

In Denmark I Was Born

(I Danmark er jeg født)

Melodi: P. Schierbeck, 1926
Original tekst: H. C. Andersen, 1850
Oversætter: Billy O'Shea, 2019

Til venstre ses teksten på engelsk. Til højre ses teksten på lydskrift.

In Denmark I was born, this is my homeland,
here are my roots, here all my journeys start.
You Danish tongue, my mother's voice redolent,
So sweetly do your echoes reach my heart.
Oh, windswept Danish strand,
where ancient stones and barrows
still stand among the orchards and the meadows.
I love you so! - Denmark, my fatherland!

Where does the summer scatter with its petals
more sweetly than here by the water's foam?
Where does the full moon shine o'er clover meadow
as lovely as here in the beechwood's home?
Oh, windswept Danish strand,
where our flag is waving proudly -
God gave it to us, may He give us glory!
I love you so! - Denmark, my fatherland!

Once you did rule supreme o'er all the northlands
and England, too - yet now you stand alone;
but you are known in all the earth's far corners
where Danish song and story are still told.
Oh, windswept Danish strand,
where the plough turns up past glories -
God form your future as He shaped your story!
I love you so! - Denmark, my fatherland!

In Denmark aj was born, tdis is mai homeland,
hire are maj ruuts, hire all maj tjournis start.
Ju Dænish tongee, maj motder's voise redolent,
So swiitli do jur ekkoes riitc maj hart.
Oh, windswept Dænish strand,
where ansjient stones and barrouis
still stand among tde ortjards and tde meedows.
I love ju so! – Denmark maj fatderland!

Where does tde summer skatter witd its petals
more swiitli tdan hire baj tde water's foun?
Where does tde full muun sjine oer klover meedow
as lovely as hire in tde biitjswuud houme?
Oh, windswept Dænish strand,
where our flag is waiving praudli -
God gave it to us, maj He give us glori!
I love ju so! – Denmark maj fatderland!

Onse ju did rule søprim oer all tde nordtlands
and England, tuu – jet now ju stand alone;
but ju are nown in all tde ørth's far korners
where Dænish song and story are stiil told.
Oh, windswept Dænish strand,
where tde plouw tørns up past glories -
God form jur future as He sjaped jur story!
I love ju so! – Denmark maj fatderland!



Oh, land where I was born, my only homeland
where lie my roots and all my journeys start.
The country where my mother's tongue is spoken
and echoes sweetly deep within my heart.
Oh, windswept Danish strand
that the wild swans make their nest in,
these green isles that my heart will ever rest in!
I love you so! - Denmark, my fatherland!

Oh, land where aj was born, maj onli homeland
where laje maj ruuts and all maj tjournis start.
Tde kuntri where maj motder's tonge is spoken
and ekkoes swiitli dip witdin maj hart.
Oh, windswept Dænish strand
Tdat tde waild swans maike tdeir nest in,
Tdise griin iles tdat maj hart will ever rest in!
I love ju so! – Denmark maj fatderland!

Oversættelse gengivet efter aftale med Missing Voices.dk

