

Svartsot

"Spillemandens D?se"

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[Music and lyrics - Frederiksen]

[The minstrel's box.

A kind of Pandora's Box story. Here the box is made of silver and is owned by a roving minstrel, who plays for the crowd at a market. One of the lads notices the silver box, and the crowd insist on opening it. The minstrel is against it, but the box is taken from him and opened. What it contained is anyone's guess - nobody survived to tell. And the minstrel - he was none other than the Devil himself.]

En v?r morgen, da solen stod h?jt,
Til byen en spillemand kom,
Han sat' sig og kigged' omkring,
Og nu da skaren kom n?rmere, begynt' han at spill'.
Byens godtfolk, de dansed' og lo,
Som fortryllet af musikkens klang,
Men en karl, han spejded' en ?ske,
En s?lvd?se, som spillemanden, han pr?ved' at skul'.

"Spelman, spelman, spelman, si' vos, wa' do har I ?
d?s,
Spelman, spelman, spelman, vis no, wa' der ? I ?
d?s."

Trods hans klager, rives d?sen fra hans h?nder,
Da l?get l?ftes blev himlen s? sort som den m?rkest'
nat,
De meldt' aldrig, hvad de s?, ikke en sj?l undslap.

Den aften da solen gik ned,
L? byen s? underligt stil'
Den fremmede, han var Fanden selv,
Og nu, da m?rket frembr?d, s? begyndt' han at spil'

Spillemandens d?se.
Spillemandens d?se.

