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All the melodies are written by Vegard Øyen.

Vocal: Elin Steinkjer

All Instruments played by Vegard Øyen.

Mixing and mastering: Vegard Øyen.

You will find singback to the songs on the album.

Bed In Summer

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON)

In Winter T get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In Summer, quite the other way,

The birds still hopping on the tree,

Or hear the grown-up people's feet

Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,

When all the sky is clear and blue,

And Should like so much to play,

To have to go to bed by day?

Bed in summer

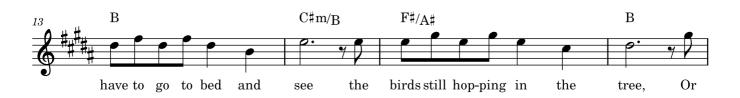
Robert Louis Stevenson

Vegard Øyen















The Swing

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON)

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,

Till T can see so wide,

River and trees and cattle and all

Over the countryside--

Till Tlook down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown-Up in the air Tgo flying again,
Up in the air and down!

The Swing

Vegard Øyen Robert Louis Stevenson \mathbf{D} Bm7 D Bm7 D D D Dadd9 Bm7Bm7B_m7 How do you like to get up in a A/C# B_m7 Gadd9 Dadd9 Bm7 D $\mathrm{D/A}$ Asus4 B_m7 12 Up in the blue? Oh, Ido swing, air so think it the thing pea-san-test Gadd9 D/A A7 D $D/F\sharp$ Em9 **A**7 D D/F^{\sharp} 21 o - ver the child can do! Up in the wall, Till I can E-ver a air and **A9** Em9 **A**7 F#m7 Bm7 F#m7Bm7Em9 Em9 29 wide trees and cat - tle and Ri-vers and all o-ver the see so coun -D/F# Gadd9
Instrumental Bm7 A9 D Bm7 D/A 38 side side try Gm7 Gm7 C7E/F# В9 Em11 **A9** C749 $A\flat/B\flat$ Fsus4/A F/A $\mathsf{A}\flat$ \mathbf{F} C7Dm7Gm9 Dm759 $A\flat/B\flat$ $B\flat$ Ab/BbFm9 В♭7 $\mathbf{E}\flat$ Cm7Fm9 Up in the wall, Till I can air and o - ver the see so Gm7 Cm7 Bb7 Bb9 Fm9 Gm7Cm7 Fm9 В♭9 78 Ri-vers and cat - tle and wide trees and all ov-er the coun Outro: $\mathrm{E}\flat$ $\mathrm{E}\flat$ $\mathrm{E}\flat$ $\mathbf{E}\flat$ Cm7 Cm7Cm7 $\mathrm{E}\flat$ Cm7

side

Foreign Lands

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON)

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adored with flowers before my eye,
And many secret places more
That I have never seen before.

I saw a dimpling river pass

And be the sky's blue looking-glass;

The dusty roads go up and down

With people tramping in to town.

If Tould find a higher tree

Farther and farther I should see,

To where the grown-up river slips

Into a sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand

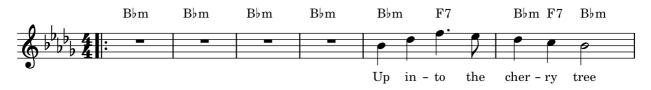
Lead onward into fairy land,

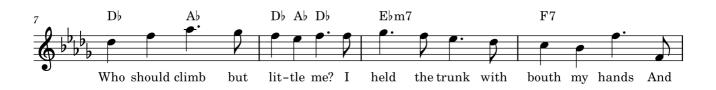
Where all the childen dine at five,

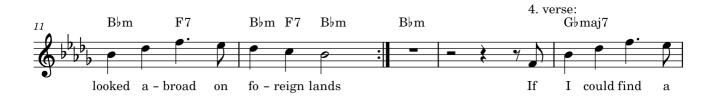
And where all the playthings come alive.

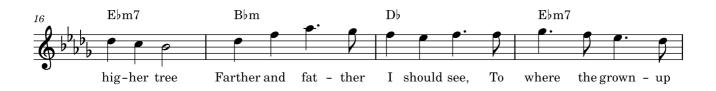
Foreign lands

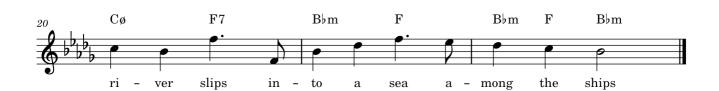
Robert Louis Stevenson Vegard Øyen











A Good Boy

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON)

E wooke before the morning,

T was happy all the day,

never said an ugly word,

but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,

And T am very happy,

for T know that T've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,

And must be off to sleepsin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow

I shall see the sun arise,

No ugly dream shall fright my mind,

no ugly sight my eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till ^Twaken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing
in the lilacs round the lawn.

A Good Boy

Robert Louis Stevenson Vegard Øyen



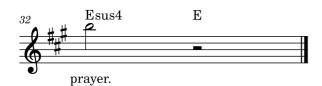












My Shadow

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON)

And what can be the use of him is more than E can see.

The is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;

And E see him jump before me,

when E jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow

Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,

And he sometimes goes so little

that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close behind me, he's a coward you can see;

I'd think shame to stick to nursie

as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,

Trose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;

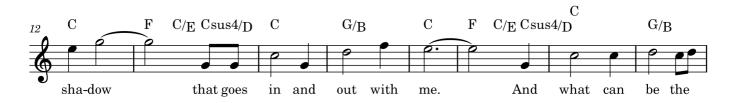
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,

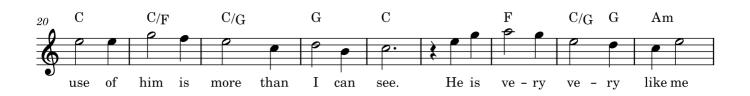
Had stayed at home behind me

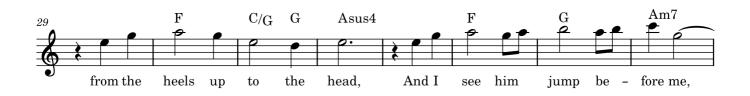
and was fast asleep in bed.

My Shadow











The Moon

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON)

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;

She shines on thieves on the garde n wall,

On streets and fields and harbour quays,

And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,

The howling dog by the door of the house,

The bat that lies in bed at noon,

All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

The Moon

Vegard Øyen Robert Louis Stevenson $F \sharp m$ C # mD Bm7A/C# like the The She moon has a face clock in the hall; shi-nes on $C \sharp$ F # mG#7 F#m C#m \mathbf{D} the gar - den wall. on and fields and thieves on streets Bm7 $F \sharp m$ F # mD F#m/C# C# A/C# The quays, And bir-dies a - sleep in the forks of the trees. squal - ling A/C# BmBm/G# F#m and the sque - aking the how - ling by the door of the cat mouse, dog D A/C# A G#7sus4 G#7 G#/C that All house, the bat lies in bed at noon, love to be out by the $C \sharp$ F # mC # mD C#7/E# A/C# But light of the all of the things that be - long to the day, moon С# Bm7F#m7 G#7 F#m C#m cud-dle sleep to be out of her way. And flo - wers and chil - dren D F # mF#m/C# C# C#7F#m A/C# B_m7 clo - se their Till up in the mor-ning the shall a - rise. eyes. sun

The Moon is Wise

(VEGARD ØYEN)

The moon is bright, and she looks through my window

I'm in her sight so I ask her if she knows how

to fall asleep and dream the sweetest dream

That I dreamt one night.

How I'm trying to find the dream

that was so warm and filled with light.

The moon looks down, and I think she is smiling

She knows for sure that I'm here and I'm trying

to fall asleep and dream the sweetest dream

That I dreamt one night.

How I'm trying to find the dream

that was so warm and filled with light.

The Moon is wise. So I hope she can tell me the secret words, some advice that can guide me so I find the way to dream the sweetest dream

That I dreamt one night.

Now Im hoping to find the dream that was so warm and filled with light.

Go to sleep

It is time to let go now.

And Vivill send you all my light

It keeps you safe until tomorrow

And the morning the sun will dry up the clouds

when the night becomes day.

Time to sleep now time to find your dream

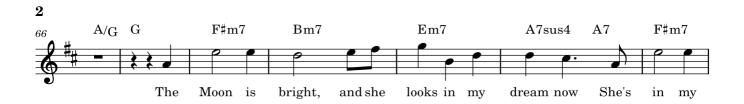
Vivill show you the way.

The moon is bright, and she shines in my dream now
She's in my sight, I am smiling and she knows
that I'm sound asleep. From my bed I make a leap.
To my friend, the moon.
And toghether we find the dream
that is so warm and filled with light.

The Moon is Wise

Written by Vegard Øyen













Afternoon on a hill

(EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY)

Twill be the gladdest thing Under the sun!

Twill touch a hundred flowers

And not pick one.

Twill look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,

Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,

Twill mark which must be mine,

And then start down!

Afternoon on a Hill



Trees

(JOYCE KILMER)

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Trees



Minnie and Winnie

(ALFRED LORD TENNYSON)

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.
Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies! Wake not soon!
Echo on echo Dies to the moon.
Two bright stars Peep'd into the shell.
'What are they dreaming of? Who can tell?

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

Minnie and Winnie



Of Summer Lullaby

(EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD)

The sun has gone from the shining skies,
Bye, Baby, Bye!
The dandelions have closed their eyes,
Bye, Baby, Bye!

And the stars are lighting their lamps to see

If the babies, and squirr'ls, and birds, all three

Are sound a-sleep, as they ought to be,

Bye, Baby, Bye!

Bye, Baby, Bye!

The squirrel is dressed in a coat of gray,

Bye, Baby, Bye!

Fle wears it by night as well as by day,

Bye, Baby, Bye!

The robin sleeps in his feathers and down,

With the warm red breast and the wings of brown,
But the baby,
but the baby wears a little white gown

Bye, Baby, Bye!

The squirrel's nest is a hole in the tree, Bye, Baby, Bye!

And there he sleeps as sug as can be,

Bye, Baby Bye!

The nobin's nest is high overhead,

Where the leafy boughs of the maple spread,

But the baby's nest,

but the baby's nest \Im_s a little whitebed,

Bye, Baby, Bye!

Bye, Baby, Bye!

A summer Lullaby

Eudora S. Bumstead Vegard Øyen Intro - verse 1 - pre chorus 1 - refrain - verse 2 - pre chorus 2 - refrain - vers 3 - pre chorus 3 - refrain- outro. E♭6 Cm7Gm Dm/F Bb/DF7sus4 Intro: Verse: F7Вδ F/A $B\flat$ \mathbf{E}_{b} F ВЬ Gm The gone from the sun has shi - ning skies, Bye, Ba - by Bye! Am7b5 D7/F#Gm Gm/E E♭maj7 Dsus4 \mathbf{D} Gm dan - de - li - ons have The Ba closed their eyes, Bye Bye! Pre chorus 1: \mathbf{E}_{b} Вβ \mathbf{F} Gmand the if the ba - bies and stars are ligh - ting their lamps see, $\mathbf{E}\flat$ Вβ F $\mathrm{E}\flat$ Gm Gm7 F Bb/D Eb30 bi-rds all squirr'ls and three as they a-re sound a sleep, ou - ght to be, Refrain: F/A \mathbf{E}_{b} $\mathrm{E}\flat$ Bb/D BbCm $B\flat B\flat/D$ Dm7 Bye Bye Bye Ba - by Bye B - y - eBa-by ba - by Pre chorus 2, 3: Bb $\mathrm{E}\flat$ F/E_{b} E_{\flat} $F/E^{\,}_{\flat}$ $\mathrm{E}\flat$ ჟ. Bye! The The in his fea-thears and ro - bin sleeps F \mathbf{E}_{b} Вβ \mathbf{F} GmGm

breast

and the

win-gs of

but the

brown,

Ba

whit the

down,

wa-rm red



