

# Februar

Tekst & Musik: Lyt Kristensen & Peder Rasmussen

First system of musical notation for 'Februar'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The first measure of the bass line contains a '7' indicating a seventh fret. The system is divided into two measures by a bar line. Chord symbols are placed below the treble staff.

Chord symbols: *F Am Bb F/c Dm Bb C F D7*

Second system of musical notation for 'Februar'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The system is divided into two measures by a bar line. Chord symbols are placed below the treble staff.

Chord symbols: *Gm F C F/a C F C*

Third system of musical notation for 'Februar'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The system is divided into two measures by a bar line. Chord symbols are placed below the treble staff.

Chord symbols: *F Am Bb F/c Dm Bb C F D7*

Fourth system of musical notation for 'Februar'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The system is divided into two measures by a bar line. Chord symbols are placed below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Chord symbols: *Gm F C F/c C F C7 F*

## Februar

Nu knuger frosten gamle moder jord,  
og sneen favner huset som en dyne,  
på plænen står de stive fuglespor,  
det er, som var der intet håb i syne.

Det lyder næsten som kartoffelmel,  
når man går tur på stiens hvide stribe,  
og fjorden er en flade uden sjæl,  
og ødemark, forladt af alle skibe.

En frostblå nattehimmel, kold og klar,  
er tæt besat af gyldne stjernekloder,  
og længs'len føles stærk i februar  
mod sol og alle sommertidens goder.

Naturen ordner alt på sin mane'r,  
den bundne fjord må lystre stormens pibe,  
og pludselig det store under sker,  
man hører skriget fra den første vibe.

Det knager hult i gamle moder jord,  
hvor isen ruster sig til kamp mod stormen.  
En duft af salt når mine næsebor,  
et sikkert tegn på "Vår i støbeformen".