

Jutlandia

Melodi: Kim Larsen & Henning Pold, 1986

Original tekst: Kim Larsen, 1986

Oversætter: Billy O'shea, 2019

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

It was in 1949 or around about that time
When there was war in Korea
A ship called Jutlandia went sailing far and wide
For there was war in Korea
Fitted out from top to toe
As a floating hospital

Hey ho for Jutlandia
She answers the call to the war zone
Home, home, the hunter is home
And the sailor returns from the ocean

As the men go off to fight the women sail behind
On their Red Cross-painted vessels
And Lili Marlene is singing Auf Wiedersehen
As they sail into battle
The cannons play the first violin
Come on soldier, sing along to the tune

Hey ho for Jutlandia
She answers the call to the war zone
Home, home, the hunter is home
And the sailor returns from the ocean

It was in najntiin fortinajne or around about tdat tajme
When tdere was wor in Korea
A sjiip kalled Jutlandia went sajing far and wejde
For tdere was wor in Korea
Fitted out from top tu toe
As a flowting hospital

Hey ho for Jutlandia
Sji ansers the cål to the wor zone
Home, home the hunter isd home
And the sajlør returns from the osjan

As the men go off to fejt the wimin sajl behejnd
On tder Red cross pajnted vessel
And Lili Marlene is singing Auf Widersehen
As tdej sajl into battle
Tde cannons plaj tde først violin
Kome on soldier, sing along to tde tune

Hey ho for Jutlandia
Sji ansers the cål to the wor zone
Home, home the hunter isd home
And the sajlør returns from the osjan



She is sailing through the night with the starlight up above
Like a wandering pilgrim
As daring as an eagle and as gentle as a dove
Carrying all of her children
Nurses just sixteen years of age
Tend the wounds of the warriors brave

Hey ho for Jutlandia
She answers the call to the war zone
Home, home, the hunter is home
And the sailor returns from the ocean

Hey ho for Jutlandia
She answers the call to the war zone
Home, home, the hunter is home
And the sailor returns from the ocean

Sji is sajling tthrough tde najt witd tde starlajt up above
Lajke a wondering pilgrim
As daring as an iigle and as djentle as a dove
Carriing all of her tjildren
Nørses just sixtiin jeers of aje
Tend tde wuunds of tde worriors braive

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