

Svartsot "Spillemandens Dåse"

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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 vÅ¥r morgen, da solen stod hÅ¥jt,
Til byen en spillemand kom,
Han sat' sig og kigged' omkring,
Og nu da skaren kom nÅ¥rmere, begynt' han at spill'.

Byens godtfolk, de dansed' og lo,
Som fortryllet af musikkens klang,
Men en karl, han spejded' en Å¥ske,
En sÅ¥lvdÅ¥se, som spillemanden, han prÅ¥ved' at
skul'.

"Spelman, spelman, spelman, si' vos, wa' do har I
Å¥dÅ¥s,
Spelman, spelman, spelman, vis no, wa' der Å¥ I Å¥
dÅ¥s."

Trods hans klager, rives dÅ¥sen fra hans hÅ¥nder,
Da IÅ¥get IÅ¥ftes blev himlen sÅ¥ sort som den
mÅ¥rkest' nat,
De meldt' aldrig, hvad de sÅ¥, ikke en sjÅ¥l undslap.

Den aften da solen gik ned,
LÅ¥ byen sÅ¥ underligt stil'
Den fremmede, han var Fanden selv,
Og nu, da mÅ¥rket frembrÅ¥d, sÅ¥ begyndt' han at
spil'

Spillemandens dÅ¥se.
Spillemandens dÅ¥se.

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