

## En muterad ros

Swedish lyrics and tune Sam J Lundwall, circa 1963–1965

Rough translation by Karl-Johan Norén

May I place a rose on your windowsill?

It's a mutated rose

it is famined and tired

It lacks its radiation dose

it had it nice where it previously were

it should have stayed there

but one wants what one does not have

and now my dear it is here

yes, now my dear it is here

May I place a rose on your windowsill?

It came from a radiation storage

into my home it caused noise and distress

and now I'm the one who remain

I've thought who I could place it with

who is quite broad-viewed and nice

there might be a more beautiful rose

but hardly a more special one

but hardly a more special one

May I place a rose on your windowsill?

It is hungry and it wants its food

it took a short while ago a piece of my arm

yes it's a boisterous thing

in the midst of its beauty it beckons, my dear

and it has to be seen to be believed

but tether it well when you sleep tonight

because it is a mutated rose

because it is a mutated rose

# Pappersframmatningen är trasig

Lyrics by David Nettle

Rough translation by Karl-Johan Norén

To the tune of "Raindrops keep fallin' on my head"

The paper feed is broken  
The papers are squished into small small balls  
Oh, the fanzine will come out too late  
(Cause) the paper feed is broken, so broken

The subscribers will be angry  
If the fanzine isn't out by Friday  
Oh, then I will get lots of hate mail  
(Cause) the paper feed is broken, so broken

That I don't know how I  
Can get the fanzine out on time  
Before it gets far too late  
Cause my mimeo is far too weak

The paper feed is broken  
The papers are squished into small small balls  
Oh, the fanzine will come out too late  
(Cause) the paper feed is broken, so broken  
That I cannot stand it no more  
I think I want to gafiate

## Nazgûl'n vingad syns vid Gondor

Lyrics and rough translation by Karl-Johan Norén

Based on Fredmans sång n:o 64, "Fjäriln vingad syns på Haga", by Carl Michael Bellman

[Listen to the original song at Youtube!](#) [Wikipedia article!](#)

A Nazgul winged can be seen by Gondor  
With the silent cold of the shadow  
His cruel hordes and his fangs  
Crushes Minas Tirith's shield  
Cruel deeds, fire, and slaughter awaken!  
Spears are shaken, shields are crushed  
Sword-day, a red day, ere the sun rises!  
Ride now, ride now! Ride to Gondor!

See Rohirrim's brave daughter  
Stand by the side of her king  
Slays the winged best of darkness  
The one the dwimmerlaik rides  
The club it shatters her shield  
The wraith stands above her  
The man of the Shire his blade  
stabs into the wraith's thigh

The shieldmaiden lies lifeless above  
the enemy she defeated  
Her brother mourns her  
He spurs his horse to combat  
Out of dark to the day's rising he rode  
Singing in the sun, sword unsheathing  
He rode to hope's end and to heart's breaking  
Towards nightfall and the wraith of death

See a king come from the river  
Eyed by a mild monarch!  
In spite of going through death  
and all Mordor's strong hordes  
Between them they meet again  
It brings the tears of thankfulness  
Touched and emboldened by these men of war  
Gondor's men to battle now go

## Fattig rymddräng

Lyrics and rough translation by Karl-Johan Norén

Based on "Fattig bonddräng" from Michel aus Lönneberga. Lyrics by Astrid Lindgren, tune by Georg Riedel.

I'm a poor space hand, but I still live  
travels near and far while I'm doing my work  
screws, repairs, measures the radiation here  
floats free in space, shouts, whistles, and  
curses

I'm a poor space hand and I'm chewing my  
snuff  
And when we have landed I want to get a stiff  
drink  
Then when I am lively I want to tangle and  
fight  
rest with a girl I want to do as well of course

And then comes departure and then our  
captain wants  
all hands stand by, free fall is coming now  
The captain can drink with the passengers but  
for a space hand the work starts again

I'm a poor space hand on my eternal voyage  
Landing, goes, and travels through space to  
each world  
Venus, Mars, and Io, Iapetus made of dirt  
Singing my songs in the light of the stars

The sons of Terra rides to the rockets' roar  
Far away to rings, a far away from here  
The darkness of space scares us, we need to  
help each other  
every man on the ship, no-one of us stands  
alone

Prays now, poor space hand, of a last voyage  
here  
Landing through the clouds, feel the wind  
there  
let me rest my eyes on the single world  
that with green hills wants to tell me I'm home

## Mary O'Meara, in the original Norwegian

Ttto "Anna Lovinda" by Erik Bye.

Original English text Poul Anderson

Norwegian lyrics and rough translation to English by Karl-Johan Norén

[Listen to the original tune at Youtube!](#)

Mary O'Meara, sleep sweet beneath the stars  
Sleep sweet beneath the stars, you  
A song is sounding from the night-black space  
And hush, can you hear it now?  
Mary – Mary O'Meara  
Hush can you hear it now

A spaceship is coming with shuttered lights  
Sleep sweet beneath the lilies tonight  
A spacer out there is peering from the rig  
And the skipper stands by his wheel  
Mary – Mary O'Meara  
My girl, I am coming tonight

Yes, sing me a song of Mary O'Meara,  
She rests so easy beneath the heather  
Sing while we're coming from the pale stars  
Yes, sing good shanty-man sing!  
Mary – O'Meara  
Sing good boatswain sing!

And the song shall be carried by the solar wind  
And rocked by the wind towards land  
Shall be whispered in the grass around where  
she lies  
And hummed by the waves against shore  
Mary – Mary O'Meara  
Shall be hummed by the waves against shore

Hush, can you hear it, Mary O'Meara?  
Soon a spaceship lands in its harbour  
Soon his footsteps will be heard on the path  
below  
He stops and whispers your name:  
Mary – Mary O'Meara  
He stops and whispers your name

Yes sleep beneath the lilies, Mary O'Meara,  
sleep well beneath lilies and leaves  
A wanderer has uncovered his head in the  
evening  
A thought has knelt by your remains  
Mary O'Meara  
A thought has knelt by your remains

# Jag vill leva i Europa

Lyrics by Jan Hammarlund and Tomas Blom, tune by Jan Hammarlund

Text adaptations by Karl-Johan Norén

[Original-original song at Youtube!](#) [Original song in French!](#)

We took the ferry to Travemünde,  
in the blue summer night  
Four common Swedish tourists  
in an old and worn Renault  
We were going to different places  
and we hardly knew each other  
but to save petrol and money  
we were ready to travel together  
We turned and tossed our map  
to find a practical route  
to Nice through Hanstedt och Bruxelles  
Rotterdam and over Genève  
We were all rather well-travelled  
and came with many proposals  
on new and interesting places  
where we could stay for a day

I want to live in Europe  
I want to live and sing here  
I want to laugh and cry and dance  
I'm dizzy and lost and in love  
when I think about all of Europe  
and of us who have our homes here

Far out on the moors of Germany  
we were stopped by a transport  
a convoy of NATO rockets  
on their way to an unknown place  
Their weight made the ground tremble  
where we sat watching in our car  
"There is death" said Lena from Småland  
"it is oblong and silver grey"  
"When they finally tore down that wall  
the streets were full of joy  
But the terror continues to rule  
through weapons in east and west  
It is merchants and military men  
they preach about freedom now  
but they never speak about justice  
though that battle never ends"

I want to live in Europe  
I want to live and sing here  
I want to laugh and cry and dance  
I'm dizzy and lost and in love  
when I think about all of Europe  
and of us who have our homes here

"I fell in love with a boy from Greece"  
said Peter "a summer on Ven  
but now I've heard he has moved to München  
because there were no jobs in Athens"  
"I remember last Christmas in Kyiv"  
said Lena, "where I have a friend  
He works at their museum  
but was called to Luhansk again"  
"Imagine, where the Cathars lived", said  
Anders  
i Bézu, Carcassone and Albi  
it's said you can still hear their voices  
in the mountains where they were killed...  
In Leningrad's moonlight a winter  
we took care of a master-less dog  
with a glance full of hope and expectation  
he stole my heart in a second"

I want to live in Europe  
I want to live and sing here  
I want to laugh and cry and dance  
I'm dizzy and lost and in love  
when I think about all of Europe  
and of us who have our homes here

We halted our car at the customs  
We saw lost people who were fleeing,  
a woman carrying a suitcase  
and a half-grown boy who depressed  
hugging a small girl to his chest  
seemed to beg for our sympathy  
while the customs officials embarrassedly  
told us to pass by

I looked at the misted-over rear mirror  
My eyes were rather downcast  
It said, there are several millions  
who live as refugees once again  
But on the continent where we live  
a tragedy is repeated  
where the authors are called strategists  
and those who die in the end are we

I want to live in Europe  
I want to live and sing here  
I want to laugh and cry and dance  
I'm dizzy and lost and in love  
when I think about all of Europe  
and of us who have our homes here