

SONGBOOK
FOR
THE APRIL FOOLS
OR
AN INTRIGUE AT SCHOOL



**A VAUDEVILLE BY
JOHAN LUDVIG HEIBERG**

**FIRST PERFORMED 22 APRIL 1826
AT THE ROYAL THEATER,
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.**

**TRANSLATION AND AFTERWORD BY
PETER VINTEN-JOHANSEN
LYRICS ADAPTED TO ORIGINAL MELODIES BY
ANNA VINTEN-BURDAK**

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COVER IMAGE: A "HAWKER'S BOX" IN THE BALCONY OF THE ROYAL THEATER.
KLÆSTRUP, DET FORSVUNDNE KJØBENHAVEN, II:13.

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Song I. Oh flee from Cupid's arrows (O fly fra Amors Snare). Lyrics by Heiberg; original melody by C. J. Borchorst, the Royal Choirmaster.

Allegretto.

Constance.

p dol. *legato*

1. Oh flee from Cupid's ar - rows, Heed not his glimmering
glance! Each ray is tail- ing danger. Pre- trays my common
sense. Be- ware! Be- ware! young maid- en, Turn back his rays of
love. For through the eyes they'll enter, Then steal in- to your
heart. *f*

I. V. 2. V.

Allegretto.

Constance.

p dol. *legato*

2. Oh flee from Cupid's ar - rows, Heed not each beg and be
seech! Each word is potent with dang- er, Be wary of his
speech. Be- ware! Beware! young maid- en, Plug up your ears, and
now, For through your ears come steal- ing, False pledges, pleas, and
vows. *f*

I. V. 2. V.

Song II. There is in heaven a boy so cute (Der er i Himlen en Dreng saa smuk). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody, "Ich kenn' ein Mädchen zart und fein."

Allegretto.

p 1. Trine. There is in heaven a boy so cute, Trust in

me! He fol-lows all the girls' sighs and swoons, Trust in me! Trust in

me! And guides them straight Through heav-en's gate.

Allegretto.

p 2. Trine. When midnight falls over meadow and field, Trust in

me! Dim-ly seen standing be-side her bed, Trust in me! Trust in

me! And to his arms He pulls her tight.

Allegretto.

p 3. Trine. Then carries her off to heav'n a bove, Trust in

me! The constel-la-tions are 'round be-low, Trust in me! Trust in

me! In to a hall so wondrous tall.

Allegretto.

p 4. Trine. Oh, think not only we've come to play, Trust in

me! His sens-i-bil-i-ty's there to stay, Trust in me! Trust in

me! The un-known here, learned quick-ly there.

Allegretto.

p 5. Trine. I've been in school, oh so man-y years, Trust in

me! Ne'er even. learned how to dry my tears, Trust in me! Trust in

me! What li'l I know, He taught me so.

Allegretto.

p 6. Another matter, Oh, Trine, quite right. Trust in

me! Since you're in school by day and by night, Trust in me! Trust in

me! I fear you'll quick Have too much wit.

Song III. First to Gammelmynt I hurried (Først til Gammelmynt jeg ilte). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody from the drinking song, "Kloden maatte styrte sammen," by Frederik Kuhlau, composed for C. F. Güntelberg's opera, *Lulu* (1824).

Molto vivace.

ff *M. Trumpmeier p*

1. First to Gammel-
mynt I hurried, Taught an hour there of French; Then to Øster- vold I darted,
Recti- fied their style in Dansk. Then to Heste- mølle- stræde For an hour of music.
ad libitum
On- to Christianshavn so gaily Over Lange- bro I clipped. Do you know a better
sp
way? *Constance. Trine. Fru. Fop* No, no, no! No, no, no! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! No, from Heste-
Fru. Cost. Trine.
møl- le-stræde Lange-bro's the shortest way. No, from Heste- møl-le-stræde Lange bro's the
shortest way. *ff*

Molto vivace.

ff *M. Trumpmeier p*

2. Then I flurried
to Kaste- let, Trained their nimble hands to sew, yet I postponed Nørre- fælled
Much too far for me to go. Walked instead to Grønnegade, Taught an hour there in song;
ad libitum
There- u- pon I briskly waded Down through Peder Madsens Gang. Do you know a better
sp
way? *Constance. Trine. Fru. Fop* No, no, no! No, no, no! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! If you came from
Fru. Cost. Trine.
Grønne- gade, Best to use Pe'er Madsens Gang. If you came from Grønnegade, Best to use Pe'er
Madsens Gang. *ff*

Song IV. This day we greet with festive cheer (Den Dag, vi hilse med festligst Lov). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody by H. E. Krøger, composed for Christian Wilster's *De første Prygl, vi i Skolen fik* (1819).

Allegretto.

1. *f* *Wavy, Sparklemann:* This day we greet with *f* *Ped. Moisty Simon:*

festive cheer is first in the month of A- pril. When violets sweeten the forest floor blooming, a' *cresc.*

blooming, a' blooming, a' blooming like new. This day we greet with festive cheer is first in the month of *f* *p*

April. When violets sweeten the forest floor blooming, a' blooming, a' blooming, a' blooming like new. They *cresc.*

have - - a-wakened the slumber of winter; like sun will fol- low the

thun- der of heaven, will fol- low the thunder, bright and blind- *stringendo.* *1.* *1.* *lento.*

p a tempo

ing, Will follow the thunder, bright and blinking, will *p*

follow the thunder, bright and - blinking. *cresc.* *f* *p*

Allegretto.

Wassag, Spardemann: Beyond the Hawthorne a
 Mostly Simon: have tree blooms, and towers like cedar and sandal. So likewise you swagger, you swagger, you swagger, you
 swagger around - the school children. Beyond the Hawthorne a rare tree blooms, and towers like cedar and
 sandal. So likewise you swagger, you swagger, you swagger, you swagger around the school children. Oh
 noble, oh sweet Fru Bitter - almond! No-body matches your
 market value, no-body matches your market value -

Allegretto.
f
2.
f
Red.
Mosby.
Simon.
cresc.
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
cresc.
f
stringendo.
f
lento.

p a tempo
 no-body matches your market - value. For
 you're the top! For you're the top - !

cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
p

Song V. No, You truly must forgive me (Nei det maae De mig forlade). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody for Goethe's translation of the aria, "An dem schönsten Frühlingsmorgen," by the Italian composer Domenico Cimarosa.

Allegretto.

f Trine 1. No, you truly must for-give me. For to-day I dare not
sing, and a sing-le rou-lade is too much for me to
swing. If I must, Mama, I could tra-la-da, tra la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la! la la la la la! la la la la la la la la la la!

Allegretto.

f Trine: 2. I'm so full of snot, I'm so wheezy. The notes I hardly
see. Not a tune from the Magic Horn could I hoot! *Miss Trumpmeier:* The Magic
Flute. Trine. If I must, Mama, I could tra-la-da, tra la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la! la la la la la! la la la la la la la la la la!

Song VI. *En avant deux, en arrière!* Lyrics by Heiberg; melody, "A quoi bon la richesse," from Etienne and Isoard's operetta, *Cendrillon* (first Danish performance, 1812), modified in the style of C. M. Bellman's folksong in *Fredmans Epistler*, #69.

Allegro non tanto.

Sparklemann

1. En a- vant deux, en ar- riè-re! legs out, turn out! Head straight! That's right

Now you've got it! No! No! Lighter on your feet!

Tom cat's Tail: Give me your hand! First the right one, then the

left one. Ani- mation, if you please! You are much a talent- ed.

Hold, hold! Hold, hold! Now I'll dance all by my-

self, Mam- sel- len - watch me spin. None - here have ever seen - a -

so- lo like this one. So love- ly a so- lo none here have ever

seen. No, so love- ly a so- lo none here have ever seen.

cresc.

Song VII. Aloud, please! "Your favorite flowers should make clear" (Lad høre! "Lad din Yndlingsblomst dig minde").
 Lyrics by Heiberg; melody taken from the duet, "Che soave Zefiretto," in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* (first Danish performance, 1821).

Allegretto.

p 1. *Trine* A- loud, please! Your - favorite flowers
sempre legato

Trine Should make clear." Your favorite flowers should make clear!

Con Who it is - who loves you dear - Who it

Trine is who loves you dear. *Con.* Flow- ers bloom - and flow- ers -

Trine wither " *Con.* Again, please? "Flowers bloom and flowers wither"

Trine Flowers bloom, *Con.* flowers wither! "But I'll never leave you

Trine side." I will never leave your side! *Con and Trine* He - will never

Trine leave your side - ! *Con* Would you read it Tri - ne? *Trine* "Your favorite flowers

Trine Should make clear" *Con* "Flow- ers bloom, flowers wither." *Trine* "But I'll

Trine I will never leave your side." Your side - He will

Con never leave your side." Your side - He will

Trine never leave your side! He will never leave your side! By your

Con never leave my side! He will never leave my side!

Trine side! *Con* By my side! *Both* Never to leave! *Both* Yes, always near, yes always near!

Allegretto.

p 2. *Fru* A- loud, please! *Hr* "My- fee for re-
sempre legato
 pairing a vest"
Fru Fee for re pair- ing a vest!
Hr "Four mark when rendered complete"
Fru Four
 mark when rendered complete? *Hr* "Pay- ment gi- ven, signed - and
 dated. *Fru, Con, Trine* What did you say? "Payment given, signed and dated."
Fru Payment given, *Hr* signed and dated. This is merely gib- ber-

Fru ish. "This is merely gibber- ish." *Fru and Hr* Oh, yes, what- ev- er is
 this a- bout? *Hr* Would you read it, *Fru* My - fee for re-
Fru pairing a vest" *Hr* "Pay- ment given, signed and dated." This is
Con and Trine This is merely gibber- ish! *Fru and Hr* Merely - Oh, this is
 merely gibber- ish! Merely - Oh, this is
Con and Trine merely - gib- ber- ish! Oh, this is merely - gib- ber- ish! Gib- ber-
Fru and Hr merely - gib- ber- ish! Oh, this is merely - gib- ber- ish!
 ish! *Gibberish!* *ah* This is merely gibberish!

Song VIII. When the cabinet-maker escorts his bride home (Naar Snedkeren fører til Hjemmet sin Brud). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody, "I Haven gik Signe en Rose at faae," composed by Kunzen for Enevold Falsen's *Dragedukken* (1797).

Andante.

Sigfrid.

p

1. When the cab-i-net maker es-
2. The couple will live (oh so

corts his bride home, She'll find every room has been furnished well. He's
nicely) a year, Amid all the com-fort of furnished rooms. If a

built her a so-fa, a come-ly ward-robe, Fine sanded and painted to per-
stork should ar-rive with the flow-ers of Spring, Then he'll set to carve out a

fect-
crad-
ion.
le.

Constance.

3. But if death pulls his lover a-way from his arms, He will mournful-ly

saw and plane the tim-ber. And lay out a cof-fin so snug and so

SIGFRID.
warm, Rubbed down with his sor-row and tears. 4. Then I'd rather for-

go all the toil and the tears, And live mirthful-ly in good hum-

CONSTANCE.
or. But sadly she'd dampen her cheeks with her tears, If she were to

SIGFRID.
leave her Be-lov-ed. 5. Yes, parting is a frightful pros-

Const. Both
pect. It would snuff out all of our joy, our life. But if

bravely our love with each other is bound, It will lend us the wings to *glide*

for- tune. *mf*

The musical score on page 30 consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in D major (two sharps). The lyrics 'bravely our love with each other is bound, It will lend us the wings to' are written under the vocal line, with the word 'glide' written in italics at the end. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with the lyrics 'for- tune.' and a dynamic marking 'mf'.

Song IX. Tell me who became your first fool today (Siig mig, hvem der var allerførst din Nar). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody, "War's vielleicht um eins," from Karl von Holtei's proto-vaudeville, *Die Wiener in Berlin* (1824), who adapted the duet from a Tyrolean folksong.

Allegretto.

f 1. Tell me who became Your first fool today. Peter Mule was

My first fool today. Oh, my, an ex-cel-lent choice! But let me

hear what you've done, Mister Hans, explain, Mister Hans, explain, Hear now! Go

Trine. *Hans.* *Trine.* *Hans.* *Trine.*

Hans.

ow. He slept in the school-yard, I snuck close and pinched his book

He awoke and dashed home again To look for it there. He slept in

the school-yard, I He snuck close and pinched his book, He awoke and dashed home again

To look for it there. Oh, my, my! Just a harmless prank! Ha ha ha ha ha ha

ha ha ha ha ha ha! Yes, my Hans is a smarty-pants! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Both. *Trine.* *Both.*

Allegretto.

f 2. Tell me who became your next fool today. The grammar teacher was my

Trine. *Hans.*

second fool today. Oh, my, an excellent choice! But let me

Trine.

hear what you've done, Mister Hans, explain, Mister Hans, explain Hear now! Go

Hans. *Trine.*

Hans.

2. bn. I said: Mich- ael's kiss- ing the cook in the kitchen

Zip, zap, zoom he ran from the room, He's a "green-eyed" dude! I said: Mich-
He

Both

ael's kiss- ing the cook in the kitchen. Zip, zap, zoom he ran from the room,

He's a "green-eyed" dude. Oh, my, my! Just a harmless prank! Ha ha ha ha ha ha

Trine. *Both*

ha ha ha ha ha ha! Yes, my Hans is a smarty-pants! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Trine *Both*

Allegretto.

f 3. Tell me who became Your third fool today. Madam Pleasant was

Trine. *Hans.*

my third fool today. Oh, my, a ghastly choice! I cannot

Trine.

think what you've done. Are you crazy, Hans? Are you crazy, Hans? List-en! Must

Hans. *Trine.*

3. 1? Your mother has fore warned to seek not my Trine.

Hans.

Zip! Here I stand be-fore you; Hans is not a fool. Your mother My

Both

has fore warned to seek not my his Trine. Zip! Here I stands be-fore you me;

Hans is not a fool. Oh, my, my! Just a harmless prank! Ha, ha ha ha ha ha

Trine. *Both*

ha ha ha ha ha ha! Yes, my Hans is a smarty-pants! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Trine *Both*

Song X. Good ev'ning, good ev'ning (God Aften, god Aften). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody, "Pausevalsén," a folksong by von Ditten.

Allegro.

ff *mf*

Chorus
1. Good ev'ning, good ev'ning, we're here every one. *Fru* De-

lighted your here! How I wish you had simply never come! *Chorus* We thank you, thank

you, for this invi-ta-tion. *Fru* My pleasure en-tirely! *Simon* Oh what confu-

sion! *Chorus* Lis'n!

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

Allegro.

ff *mf*

Chorus
2. Now, congra-tu-lations from one and from all. *Fru* How

kindly you are. Devil take, take you, one and all! *Chorus* God grant you long

life and more days of sheer bliss. *Fru* My thanks ever-lasting! *Simon* God save me from

this! *Chorus* Lis'n!

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

Allegro.

ff 3. I've little to offer, so please don't be cross. *mf* *Chorus* We'll gratefully swallow what morsel you toss. *ff* Oh, pickings are slim on the day of my birth! *Chorus* You're always de-meaning your-self and your worth! *1. 2. 3. 4.* *5.* *lis'n!* body and spirit con-joining we'll jump in!

Allegro.

„Pauservalsen.“ Von Dittens Vise.

ff 4. Ex-cuses dis-please us and false modest-y. *mf* *Chorus* We did not come here to sip hot-chocolate and tea! There's rumor a-foot that you've plenty of food, De-lectable dishes to heighten the mood! *1. 2. 3. 4.* *5.* *lis'n!* 5. When music will call for the dance to be-gin, With body and spirit con-joining we'll jump in!

Song XI. Fortune will oft makes us her fool (Skjæbnen har havt os lidt til Nar). Lyrics by Heiberg; melody, "Sorgen og Glæden følges ad," a ballad for Halloween by Édouard du Puy.

Allegretto.

p cre - - scen - - do. 1. Sigfid Fortune will

oft make us her fool. Ty - pi - cal were the scenes be - fore you. Try as he

may, his eye to fix, He'll usually wallow in his beer.

Ev'ry day - a jest and

CHORUS

poke, life is no more than an April Fool's joke. Ev'ry day - a jest and

poke, life is no more than an April Fool's joke. Ev'ry day - a jest and

poke life is no more than an April Fool's joke. Ap - pril Fool's

joke!

Allegretto.

p cre - - - - - seen - - - - - du.

Constance 2. Here on this

stage we've tried to show what oft trans-pire in the school of living. Our insti-

tute has many woes, Life is more than a drum and fife.

Life is short, art ever-

CHORUS

more, But art can hold life's own mir-ror. Life is short, art ever-

more, But art can hold life's own mir-ror. Life is short, art ever-

more, But art can hold life's own mir-ror. Life's own mir-

ror!

Allegretto.

p cre - - - - - seen - - - - - do. 42. Fop 3. A -

nor made me his fool, Thrice I be- came a taken fellow. I'll re-

venge, outside this school, Find me a widow, wealthy and old.

She can be courted short of

CHORUS
love, Why need I ask for help a- bove? She can be courted short of

love, Why need he ask for help a- bove? She can be courted short of

love, Why need he ask for help a- bove? For help a-

bove? *f*

Allegretto.

p cre - - - seen - - - do. Miss Trumpmeier 4. When - a

girl, my fondest hope, was to roam free of rules and classrooms. Though I now

wear a ladies cloak, School will still likely tailor my toms.

Day in, day out, I plod a-

long, life is al- ways more than a song. Day in, day out, she plods a-

long, life is al- ways more than a song. Day in, day out, she plods a-

long, life is al- ways more than a song. More than a

song! *f*

Allegretto.

p cre - - scen - - du. Fu Bitteralmond 5. Pity the

poor one who is born, On Febru- ar- y twenty nine. When there's a

party, who will come? Leap year will be something to pine.

Yet those like me have fared far

CHORUS
worse. For we are born on April first. Yet those like her have fared far

worse. For they are born on April first. Yet those like her have fared far

worse. For they are born on April first. On A- pril

first! *f*

Allegretto.

p ere - seen - do. Hans 6. Many a

lesson got ka-put. Though - my mind can ne'er stop thinking of turmoil

seen in this insti- tute leaving me shaking, blinking and dazed.

When I'm grown withered old and

CHORUS
gray, I - will never forget this day. When he's grown withered, old and

gray, he will never forget this day When he's grown withered, old and

gray, He will never for- get this day. For- get this

day's

Allegretto.

p cre - - - - - seen - - - - - do. Trine 7. life - is

short, art ever more. So we have staged a vaude-ville. For your

mind and for your joy. Something to ponder, pleasures galore.

Do we deserve a clap or

CHORUS
two? Make us not into an A-pril Fool. Do we deserve a clap or

two? Make us not into an A-pril Fool. Do we deserve a clap or

two? Make us not into an A-pril Fool. An A-pril

Fool!

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