

ONE SATURDAY AT SUNSET

Orig.: DET VAR EN LØRDAG AFTEN

VOCAL SCORE

Lyrics: Traditional Danish folk song.

Edition by Svend Grundtvig 1849, from earlier versions.

English translation: S. D. Rodholm (1877 - 1951)

Melody: Traditional Danish folk tune

Arrangement: Henrik Colding-Jørgensen 2024

A (st. 1, 4, 8)

1 [: One Sat - ur - day at sun - set, I wait - ed pa - tient - ly; :]
4 [: You were not in the church - yard Nor wait - ing in the pew, :]
8 [: I tried to gath - er ros - es; It brought me on - ly pain, :]

1 You prom - ised me that you would come, But you came not to me.
4 For you had turned to some - one else; I meant no more to you.
8 I loved you, and you 'broke my heart; I'll nev - er love a - gain.

1 You prom - ised me that you would come, But you came not to me.
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B (ST. 2, 5)

Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts with lyrics:

2 I lay up - on my bed, and I wept so bit - ter - ly;
5 My heart had died with - in me, When I went home a - gain;

2. & 5. *p-mp*

Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts with lyrics:

2 I lay up - on my bed, and I wept so bit - ter - ly;
5 My heart had died with - in me, When I went home a - gain;

mf

Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts with lyrics:

2 With eve - ry foot-step at the door I thought: "He comes to me". With eve -
5 A tear-drop fell at eve-ry step Up - on the lone-ly lane. A tear-

mf

bocca chiusa

Soprano (S) and Alto (A) parts with lyrics:

2 ry foot - step at the door I thought: "He comes to me".
5 drop fell at eve-ry step Up - on the lone-ly lane.

mf

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C (st. 3, 6)
mf-mp 1

3 I rose on Sun-day morn - ing And braid-ed up my hair
6 The beau - ti - ful red rib - bons That once to me you gave,

pp
bocca chiusa
(oo —)

5 6 7 8

3 I rose on Sun-day morn - ing And braid-ed up my hair
6 The beau - ti - ful red rib - bons That once to me you gave,

9 10 11 12

3 I went up to the vil-lage church; I hoped to meet you there. I went
6 I shall not wear them an - y more; I'm long-ing for my grave. I shall

13 14 15 16

3 up to the vil-lage church; I hoped to meet you there.
6 not wear them an - y more; I'm long-ing for my grave.

3 I went up to the
6 I shall not wear them

3 up to the
6 not wear them

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D Gruppo piccolo SATB (5 o 9) (st. 7)

GRUPPO PICCOLO SATB

7 [: How can you gath-er ros - es, Where ros-es do not grow? :]

GRUP. PICC. SATB

7 A heart, that chang-es like the wind, True love can nev-er know. A heart

GRUP. PICC. SATB

7 A heart, that chang-es like the wind, True love can nev - er know. A heart

Stanza 8:

Gruppo picc. ossia ad lib. (Corrected July 4, 2024 h.colding-j.)

8 nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, nev - er, nev-er, nev - er, nev - er, nev-er

(... love a-gain)