

## Henrik's CD 1998

This CD is a result from having too much time on my hands, too many ideas (or delusions), too much money, and a dubious taste. I wrote and composed all the songs, and sing and play almost everything – with the assistance of my Band-in-a-Box software application. (I've read that the latest version of Band-in-a-Box can compose songs and generate solos on its own, so it no longer needs my assistance.) I'm even responsible for the cover "design and artwork". The songs are not necessarily my best ones – there are a few hundred to choose from – but it's a CD, and that's what mattered. Compromises have to be made. Hidden agendas and all that. In my humble opinion, many of the lyrics are excellent, many of the melodies are good, but the singing and playing...well...

Below you'll find a few words about the songs – since most of them are in Norwegian – and rough translations of the ones worthy of a rough translation.

### Pilgrim

Based on my brief pilgrimage along the road to Santiago de Compostela, this song is a proud (tongue-in-cheek) statement about life being a pilgrimage between heart and soul - appreciating relics even when you suspect them to be frauds, etc.

The "small yellow arrows" (små gule piler) by Virgin Mary (or so the saying goes) on trees and stumps and stones where the path splits in the forest or mountains. It was amazing to observe how discreet - and helpful - they were. The song claims that you can look for small yellow arrows to lead you the way in life, too, hence the album title. Not quite accidentally, the arrows on the cover point in lots of directions - but you'd already noticed that, evidently.

### Vers 1

Jeg har gått  
langs de gamle pilegrimsleder  
til de helligste av steder,  
gjennom daler, over fjell.  
Mange mil  
har jeg vandret rundt i verden,  
men den lengste pilegrimsferden  
har jeg vandret i meg selv.

I have walked  
the old pilgrim paths  
to the holiest of places  
through valleys and across mountains.  
Many miles  
have I walked around the world,  
but the longest pilgrimage  
has been walked inside me.

**Små gule piler som viser meg vei,  
Santa Maria har malt dem for meg.  
Hvis du ser etter, ser du også dem,  
små gule piler som fører deg frem.**

**Small yellow arrows that show me the way,  
Virgin Mary has painted them for me.  
If you look closely, you'll also see  
small yellow arrows that show you where to go.**

Jeg har gått,  
og i baren har jeg ventet  
på en munk som kom og hentet  
oss til aftenbønn og sang.  
Tolerant,  
for i klosteret vi bodde  
spurte ingen hva vi trodde,  
men vi trodde mang en gang.

I have walked,  
and have waited in the bar  
for a monk to come and take us  
to the evening prayer and evensong.  
Tolerant,  
because in the monastery where we slept,  
no one asked if we believed,  
but we believed lots of times.

...  
Jeg har gått  
Jeg har gått no'n strafferunder,  
noen hinder krøp jeg under  
noen regler har jeg brutt  
resolutt  
har jeg gått fra det som tynger  
gått på knærne for å synge  
sangen her ved reisens slutt.

I have walked,  
I've walked some penalty laps [a biathlon term],  
I've crawled under some obstacles,  
I've broken a few rules  
resolutely  
I've walked away from the weight,  
walked on my knees to sing  
this song at the end of the journey.

Jeg kom frem til den hellige byen, og jeg lyttet til sølvpengers klang, Jeg så gullkalver stå på menyen, så jeg svelget kameler og sang:
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I arrived in the holy city  
and listened to the ring of silver coins,  
I saw golden calves on the menu,  
so I 'swallowed camels' and sang

### Barnetro i Jerusalem (Child's faith in Jerusalem)

In 1994, I worked for two weeks in Israel. A Swedish co-worker (and ex-colleague from Digital) said she'd brought her Bible as a travel guide. I had spent a year in the Middle East as a child myself, and coming back was a strong experience. I wrote this song - about a woman visiting the Holy Land to try out the faith of her childhood - trying to imagine what the visit might be like for my Swedish friend, adding my personal reflections.

Once again, lots of untranslatable puns in Norwegian, and a slightly critical view of what the Holy Land has become. But the girl returns to her country - with *Nothing to Declare* - with her faith intact.

Barnetroen hun holder på,  
den er en enkel gave.  
Kanskje flyter hun ovenpå,  
slik som hun gjør i Dødehavet.

The child's faith she keeps  
is a simple gift.  
Maybe she 's simply as superficial [*floats on top*]  
as a swimmer in the Dead Sea.

Men hun føler at enkelhet  
kan også ha en dybde:  
Det kan bli komplisert nok  
med et kors og med en krybbe.

Still, she feels that simplicity  
can also be deep in its own way.  
A cross and a cradle can be complex  
enough.

### Portugisisk melankoli (*Portuguese melancholy*)

På 1400-tallet, da var Portugal gigantisk,  
De eide halve verden, ja, med gull og diamanter  
inntil ballongen sprakk, og kongen satt der blakk.  
Nå er de minstemann i EEC, og drømmer om at underet skal skje

*In the 15th Century, Portugal was gigantic,  
they owned half the world, with all its gold and diamonds,  
Until the bubble busted and the king sat there broke,  
Now they're smallest in the EC, waiting for a miracle to happen.*

Så nå lengter de etter en ny storhetstid,  
med sin portugisiske melankoli  
*They're longing for new greatness, in their Portuguese melancholy.*

Jeg hadde det en gang på samme måten med en pike,  
Da hadde jeg prinsessen og det halve kongeriket,  
Men mye vil ha mer, det er bare sånt som skjer,  
Og liksom Portugal en gang ble blakk,  
gikk hjertet mitt konkurs da piken stakk.  
Hun sa takk for meg og stakk

*I once experienced a similar fate with a girl,  
I had the princess and half the kingdom,  
But you always want more, that's the way it goes*

*And my heart went bankrupt, just like Portugal,  
when she ran away*

Så nå lengter vi etter en ny storhetstid  
med min portugisiske melankoli  
*So now we long for new greatness,  
with a Portuguese melancholy*

Som land er Portugal i dag den rene bagatellen,  
for hjertet mitt så kan du sikkert selv se parallellen,  
Vi trives i det små, men håper stille på  
at allting skal gå bra i alle fall  
for hjertet mitt og lille Portugal

*Today, Portugal is but a shadow of its proud past,  
and the same goes for my heart, as you probably see,  
We're content in our modest way,  
but still hope that things will turn out fine in the end,  
for myself and for little Portugal*

Ja, nå håper vi på en ny storhetstid  
med vår portugisiske melankoli  
*We're longing for new greatness, in our Portuguese melancholy.*

### Hadrian's Waltz

In early May in 1998, I walked Hadrian's Wall in Northern England. The blend of history, culture, nature and my home-away-from-home at the Ashcroft Guest House in Haltwhistle was very pleasant and inspiring. Especially outside the tourist season. Pradoxically, I'd found all motivation, inspiration and information for the walk on the Internet.

The original song was about as long as the remains of the wall, so I've only included a few musical stones. Here are the opening verses, setting the scene:

Well, Bob Dylan sang Times are a-changin',  
now the borders and walls are torn down,  
but there's still one that lasts,  
there's a wall from the past,  
you can walk there from Haltwhistle town.

Well, the wall may be taller in China,  
there's a wall in Jerusalem, too;  
But I think you'll find Hadrian's finer,  
If you want, I will walk it with you.

#### Refr.

Hey, Hey, Hadrian,  
What a wonderful wall you have built!  
Hey, Hey, Hadrian,  
To keep out the barbarians and kilts

And the places have wonderful names there,

Like Haltwhistle, and Once or Twice Brewed,  
And they've even had their claim to fame there:  
Here's where Hollywood filmed Robin Hood.

There is plenty to see in this region,  
From the wall you'll almost see it all,  
Roman legions would roam  
here 'til Rome called them home,  
now Norwegians are walking the wall.

#### Refr.

You can drive through Haltwhistle in seconds,  
But you're welcome to stay for a while,  
And in case it should rain,  
there's an hourly train  
to Newcastle or even Carlisle.

If you find this a little too charming,  
And you're one for the rough and extreme,

Stand in St James' Park with Toon Army,  
and cheer for the visiting team.  
[i.e. in the Newcastle football ground with the 80,000 local  
supporters]

**Refr.**

Yes, the Romans brought civilization  
to their empire's northern frontier,  
and it's still quite a civilized nation,  
and they still brew some civilized beer.

And the English schools still teach you Latin,  
it may seem a bit useless to learn,  
I suppose it's just their  
wish to be well-prepared  
in case Hadrian's men should return.

**Refr.**

You can go for a picnic, it's pleasant  
where the pastures are juicy and green,  
and the lambs and the rabbits and pheasants  
will remind you of better *cuisine*,

But you'll hardly be hungry since breakfast  
at the Ashcroft with Geoff and Christine,  
but you may feel inclined to enjoy a good pint  
for a while at the Milecastle Inn.

**Refr.**

Now you may prefer *Waltzing Matilda*,  
or a waltz by the old Viennese;  
But I sing for the Roman wall builder  
I sing Hadrian's Waltz, if you please.

Walk the wall,  
and your problems seem distant,  
maybe things will work out after all -  
'less your problems are just as resistant  
as the wonderful Hadrian's Wall.

Hey, Hey, Hadrian,  
There's just one thing that I want to say:  
Hey, Hey, Hadrian,  
Where there's a wall, there's a way.

## Viking

A tongue-in-cheek song about the Vikings - including, at the very end, a disrespectful rendering of Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg's wonderful and pompous work about the Viking king *Sigurd Jorsalfar*. The song starts by saying how tough it is to live in Norway; so let's sit down around the fireplace and prepare for the spring Viking raid.

Refrain:

We will go on Viking raids, and show them who we are,  
Sail down to Miklagard (Istanbul) and fight for the emperor there,  
Take a trip to Lindisfarne and murder the monks there,  
Settle in a land with better weather.

Yes,

Vikings discovered America and settled there, too.  
Vikings went to England and improved the English language.  
OK, so we may have been a bit violent as Vikings, but nevertheless  
the world still knows the word *Viking*, *Viking raids*.

So bring the food and pour the mead; farewell to wife, children and mother.  
We fear nothing, not even Death; We trust Thor completely.  
And if I discover an inviting land, and if I avoid any mortal wounds,  
This raid will be the last one: we'll emigrate next year!

I once worked as an archaeologist. In 1983, with my M.A. just completed, I had the choice between a 4 month job as an IBM translator and a 5 month job as an archaeologist managing with my own excavation.  
This is where I may have gone wrong (paraphrasing the Partridge Family) - so this is where computing rears its ugly head.

## Trykke på en knapp (Simply press a button)

Norwegian authorities want kids to learn to use computers as early as possible. Because that's what their advisors (IBM etc) tell them. This song ridicules this approach, telling a story about a boy who, for his baptism, receives a Pentium PC from his parents - since he could "simply press a button, and the rest will work out automatically".

He fails at school.. he can't read or write, he doesn't have any friends, but he still knows how to please a woman, because a movie on his PC showed him that he can "simply press a button, and the rest will work out automatically".

He eventually got a job as a door-to-door salesman, because he can "simply press a button, and the rest will work out automatically".

Still he fails, but he gets a job as an elevator operator, where he can "simply press a button, and the rest will work out automatically".

In the elevator/lift, he met a man from the Department of Defense, who said "Your qualifications are interesting!", and offered him a job, and the boy accepted a job in Mururoa for president Chirac, where he can "simply press a button, and the rest will work out automatically".

## Eva vil tilbake til Eden (Eve wants to return to Eden)

A song about a woman wanting to quit the computer business. Inspired by my Digital colleague Eva (Eve), who - on the deck of a summer cruise boat heading for Oslo on a light summer's night - told me about her plans. Or her intentions. She's still stuck. Evidently, the song contains a number of Norwegian puns and culturally-based points (or so I assume) - sorry, that should be *culturally*, but you knew that already (I didn't) - but it's a great song. The machine-like C&W, bad taste band is not accidental. The ending:

But Eve wanted to quit the rat race.  
and in Eden, she could *gently settle down* (a pun on the Norwegian *Silent Night* translation).  
But there sits Adam with his PC.  
Yes, evidently: an *Apple*, which she'd given him some recent Christmas.

## Ape Dance

One of my (and audience) favourites. But this is a new recording. For better or worse. The refrain was composed and created impulsively at an IBM Translation Department seminar/party at some remote farm party (where my colleagues danced to my acoustic 12-string guitar) in the mid-1980s. The rest of the lyrics were too obvious. I simply had to "simply press a button, and the rest would work out automatically".

En venn av meg har giftet seg med dataindustri'n -  
*A friend of mine has married the computer business*  
Hans beste venn i verden er en Digital-maskin.  
*His best friend in the world is a Digital computer*  
Og der har han lagt sjelen sin, og fått den kompilert;  
*And that's where he's put his soul and compiled it;*  
Han går i slips og dress og virker veldig avansert:  
*He dresses in a suit and tie and seems very advanced;*  
Hans lesestoff består av manualer, Han er den nye tids neandertaler.  
*All he reads is manuals, He is the Neanderthal Man of our age.*

Og vi som ikke skjønner stort av slik teknologi,  
*And we, who don't understand much about such technology,*  
Har lett for å få inntrykk av at han er et geni.  
*easily get the impression that he's a genius.*  
men hvis du kunne se ham når han kommer for seg selv,  
*But if you could see him when he's on his own,*  
Så så du at han er en annen type likevel.  
*You'd discover he's a completely different type.*  
For han har andre vaner enn du aner:  
*He has habits you'd never guess:*  
Hans kjøleskap er proppfullt av bananer! Og han synger for seg selv  
*His fridge is full of bananas, And he sings to himself:*

*Do the Ape Dance, bu-bu-bi-du...*

En annen venn er lege innen indremedisin,  
*Another friend of mine is a medical doctor,*

Du kan 'kke prate med ham hvis du ikke kan latin.  
*You can't talk to him unless you speak Latin.*  
De fine, hvite klærne gjør ham viktig og formell.  
*The fine, white clothes make him look important and formal.*  
men han lengter opp i trærne når han kommer for seg selv.  
*But he longs for the trees when he's by himself.*  
Vi blendes av den rene hvite frakken,  
*We're blinded by his shining white coat,*  
Men hvis du bare skraper litt i lakken, så hører du ham si:  
*But if you only scratch a little, you'll hear him say:*

*Do the Ape Dance, bu-bu-bi-du..*

Selv blant de mer berømte fins en ape eller to,  
*You find an ape or two among the famous, too,*  
Du har vel hørt Sinatra syngte: Du-bi-du-bi-du...  
*I'm sure you've heard Sinatra sing: Du-bi-du-bi-du...*  
Og apen kommer lettest frem ved bruk av alkohol,  
*And the ape often shows under the influence of alcohol,*  
Da ser du hvem som heller går på fire enn på to.  
*Then you see who walks on four legs and who walks on two.*  
Så hold deg unna folk som ikke drikker!  
*De gjør det bare for å være sikker på at de ikke skal:*  
*So stay away from people who don't drink!*  
*They only refrain from drinking because if they didn't, they'd:*  
*Do the Ape Dance, bu-bu-bi-du...*

## Digital Beauties With Brains

This song was originally written for a Nordic Digital Equipment Corporation Sales Meeting in Sweden. Part of a 2 day conference, everything (i.e. all manager presentations) turned sour except my entertainment contributions. This one was interrupted by spontaneous applause from the 400 sales/marketing audience. But it applies to all digital beauties.

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I'll never be a manager; that's not where you meet the girls;  
I'll let the management teams  
dream their management dreams  
in their masculine management world.  
'Cause it's easy to see such careers require  
a boring great suit and tie;  
but I  
like

**Digital beauties with brains,  
they are the ones who keep companies sane.  
Digital beauties with brains,  
Yes, the Swedes, the Norwegians, and Canadiennes;  
they're the reason I remain  
with the digital beauties with brains.**

Oh, if I were a customer,  
I'd have bought anything that they sell.  
Yes, these digital girls  
could have sold me the world -

and some 386's as well.  
If they gave me the eye,  
I'd comply and I'd buy  
whatever they'd try to sell,  
but who can tell  
why

**Digital beauties with brains  
are disqualified for the management ride;  
Digital beauties with brains;  
You know, they have so much more than Intel inside:  
In fact they only fail  
to be an electronic male.**

I'll never be a manager.  
That's not my idea of success.  
And although no one's to blame  
I still think it's a shame  
that such fame's for the males - more or less.

I'm no longer surprised  
when we reorganize  
and the management guys remain  
the same  
with no

Digital beauties with brains;  
Oh, how I wanna  
cool off in a sauna  
after digital beauties with brains.  
I was dumped, I was sacked,  
but I always came back,  
and I always will remain  
with the digital beauties with brains.

## Software Innovation

The company I worked for. I made this song for fun (the third verse in Norwegian, as you **may** notice), but the Marketing department (where I am/was employed) didn't find it commercial).

### Software Innovation

If you're working in a maze  
deadlines suffer from a case  
of workflow constipation  
Documents received and sent  
noone knows just where they went  
call Software Innovation.  
Software Innovation  
we can help your business  
grow,  
ProArc handles documents  
and helps procedures flow.

When you're running off the rails  
losing business, losing sales  
and customer relation  
who can help you out of there,  
help increase your market share  
Software Innovation

Software Innovation  
Innovation is our creed.  
Tell us what you want, and we  
will give you what you need.

When you find you're fit for fight  
to be working day and night,  
just join Software Innovation.  
Oh look at all the lovely people  
where do they all belong  
in Software Innovation  
Software Innovation  
is the place you want to be  
You can check out any time  
you like,  
but you can never leave.

## Alphabet Soup

Once again, I made a company-related song for fun. (please call a psychiatrist!). I should know a few acronyms and abbreviations after 18 years in the computing business, but still: SOS ASAP!

### Alphabet soup

*Give me a C! C!*  
*Give me an R! R!*  
*Give me an M! M!*  
*What does that spell?*

*Customer Rejection Message?*  
*Charles Rocke-Medley?*  
*Computer Rack Meltdown?*  
*Customer Relationship Management?*

CRM, DMS, oh, this acronymic mess,  
from analysts like Aberdeen Group!  
ERP, R&D,  
SOS ASAP! (You've got to)  
Save me from this alphabet soup!

Acronyms protect you, you can wear them like a mask,  
No one in the audience has guts enough to ask;  
Even if they do, they'll be no wiser after all.  
Life's too short for words, or maybe brains are just too small.

Bruker du forkortelser, så sparer du jo tid,  
Og du slipper unna ord du neppe klarer si  
Og du er'kke riktig sikker på hva de betyr,  
Joda, *Keiserens nye klær* er tidens eventyr.

Hvis du bruker engelsk, er du sikker på suksess,  
Barnehagens tøffeste sang *Skjålvvsju je je je*,  
Hvis folk ikke skjønner, er det desto bedre, dét:  
For da kan de ikke se - hva du bløffer med.

Software Innovation can be shortened to S.I.,  
Business Automation Systems is what we supply, (we've got)  
CRM and DMS produced by R & D,  
Find out what it means, and it can help your company.

## Narkohunden Krakks tragiske bekjennelser/ The narcotics sniffing dog Craque's tragic confessions

About a sniffing dog who took his liberties.  
He ends up doing H (and injections may seem problematic for a dog), but "I know a veterinary".

## Krøst fyller fem (Krøst celebrate their 5th anniversary)

My only work for (my) church choir and a tuba. Based on a live video recording, hence the sound.

## Gribber (Vultures)

My best song ever. From 1977. About a rape and murder case in the town of Trondheim. You could read the tabloids from a 50 meters distance, covering what might have happened.

The second verse features original picture captions.

*So I ask, mr. Editor - if you dare include my question -  
what would you have written if this had happened to **your** daughter?"*

The newspaper editor later said that "this kind of criticism is the most poisonous".

A Swedish singer/songwriter translated it. His CD won the Swedish Grammy the next year.

But the song will - unfortunately - still remain relevant.

### **Fremtid 1983 (Future 1983)**

This is a primitive recording from Norwegian Public Radio in 1983. I'd been invited to contribute two songs to a popular, regular radio youth program. This one was about what kind of jobs to educate yourself for. Eerily predictable, the song claims that in the 1990's, jobs with the State, State Railways, Norwegian Defense, and Oil drilling may have become extinct. And it all turned out to be true....

### **Godnatt til Lin (Goodnight to Lin)**

Two grades below me in high school, Lin somehow inspired a number of songs. This is "Good morning, Lin" and "Good night, Lin". Originally from the early 70's. (It could be noted that Lin turned out to be the daughter of one of the leading Norwegian architects, living in his legendary glass house - where I went to visit her. But where do you knock - on glass?)

### **Godnatt til Helén (Lullaby for Helén)**

Another lullaby. This time for a extremely charming nurse who turned out not to be a nurse, but a physicist completing her work and education. I could have said a lot - but for once, you're lucky. But it should be noted: I wrote, composed, arranged and recorded this song in my basement in the course of one winter evening!

The song starts like this:

*If you should ever have the time to sleep...  
And hopefully in a bed.  
Please allow me to contribute  
a lullaby refrain.*

### **God natt til Isa (Goodnight to Isa/Lullaby for Isa)**

The final lullaby - in 1979. Isa worked on my archaeological dig. In the course of the day (containing a lot of other fun things), Isa (short for *Elisabeth*) told me about guy she couldn't have. I wrote this song after dinner, and sang it to her, on her bedside, the same evening.

It's about Isa wanting a guy who's already busy with someone.  
Comforting her with the (probable) fact that he's already with someone.  
But tonight, I wanted to light this flame:  
Maybe he's thinking of **you** while quarreling with her,  
then Isa had better look out!

*Isa, Isa, my friend; here's the song; keep it under your blanket, and produce dreams from it.  
This song is also about / those who have love to give - / but no one who wants it.*

And that's about all. Once upon a time, a group called the *Beatles* recorded a song called "*I should have known better*". Well, I guess I should. Even the sound engineer at the CD production company (disrespectfully) called to tell me so.

But here it is. My CD - this year (I had some money to spare). I hope you find at least something to enjoy...