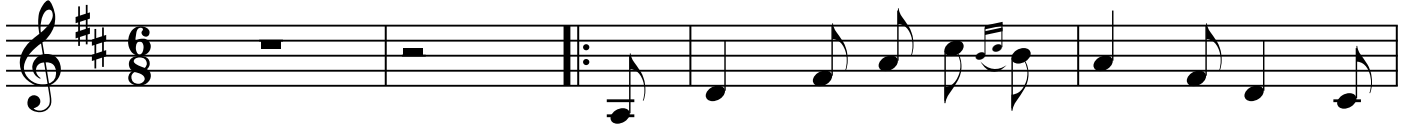


Hytten

The Cottage

1 Hans Christian Anderson, translated by Dana Thyne

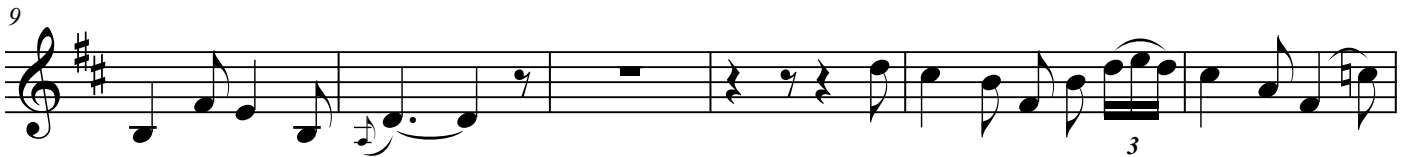
Edvard Grieg



Where waves beat loud on the coast-land sands, a
No gold or sil-ver will one find there, but



lone-ly place, a cot-tage, stands. And round the shore of the head-land bare, one
two who hold each oth-er dear. And see! Their kis-ses and smiles so full... their

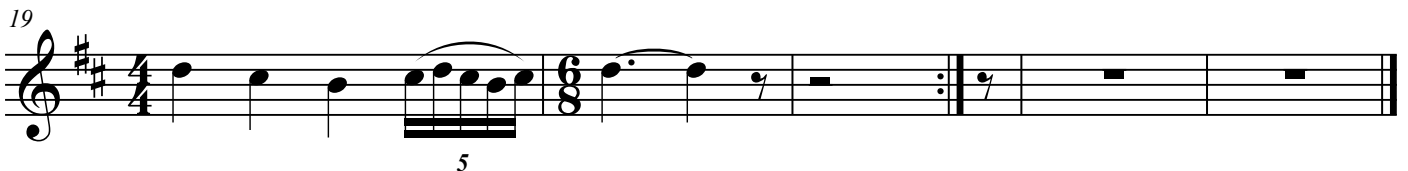


spot with grass is there.
eyes look soul to soul.

And Sea, and Sky and the naked Sand,
No speech is needed, they say no word....



bar-ren, sur-round the Hut "Dream-land," Yet there is Heaven, and Par-a-dise, for
Lost and for-got-ten is all the world. In Joy, in Trou-ble, if rich, or poor, the



there is where Love lies!
two love more and more!