsta,
sa väfnuckte hon upp de andra
Sa satte de sig på säfnungestock
sa fläfatade de varandras lock
Sa togo de på sina silkesklar
sa gingo de sig at kyrkan
Nar som de kommo på Väfnunga lid
däfatr mäfatte de tre vallare
"Säfatg viljen I bli vallareviv
eller viljen I mistra era unga liv?"
"Ej vilja vi blie vallareviv
hellre vi miste vart unga liv."
De häfatgg deras huvu'n på bjäfatrkestock,
sa rann däfatr strax tre käfatllor opp
Kropparna grovo de ner i dy,
kläfatderna buro de fram till by
Näfatr som de kommo till Väfnunga gard
ute fäfatr dom fru Karin star
"Och viljen I käfatpa silkessäfatrkar,
som nio jungfrur har stickat och virkat?"
"Läfat's upp edra knyten och lat mig se,
kanhäfatnda jag käfatnner dem alla tre."
Fru Karin sig fäfatr bräfatstet slar
och upp till Per Tyrsson i porten hon gar.
Dethaller tre vallare på var gard
de haver gjort av med däfattrarna var."
Per Tyrsson tar sitt sväfatrd i hand
sa häfatgg han ihjäfatl de äfatldsta tva
Den tredje fraga han innan han slog:
"Vad heter er fader och mor?"
"Var fader Per Tyrsson iväfnunge,
var moder fru Karin i Skräfnunge."
Per Tyrsson han gar sig at smedjan,
han läfat smida sig jäfatrn om midjan
"Vad ska vi nu gäfatra fäfatr syndamen?"
"Vi ska bygga upp en kyrka av kalk och sten!"
"Den kyrkan ska heta Kräfatna."
Kaller var deras skog

"Den ska vi bygga upp sa gÃfÃrna"
Medan skogen han lÃfÃvas

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