

Bergen Aug 28th 1894

Dear God of the North

After due consideration and search in my portmanteau I, decide, and venture to send you a real American song from the very hearts of the people and written by a man who knows nothing about composition but who understands his country and in everything he does is entirely national.

After speaking with you it seemed that you would be interested and I can assure you that there is far better material going to waste where that song came from, than can be evinced. A word of encouragement from you would be of vast consideration to Saadi's Countrymen and tho' I do my best by him my best is of little value.

I should be very happy, on my return from Mandanzer to know what you think of this purely American effort.

The words are from W. Whitmans Sea Drift, the fifth poem.

Oh! how much you are to us all! Norway is my beloved Country as is America and I daily feel the strong heart throb of her sacred inspiration.

I am so blessed in being able to see you often for the bonds of the flesh are light and I gaze in your eyes even when you see me not and I see in your face the mirrored conception of a new utterance of our divine Northland.

Do you not see what is to be in the future? Yes I find it
- sic.

You know more than you will
tell. Remember

Philip Salinas
Fernel!

Pardon my wretched copying
of Saadi's song.

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Olof Lie

Privatbank

Bergen

Keep the song in remembrance
of me -