

The World of Bellman

Stockholm in the late seventeenth century

- A workshop in vulgar comedy-



**EUROPEAN POLYTHEATRE:
CULTURAL AWARENESS &
EXPRESSION LABORATORY**



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Introduction

I release that all these song might be a little too much to learn in the little time we have, but I want to have more material then we need. Just in case...

When it comes to the migration part of it all this will be more about the arriving than the departing. As you can see Stockholm was a very international city at the time, wish is reflected in the text. I also thing we will play with the voyage in Epistle 33.

Featuring characters

<i>Fredman</i>	a well-known whatchmaker in Stockholm, without watch, workshop or stock.in-trade.
<i>Ulla Winblad</i>	Nymph and priestess in the temple of Bacchus. Her father formerly corporal in the guards.
<i>Father Berg</i>	Painter of wallpapers, and the town's virtuoso on several instruments.
<i>Father Bergström</i>	Names day performer on wind instruments in the Katarina district
<i>Corporal Mollberg</i>	Owned a house on <i>Hornsgatan</i> , for a while ran a factory, then a trooper, without house, horse or schabraque, latterly dance master.
<i>Christian Wingmark</i>	commonly known as <i>Wingmark with the big wig</i> , possessed in equal proportion the same ability on the recorder as the blind virtuoso Colling, who is still alive.
<i>Anders Wingmark</i>	second-hand clothers dealer in Foul Weather Alley, formerly very cheerful and commonsensical.
<i>Christian Samuel Bredström</i>	a bird of passage, saw not the light of day more often that through a bottle's end: abode unknown.
<i>Jergen Puckel</i>	a hunchback, subject of the court of manufactures.
<i>Benjamin Schwalbe</i>	likewise.
<i>Father Movitz</i>	a constable, famous for his concert at the Three Cagss; composed the music to <i>Serinchius' Flower of Spring</i>
<i>Lona</i>	Partly virgin

Epistle 1

Commentary: A scene from a tavern where our heroes are waking up and an homage to the contains of bottles and kegs.

It is truth, no one's drinking! Drink, dear brothers. Behold yonder glasses on yon tables. Consider them there mugs on yonder shelves, inside that cupboard door! Mark how the gleaming tankard, what *Caisa Stina's* standing there holding, as it were spoken unto ye! "Hallo dear Soul! Wet your ashes!"

Verily dear sisters, verily my brothers: know ye how all this cometh unto me? Well, it cometh even so that none shan't come between us until we've taken a swig.

What's that?

Did ye speak?

Your health dear soul!

Good health, both day and night!

Fresh pleasure, new delight!

Come, wet your throttle,

Out with the bottle!

Bow to Bacchus might!

Good health, both day and night!

See our sister *Caisa Stina*

How her bottles come between her

And this tankard sweetheart.

Fill the tankard sweetheart,

Sweetheart,

Drink with me. That's right!

It is I what's to drain this tankard, it is for you to fill up; and it's for you, dear Brothers, to order up more beer, so that the juices abate not.

If we lack for brandy, if we have no beer, then will our courage fail us.

"Courage, I say!"

And again I say "Courage!"

How many are we?

Legio, for we are many.

Your health *Jergen Puckel!*

Hi there, *Benjamin Schwalbe!*

Sien Diener, *Eric Bergström!*

What, not dinking, *Anders Wingmark!*

Honest brother *Berg*!

And you, *Christian Samuel Bredström*, lying there under the table, your very good health, sir!

Don't trample on the poor bastard!

Pluck the fiddles!

Beat the drums!

Hold fast the tankard!

Good health! A lawful prey!

Long is our sorry day!

Long is the tally¹,

Drum our reveille²,

Skål, a toast, I say!

Your health, both night and day.

Caisa Stina taps the keg, sir!

What a bossom, what a leg, sir!

Only no one nicks it!

Anyone who nicks it,

Nicks it,

Ends my swan song.

¹ The bill

² Wake-up signal

Epistle 2

Commentary: This song is a little like a manifesto from Bellman's world

So screw up the fiddle,
Come fiddler, quick, I say!
Dearest sister, hey!
Never say me ney,
say but yes and we'll be jolly.
Sit down, man, don't dawdle³,
caress thy silver string;
Let the fiddle sing
till the rafters ring⁴,
nor break it in a folly!
Thou sweatest. A bath
of brandy be thy solace,
for underneath this roof
is Bacchus' palace.
---- Without question
this thy profession
mean to lead in pleasure's path.

Mid nymphs in their bevy⁵
no man can thee replace,
when with force and grace
thou dost interlace
sweet notes in heav'nly rapture
The young hearts, so heavy
entangl'd in thy snare
by the fiddles air
are releas'd from care,
ev'ry note a heart doth capture
Ah, then in a trice⁶
there little eyes are blinded
and girls more gay than wise
to love are minded
---- Wilt thou thunder⁷?
The nymph in wonder
laughing to her pleasure flies



³ Slow down

⁴ The roof starts sounding

⁵ A group of girls or young women

⁶ Instant

⁷ Roar

The fair I adore, sir,
yet from their charms I flee
if I suddenly
a bottle see,
and yet I smile on either
A nymph in the grasses,
red wine in glasses green
Each of these I ween⁸
Is a feast, I lean⁹,
I know not which way neither
Take wax to thy bow
from my green case of leather
The wine stands all a-glow;
I'm drawn to either!
---- Make an and, sir,
and have your wench¹⁰, sir!
Drink, and *Fredman's* gospel know!



⁸ Look forward to

⁹ Tilt

¹⁰ Hussy

Epistle 9

Commentary: This is song shows the inside of the parties in one of the temples of Bacchus.

Come, dearest brothers, sister, acquaintance
See *Father Berg*, he screws up and tightens
each string upon his fiddle
and picks up his bow anew
Blind on one eye, his nose split and broken
See how he drinks and moistens the oaken
pegs with his beery spittle
then plucks just a tone or two
--- Squints at the ceiling
--- Winces with feeling
--- strays with a will in trills all askew
Gently, good brothers, dance on your toes
Gloves in one hand and hat on your nose
Lord, miss Lona graces!
Shoes with crimson laceas
heav'nly ble her stockings shows



Lift up your skirts and laugh, little hussies!
Dance! Don't' you hear the bass-viol buzzes?
Give *Father Berg* his rosin¹¹
and burgundy, leaf-bestrewn
And those betassel'd two boozy brothers
prancing around amidst all the others?
Drink, *Father Berg*, and spit, sir
Ugh, small beer! It makes me sick!
--- Glum-eyed and surly
--- Bum – big and burly
--- Madam, your humble... Grumble bassoon¹²
Come, dearest brothers, here is delight,
music all day and wenches all night
Bacchus comes to table
Cupid if he's able
Here is all things here – here am I!

¹¹ A special pitch used for the bow

¹² Fafotto

Epistle 33

Commentary: A street scene from eighteenth century Stockholm and also about a voyage on boat to an island.

Was ist das?

Make way there on the watersteps!

Fiddlers, shoe shiners, customs-snoopers and sailormen!

Hurrah!

Put the herring tail on the tankard!

Fine sulphur matches, six bunches a farthing!

A: Trumps it is! Eight stiver says I.

Shut up, you old witch!

Out of the way coal heavers, washer women and milkmaids...

Your very good health, sir.

Drink with me!

Make way for *Movitz* and his bass-viol!

Stand aside herring packers, bakers' boys, Nürenburgers and bird catchers!

And you mister overseer or underseer, or what the hell other kind of wharfie¹³ you may be!

Can't you give that old man a hand-up¹⁴ with his hurdy-gurdy¹⁵?

Don't shove!

Smack his face!

Make way for the gold-braided old gent in epaulettes¹⁶, with his bear that dance polka!

Drum drummer!

Harlequin¹⁷ dances with his legs in the air.

A: Trump on the table!

¹³ Harbour labour

¹⁴ Help

¹⁵ Musical instrument

¹⁶ Shoulder strap

¹⁷ Commedia dell'Arte mask

Stop the thief!

B: The counts servant puts eight stiver¹⁸ in the pool... Eight stiver for the maiden¹⁹ ...

C: Two stiver for the hussar²⁰ ...

A: Trump in cloves!

Here comes *Movitz!*

B: Eight and eight makes me sixteen; four more and I'll have seventeen...

A: More clubs!

B: Six and six is twelve...

A: Did you eat the queen of hearts?

C: Yes you won.

D: *Movitz*, you are a sight!

E: I recognize that wig.

D: He has borrowed it from the shoemaker opposite *The Wismar*²¹ in Kolmätargränd²². Hahaha!

E: Funny – Bass-viol on his back...

D: ...tulip on his hat...

E: ...waldhorn under his arm...

D: ...and the bottle in his pocket!

What's that gilded applekraut with a monkey in his shoulder trying to say?

*Le diable, il porte son violon, oui, passus l'épaule, comme le Suisse porte le hallebard*²³.

Now he puts his waldhorn to his lips!

Prrrt, prrrt, prrrt, prrrt!

*Ach, tu tummer taifel. Er ferschtecht sich auf der music wie ein kuh auf den mitta. Movitz, bruder, willstu was kischen haben*²⁴?

¹⁸ Small coins

¹⁹ Here: the queen

²⁰ Type of light cavalry, here: jack

²¹ Famous tavern in eighteen century Stockholm

²² Street in Stockholm

²³ He carries his viola as a Swiss is carrying his halberd. - French

Step into the boat *Susanna!*

Mind the meat basket!

Jump little sister dear, with you kid gloves²⁵ and fish basket.

Where has she been? Out mangling!

Stand out, stand out, stand out!

Where are we going?

To the shipyard.

Le diable! Oh que non.

Dit justement hvor jag peger, hvor then lille mensch, then soldat med gule bexerne sitter i packen und bescheller²⁶.

Non, non, non, non Ce n'eft pas lá.

Richtich²⁷!

No Djurgåln!

Master Nisse's!

Gantz richtich²⁸.

Stop the vintner. He's berating the musician.

Raskal!

Wretch!

Raskal!

Master Nisse's?

Oui, que le diable t'emporte!

Hurrah!

Blast the waldhorn!

²⁴ Ahh you stupid fool. He understands music as a cow at a dinner. Brother Movitz do you want cherries? - German

²⁵ A glove made of fine soft leather

²⁶ Just there, where the little human, that little soldier with yellow trousers, is sitting in the slope shiting. - Danish

²⁷ Right - German

²⁸ Right on - German

Susanna sings, the breezes frolic²⁹ and the waves heave and sway!

Shove off!

--- Splendid isle
--- I awhile
will flee from thy joys,
thy tumult, stir and noise
All thy proud palaces
Blow your horn *Movitz!* Yes! ---
See our boat ---
bravely float ---
Mid schooners³⁰ and yacht the Spanish trader note
puts to sea ---
gallantly! ---
In Cádiz and Dublin soon she will be ---

Want some nuts, bruin?

Don't go too close to the bears!

Quiet! The nymph sings and the zephyrs³¹ follow her voice.

--- *Ulla*, she
--- Smiles at me
Her hat in her hand
enlaced with rosy band;
frilly skirts, well-a-day³²! ---
Ulla come! ---
Known to some ---
So deftly she skips ashore with buxom bum!
Oh to go! ---
Thanks to you ---
I've torn, sir, my apron quite in two!

The waves gleam and glitter, the cooling guts delight us.

Is it too much, *Movitz?*

Cheers!

Look across to the opposite shore. What a forest of swaying masts and fluttering pennants!

The sun beats down!

²⁹ Plays

³⁰ Type of boat

³¹ God of the west wind

³² Interjection expresses sorrow

Church bells peal!

Drums thunder!

Ensigns flutter!

Pikes gleam and the carillon³³ tinkles and trills!

Uncork the bottle!

Movitz flings away his hat and wig among the waves and drinks the whole world's skål!

Blast the waldhorns!

Easy on the oars!

Sing *Susanna*!

--- Raillerie³⁴!

--- Let me be!

To Slaughterhouse steps? – No,
further will I go.

As it is, here you sit

and my heart it would split ---

Nearly there! ---

Don't you dare! ---

Sit still, I entreat; don't touch my rose so rare.

Oh but why? ---

Sooner I ---

A maid in these waves, sir, would die!

³³ Set of bells hung in a bell tower

³⁴ Mockery

Epistle 41

Commentary: Describes a situation when Mollberg, hung-over and poor gets humiliated by Christian Wingmark and another snob, resulting in them (or at least Wingmark) gets beaten up.

Mollberg sat up in bed
Feathers, fluff³⁵ at his head
His nightdress? My friend, as I've said:
shirt - leather waistcoat instead
Legs apart - see him stand
Hold his pot in his hand
His features all tousl'd³⁶ and tann'd³⁷
Coughing, he moistens the sand
What's that? 'Twas his waistband that burst
With arrack³⁸ he quenches his thirst
Shutters opens, he peers
up at the heavenly spheres

This old shack where he stays
Isn't much of a place
its vaulting no whitewash displays
Never, oh never, *une chaise*³⁹!
No lock hangs on the door
It's a stable, no more
No bolster or eiderdown, nor
would he know what they are for
But what has he got over there?
Look, it's a half-firkin⁴⁰ of beer
Come, help, let in some air
Unscrew the shutter, *mon cher*⁴¹

But oh, see what a sight!
Your nose flatten'd is quite
Mollberg you were out fighting last night
Tell me, friend, am I not right?
Your fine fiddle I see
smash'd, all shatter'd is he
What kind of game can that be?
Blood on you waldhorn! Ah me!

³⁵ Down

³⁶ Tangled

³⁷ As with tanned leather

³⁸ Cheap, bad liquor

³⁹ Couch or chaise-longue - French

⁴⁰ Small keg

⁴¹ My dear - French

Drink, muzzle your mug⁴², sir! Shall I
faint-hearted an enemy fly?
If I fight once a year
then it's my names-day, d'ye hear?

Aber, why must you brawl?
I do, *Wingmark*, that's all
Drink up and look lively, a skål
or will ye too take the fall?
Come, drink, *Wingmark*, with me,
them's my orders you, d'ye see,
or would you a chatterbox be?
Come, sing a ditty⁴³ for me!
What! Never - a love song perchance?
Well, *Wingmark*, then we two shall dance
You're a Luxemburg⁴⁴ sham
and I am the devil, I am!

Dance, friend, *Wingmark*! Alarm!
I will be keeping ye warm.
Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, my arm!
Mollberg, good *Mollberg*, be calm!
Mollberg, mercy, I'm blue!
Oh, my nightgown, t'was new!
Ow, ow, ow, you beer-bully, you!
We shall be equal, we two!
I'll run off to mother and tell!
Let go of my nightgown! Farewell!
Mollberg, you know my wife
won't let me off with my life

⁴² Shut up

⁴³ a short simple song

⁴⁴ Refers to the Duke of Luxemburg (1628 – 95) who is said made a deal with the devil and disappeared

Epistle 59

Commentary: Also a street scene

Hurrah!

Courage!

Baggage!

Good day, Brothers!

Get into the bonny bottle!

Put away the checkers!

You Jack Tar⁴⁵ with your long Dutch pipe, you will be checkmate.

Fill up and drink with me!

Petter Ivarsson is from Boudreaux.

He is in Kattegat⁴⁶.

Canalje!

Cheers!

He comes from Dantzig *bij de wind*⁴⁷, yes he comes from Dantzig.

Yes he does!

Do ye see that red flag?

It's blue.

One more glass!

Good health to you!

It is red, I say!

It is green, says I.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Grate the violins!

Watch the windows!

⁴⁵ Sailor

⁴⁶ Sea on the *westcoast* of Sweden

⁴⁷ By side-wind - Dutch

Hello girls, swing with your hats!

Bring the tankard! Jingle and drink!

Skål *Fader Berg*!

It is *Petter Ivarsson's* toast!

Toast to the topsail!

I have the honor to drink a toast to the topsail!

Hey thy fat twelve pound cannon!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Now we will have wine and Dantziger Doppeltbier⁴⁸, bottles with silver tulips on the edges and gold brandy...

Grate the violins!

Blow the trumpets!

Offer to dance!

Dance you parrots!

Blow you dor-beetles!

Propose, in hell *Sjögren*, can you fall in love with a troll in a black flannel skirt, a pair of red Boucles de Nouit⁴⁹, and a bare foot with a torn triumphant-slipper⁵⁰.

Sjögren!

Dost ye hear *Sjögren*?

How about her in yellow damask⁵¹ skirt and calamanco⁵² bodice?

She stands barefoot over there and fiddle with the bass-viol.

Do you hear *Sjögren*?

Werda!

Who is it?

Hey here comes a German!

⁴⁸ Double beer from Gdansk

⁴⁹ Kind o fearrings - French

⁵⁰ Silk slippers

⁵¹ Fine single colored but patterned fabric

⁵² Patterned wool fabric

It is an Italian, it is, with the twelve apostles on his back.

How much is King David on horseback with a servant in front?

*Acht Schtiber*⁵³.

God damn they all are from Boudreaux!

Cheers!

Hey girls!

Good day, sir.

Your health, sir!

*Dolce Vino della Pace*⁵⁴.

Hey he likes a feast!

Another swig!

*L'ira di Dio arrivera bentosto a questa citt *⁵⁵.

Look at that Dane how he shuffle and flaunt.

Drink or I will hammer ye!

Are you scared?

*T r J raabe s dan udi Borm sterens Gade, Fanden selv maa logere paa Raad-huset*⁵⁶.

*Jebiona mat*⁵⁷!

Hey Blow the trumpets!

*Din j vel. Hur st r det till*⁵⁸?

*Machen sie mir kein Schpasen nicht*⁵⁹.

*Palla vinno ja olta t nn *⁶⁰.

Hurrah!

Blow the trumpets!

⁵³ Eight stiver (small coins) - German

⁵⁴ The good wine of peace – Italian

⁵⁵ The wrath of heaven shall soon come over this town - Italian

⁵⁶ Do you dear to XXXX like that in Mayer street , the devil himself may live in the guildhall - Danish

⁵⁷ Son of a bitch - Russian

⁵⁸ God dam you! How do you do? - Swedish

⁵⁹ Don't make a fool out of me – German

⁶⁰ Giv eus beer and aquavite - Finnish

Song 21

Commentary: A drinking song that I have thought as the end song.

Away we trot⁶¹, soon, ev'ryone
from this our noisy bacchanal,
when death calls out: "Good neighbor, come,
 thine hour-glass, friend, is full.
Old fellow, let thy crutches be,
thou youngster, too, my law obey,
the sweetest nymph who smiles at thee
 shall take thine arm today.

Chorus:

Is the grave too deep? Then take a sip
Raise the brimming⁶² goblet to thy lip!
Yet a sip! Ditto one, ditto two, ditto three...
 Then die contentedly

And thou who standest to thy glass,
all flush'd of face, with hat askew,
tomorrow shall thy ful'ral pass
 with mourners black and few
And thou, beribbon'd noble sir,
who speakest grand words splendidly
A coffin lid the carpenter
 is planning down for thee

Chorus:

Is the grave too deep? Then take a sip
Raise the brimming goblet to thy lip!
Yet a sip! Ditto one, ditto two, ditto three...
 Then die contentedly

And thou who dost without a qualm⁶³
speak ill of friends, and those the best,
and wouldst their reputation harm
 all as it were in jest
And thou who burst not them defend
albeit⁶⁴ at their table thou

⁶¹ Walk

⁶² Brimful

⁶³ Scruple

⁶⁴ Even though

thy tankard oft hast freely drain'd
What sayest thou, friend now?

Chorus:
Is the grave too deep? Then take a sip
Raise the brimming goblet to thy lip!
Yet a sip! Ditto one, ditto two, ditto three...
Then die contentedly

But thou who wouldst unbidden rise
and furtively⁶⁵ from table slink
nor toast your host, although he cries
"Before you leave, friend, drink!"
Let such a swine from food and wine
with all his ilk⁶⁶ be driven out
and dash⁶⁷ with angry looks condign⁶⁸
the goblet from his snout⁶⁹

Chorus:
Is the grave too deep? Then take a sip
Raise the brimming goblet to thy lip!
Yet a sip! Ditto one, ditto two, ditto three...
Then die contentedly

Say, art thou pleased, good neighbor, say?
Then praise our host in parting cup
If all must go the self-same way,
let's go then, friend... drink up!
But first a toast: Our hostess' skål,
in sparkling wine, both red and white!
We drink to her, then tumble all
into the starry night.

Chorus:
Is the grave too deep? Then take a sip
Raise the brimming goblet to thy lip!
Yet a sip! Ditto one, ditto two, ditto three...
Then die contentedly

⁶⁵ Hiddenly

⁶⁶ Sort

⁶⁷ Strike down

⁶⁸ Well-deserved

⁶⁹ Mouth

Song 35

Commentary: A homage to Noah for panting grapes. A very simple song that has been a very common children's song in Sweden.

Old man Noah
Old man Noah
was the man for me
When the flood abated
Noah cultivated
Many a vineyard
Many a vineyard
Planted 'em did he!

Cap'n Noah
Cap'n Noah
left his leaky Ark!
Bought himself some bottles,
Such as thirsty throttles
love to purchase
love to purchase
in our pleasure park

What his reason?
What his reason?
Noah knew full well
Men, like other creatures
All have thirsty natures
Which is why he
Which is why he
would our thirst dispel

Mrs Noah
Mrs Noah
was a good old soul
Never did she chide⁷⁶ him
Set his glass beside him
And she tipp'l'd⁷⁷
And she tipp'l'd
From a flowing bowl

Never said she
Never said she
"Put away thy pot!"

⁷⁶ Scold or reprimand

⁷⁷ Drank a little

Met I such a maiden
Coming down my way then
I should marry
I should marry
Her upon the spot

Old man Noah
Old man Noah
never wore a wig
Round and red his cheeks were
Skål, sir! Did ye speak sir?
White his beard
White his beard
Skål, another swig!

Life was jolly
Life was jolly
In these far-off days
Then did no man labour
No, nor thirsty neighbor
Sit at table
Sit at table
with a solemn⁷⁸ face

Dreary⁷⁹ skålings
Dreary skålings
weren't the fashion then
"May I drink your health, sir?"
"No, sir, spare your breath, sir!
Bottoms up, sir!
Bottoms up, sir!
Just like this!" Amen!



⁷⁸ Grave or sober

⁷⁹ Gloomy