

ROGER DAVIDSON

Hilsen Til Danmark

The New York Virtuoso Singers
Harold Rosenbaum

ABOUT THE PROJECT

HILSEN TIL DANMARK - *Greetings to Denmark* - was an extraordinary project. Having known TOWARD THE LIGHT (“Vandrer mod Lyset” in Danish) for many years, I was already very familiar with the origin of the fifteen poems in this collection - which was presented to the Danish people in 1915 as a means of showing that the intelligence - and personality - of the spirit survives the death of the physical body. All fifteen poets in this collection were well-known and well-respected poets in their era in Denmark; the fact that these poems were produced after these poets had left the Earth is a testimony to the qualities of their spirits and the literary talent with which they left their stamp upon Danish culture.

Recognizing the value of these poems, and their wonderful rhythms, I began setting them to music in 1988. I completed all fifteen songs in 1996, partially with the aid of a Danish translator in the New York area. My goal was to be a musical vessel, finding the melodies I felt would support both the meaning and the rhythms of each poem. Although I am not Danish, I was eager to accomplish this simply because it had to be done - and because no other such collection exists anywhere else in the world. Set for mixed chorus, with some songs accompanied by piano or organ, these pieces range in style from simple folk songs to full choral anthems.

This project is dedicated to the wonderful people of Denmark, whose land and culture has given birth to one of the great literary wonders of the world.

- Roger Davidson

HILSEN TIL DANMARK- Greetings to Denmark- var et usædvanligt projekt. Idet jeg i mange år havde haft kendskab til ”VANDRER MOD LYSET” (Toward the Light) var jeg allerede godt bekendt med oprindelsen af de femten digte i denne samling, som i 1915 blev overleveret det danske folk som et middel til at vise, at åndens intelligens og personlighed overlever det fysiske legemes død. Alle femten digtere i denne samling var velkendte og respekterede digtere i deres tid i Danmark. Det faktum at digtene var blevet til efter disse digtere havde forladt jorden, vidner om karakteren af deres ånd og det litterære talent hvormed de satte deres præg på dansk kultur.

Idet jeg erkendte værdien af disse digte og deres vidunderlige rytme, begyndte jeg i 1988 at sætte dem til musik. Jeg fuldendte alle femten sange i 1996, delvis ved hjælp fra en dansk translator i New York området. Mit mål var at være musikalsk formidler til at finde de melodier, jeg mente ville understøtte både meningen og rytmen i hvert enkelt digt. Skønt jeg ikke er dansk, var jeg ivrig efter at fuldføre dette projekt, simpelthen fordi det skulle gøres – og fordi en sådan samling ikke eksisterer andetsteds. Sat for blandet kor, med nogle af sangene akkompagneret af piano eller orgel, spænder disse stykker over enkle folkeviser til hele koral hymner.

Dette projekt er dedikeret til det vidunderlige danske folk, hvis land og kultur har frembragt et af verdens store litterære undere.

- Roger Davidson

About the Artists

Roger Davidson, a pianist and composer, as well as the founder and president of both The Society for Universal Sacred Music and Soundbrush Records, communicates through music in myriad ways, but with a common vision and goal—to build bridges among people, cultures, and faiths.

Born in Paris in 1952 to a French mother and an American father, Davidson moved to New York when he was a year old, where he started playing piano on his own at age 4, and taking violin lessons at age 8. A self-taught musician, Davidson's independence and knack for improvising serve him well as a jazz pianist. Formal training in graduate school with David Del Tredici, Theodore Antoniou and others at Boston University, however, gave him a strong background as a skilled composer - which he has expanded into virtually all areas of music.

After graduating from BU in 1980 with a master's degree in composition, Davidson was urged by mentor and early baroque music scholar Sidney Beck to stretch himself beyond his instrumental discipline—Davidson had already led a community orchestra he started in Boston at the time—and enroll in Westminster Choir College in Princeton.

At Westminster, Davidson's love and appreciation for choral music blossomed, and conducting led way to composing for choir - an expression of his personal mission “of creating a repertoire of music to express the unity of God and especially His unconditional love for all humanity,” that would later lead to his coining of the term “universal sacred music” - and the founding of The Society for Universal Sacred Music in 2000.

Despite this new focus, Davidson's love of jazz was not lost, and after a summer in Germany studying voice and teaching improvisation at the Lichtenberger Institut (near Darmstadt), it was unexpectedly renewed. The late Helen Keane, jazz producer was a friend of Davidson's mother when he was a child, and had exposed Davidson to recording sessions with Woody Herman, folk singer Jo Mapes and others. After years apart, Keane attended a concert by Davidson, and after the show, encouraged him to get into jazz performance. Though he had previously attended Stanford Jazz Workshops at Stanford University under the leadership of Stan Getz and Dizzy Gillespie, it was Keane's urging and introduction to bassist David Finck and drummer Dave Ratajczak that led to his first studio recording and, later on, to active performing.

The “jazz trial run” in 1991, as Davidson saw it, was later released as *Ten to Twelve* on Soundbrush Records in 2006, the label Davidson founded in 2002. In his various capacities as the label's main artist, producer and A&R man, Davidson has developed an impressive roster of hand-picked musicians from around the world and a broad, diverse catalogue that already has won the label a Latin GRAMMY.

In recent years, Davidson became increasingly intrigued by tango, Brazilian music and, most recently, klezmer, all styles that have served as wonderful vehicles for the breadth and depth of his emotional expression.

His tango explorations as a composer were first documented on *Mango Tango* (1995), a recording “featuring different kinds of tango, not just Argentine.” Since, he has also recorded *Amor por el Tango* (2002) and *Pasión Por La Vida* (2008), a duet with Latin GRAMMY winning Raúl Jaurena, a master of the bandoneón, the button accordion that is the quintessential instrument in tango.

Davidson has also had a longstanding love affair with Brazilian music, and has recorded *Rodgers in Rio* (2002), a Brazilian-tinged take of Richard Rodgers’ standards, *Bom Dia* (2007), which included some of his own songs, and *Brazilian Love Song* (2009). His most recent release is *On the Road of Life*, a collaboration with klezmer master Frank London. Upcoming recordings include a new jazz trio CD, recorded in 2011, *Journey to Rio*, a 2-CD set recorded in Rio de Janeiro (in the same year) of nearly thirty of Davidson’s original Brazilian tunes, and *Hilsen Til Danmark* (“Greetings to Denmark”) - a set of fifteen songs and anthems for choir based upon poems by distinguished Danish poets of the past two centuries, sung by the New York Virtuoso Singers under the direction of Harold Rosenbaum.

Harold Rosenbaum is one of the most accomplished and critically acclaimed choral conductors of our time. He is the 2010 winner of ASCAP’s Victor Herbert Award, given in recognition of his contribution to the choral repertory, and his service to American composers and their music. He is also the winner of the 2008 American Composer Alliance’s Laurel Leaf Award, given for “distinguished achievement in fostering and encouraging American music.” He has been appointed by Parma Recordings as Lead Choral Conductor, and will be recording important choral works by living composers for that label.

As the Artistic Director of The Society for Universal Sacred Music, Rosenbaum works with The Society to create opportunities for universal sacred music to be performed and heard through concerts, workshops and festivals.

Rosenbaum established The New York Virtuoso Singers, an all-professional choir now in its 24th season. They are regularly invited to perform with leading orchestras, and at prestigious institutions such as The Tanglewood Music Festival and The Juilliard School. It has premiered over 350 works by composers such as Luciano Berio, John Harbison, Hans Werner Henze, Louis Andriessen, Shulamit Ran, George Perle, Ernst Krenek, Thea Musgrave, Jonathan Harvey, Arvo Pärt, Andrew Imbrie and many others.

Prior to the formation of The New York Virtuoso Singers, Rosenbaum had already established his all-volunteer choir, The Canticum Novum Singers, as one of New York’s premiere choirs presenting the music of all periods, with a special focus on early music. The Canticum Novum Singers has presented over 500 concerts in this country, and on four European tours. This choir has premiered over 60 compositions by composers such as Handel, J.C. Bach, Fauré, Bruckner, Harbison, Berio, Schnittke, Rorem, Schickele and George Benjamin.

A tireless proponent and advocate for contemporary composers and American composers in particular, he has created a choral composition competition, has commissioned over 50 works, has conducted over 450 world premieres, and has recorded contemporary choral music for SONY Classical, Albany, CRI, Soundbrush, Bridge, Koch International, Capstone, KASP and DRG. He is also a three-time recipient of the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventuresome Programming of Contemporary Music, and a recipient of Chorus

America's American Choral Works Performance Award. G. Schirmer Music Inc. has established its Harold Rosenbaum Choral Series, for which Rosenbaum composes, edits, and gives performance suggestions for conductors.

Throughout Europe Rosenbaum has conducted over 100 concerts, working with the Budapest Symphony Orchestra, L'Orchestre d'Europe, the New Prague Collegium, the Madeira Bach Festival Orchestra, the Dohnányi Orchestra Budafok of Budapest and choirs from the USA and France.

In this country Rosenbaum has collaborated over 100 times with leading orchestras such as The New York Philharmonic with James Conlon, The Brooklyn Philharmonic (over 55 times) with Robert Spano, Lukas Foss, Dennis Russell Davies, Michael Christie, and Grant Llewellyn, The American Symphony with Leon Botstein, The American Composers Orchestra with Steven Sloane, The Riverside Symphony with George Rothman, The Orchestra of St. Luke's with Sir Charles Mackerras and Robert Spano, plus The Juilliard Orchestra, Concerto Köln, The Bard Festival Orchestra, The Westchester Symphony, and many others. He has also collaborated with The Paul Taylor Dance Company, Continuum, P.D.Q. Bach in Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall, with The Mark Morris Dance Group, Bang on a Can, The Glyndebourne Opera Company, S.E.M. Ensemble, Da Capo Chamber Players, The New York Youth Symphony and The Bel Canto Opera Company.

Rosenbaum resides in upper Westchester County with his wife, Edie, a teacher and singer. They have two married daughters and three grandchildren. In June 2011, he received an honorary doctorate from Queens College, his alma mater.

The New York Virtuoso Singers

Soprano

Eileen Clark
Elaine Lachica
Katherine Wessinger
Bora Yoon

Tenor

Sean Fallen
Alex Guerrero
Mukund Marathe
Tim O'Connor

Alto

Kit Emory
Mary Marathe
Guadalupe Peraza
Abigail Wright

Bass

James Gregory
Steven Hrycelak
Thomas McCargar
John Rose

The New York Virtuoso Singers, founded in 1988 by conductor Harold Rosenbaum, has become this country's leading exponent of contemporary choral music. Although the chorus performs music of all periods, its emphasis is on commissioning, performing and recording the music of American composers.

From its early days in 1988, as an offshoot of a chorus-in-residence created expressly for the Brooklyn Philharmonic, until the present day, with self-produced concerts, recordings, commissions and tours, NYVS has carved a unique niche for itself in the musical world. NYVS is a twelve to sixteen-member professional choral ensemble (sometimes expanded to 24 or more) dedicated to presenting both seldom-heard works by past and contemporary masters, as well as premieres by today's composers. Harold Rosenbaum has placed a special emphasis on supporting American composers. NYVS has been featured many times on radio and TV. In August 1993, the group appeared as the first-ever guest chorus at Tanglewood Music Center's annual Festival of Contemporary Music (returning in 2003), and in 2010, NYVS made its third appearance at the Juilliard School.

NYVS has won the prestigious ASCAP-Chorus America "Award for Adventuresome Programming of Contemporary Music" three times, and has been given Chorus America's "American Choral Works Performance Award." It appears on over 20 commercial CDs: SONY Classical, Soundbrush, Albany, CRI, Bridge, Koch International, Capstone, KASP, and DRG. NYVS's performance of Andrew Imbrie's Requiem, with The Riverside Symphony under George Rothman, received a Grammy nomination in 2000 and was voted by Fanfare as Critic's Choice, Best of Year.

With grants from The Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust, The Koussevitzky Foundation of the Library of Congress and other sources, The New York Virtuoso Singers has commissioned 50 works by composers including Mark Adamo, Bruce Adolphe, William Bolcom, John Corigliano, Richard Danielpour, Roger Davidson, David Del Tredici, David Felder, John Harbison, Stephen Hartke, Jennifer Higdon, Aaron Jay Kernis, David Lang, Fred Lerdahl, Thea Musgrave, Shulamit Ran, Joseph Schwanter, Steven Stucky, Augusta Read Thomas, Joan Tower, George Tsontakis, Richard Wernick, Chen Yi, Yehudi Wyner and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich. The New York Virtuoso Singers has premiered over 350 works by composers such as Luciano Berio, John Harbison, Hans Werner Henze, Louis Andriessen, John Corigliano, Mark Adamo, Shulamit Ran, George Perle, Harrison Birtwistle, Ernst Krenek, Thea Musgrave, Jonathan Harvey, Arvo Paert and Andrew Imbrie.

The New York Virtuoso Singers performed the American Premiere of the choral version of David Lang's Little Match Girl Passion on the first ever New Sounds Live from WNYC's Greene Space. It was the inaugural webcast on Q2, the new home of new music in New York, and on the web at Q2.org. In the Fall of 2010, it performed a concert at the Juilliard School featuring the music of William Schuman, president of that prestigious conservatory from 1945 to 1962.

Credits

The New York Virtuoso Singers, Harold Rosenbaum, conductor
Roger Davidson, piano

Produced and Engineered by Adam Abeshouse.

Edited by Paul Cox and Adam Abeshouse.

Mixed and Mastered by Adam Abeshouse.

Recorded at Purchase Arts Center at SUNY Purchase, Purchase, New York

Translations by Agnete Tchen and Amy Jensen.

Executive Producer (Soundbrush Records): Roger Davidson

Photography Nan Melville

Design by Mariano Gil

Roger Davidson

Hilsen Til Danmark

Soundbrush Records SR1024

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Texts and Translations

HILSEN TIL DANMARK.

GREETINGS TO DENMARK

Til Danmark vi kommer med Sommer og Dag; med himmelske Blommer vi kranse
vort Flag.

We are coming to Denmark with summer and day; with heavenly flowers we encircle our flag.

Vor Sang eder bærer en Hilsen fra Gud; vor Sang eder lærer, Liv ej slukkes ud.

Our song carries a greeting from God; our song teaches you that life shall not die out.

Med taareblændt Øje vi alle os bøje for jer, der end leve paa Jord.

With tear filled eye, we all us bow for you who still live on earth.

I Danmark vi døde af Vandrigen træet, i Guld Morgenrøde vi fylke os tæt.

In Denmark we died, tired by the wandering; in the golden dawn, we muster together tightly.

For Dansken til Ære vi tone vort Flag, til eder vi bære et Glimt af vor Dag.

To honor the Dane, we show our colors we bring to you a glimpse of our day.

Thi Døden er vegen, og Solen er stegen af Havet med straalende Glans.

For death has yielded and sun has risen from the sea with brilliant radiance.

Vi alle blev sænket i Graven med Sorg, men nu er vi bænket i Himmels Borg.

We all were lowered into the grave with sorrow, but now we are seated in Heaven's castle.

Krist alle har draget af Mørke og Død, han ingen har vraged, har alle genfødt.

Christ has drawn everyone from darkness and death; he rejected none; all were reborn.

I Herligheds Sale med Gammen og Tale vi leve i Evigheds Ly.

In halls of splendor, we live with joy and with talk; we live in eternity's shelter.

I Skovenes Skygge ved Hav og ved Strand I Dannemænd bygge, o, vogt eders Land!

In the shade of the forests, at sea and at shore, you men of honor are building, oh, guard your land!

Thi her fra det Høje med Taarer vi se, I ej vil jer bøje, at slet I jer te; I alle vil herske, og
ingen vil tærsk det Korn, som paa Markerne staar!

Since here from above we see with tears that you won't yield, that you carry on badly;

You all want to rule but nobody will trash the grain in the field!

Til alle vil tale i fyndige Ord, jer Synd vi afmale i enstemmigt Kor.

We talk to all of you with emphatic words; we depict your sins in unison.

Af Nælder er mange i Danemarks Muld, og Hundene glamme saa højt efer Guld.

Many nettles grow in Denmark's soil, and dogs bay so loud after gold.

Den falske skal blegne, Bedrageren segne, før Danmark sig rejser af Støv.

The deceitful shall fade; the swindler sink before Denmark can rise from the dust.

Vort Land ejer Sjæle med fribaarne Ord; I ej maa jer fjæle for dybt under Jord.

Our land has souls with freeborn words; you must not hide yourself too deep under ground.

Ak, Danmark, vi bede, o, hæv dig paa ny!

Alas, Denmark, we pray, oh, rise anew!

Gud Herren vil lede sit Folk under Sky.

God the Lord will lead his folk under the sky.

Lad Ordene finkle og Slethed fordunkle og jage hver Stymper fra Bord.

Let the words sparkle and wickedness be obscured and chase every poor wretch from the table.

Snart Dag vil oprinde med Sol over Land, bort Skyerne svinde, der sortned vor Strand.

*Soon day will dawn with sun over land; the clouds *that blackened our shores *will disappear.*

I alle skal tage ved Arbejdet fat, thi ellers I smage den sorteste Nat.

You all must get down to work; if not, you will taste the darkest night.

Guds evige Naade jer følge og raade, at aldrig I vandre jer træet!

God's eternal grace shall follow and counsel you so that you never wander fatigued!

I Brødre skal være paa Hav og i By.

You shall be brothers at sea and in town.

Lad Freden jer bære til Fremskridt paa ny!

Let peace carry you to progress anew!

Lad Hjerterne banke i Kærlighedstakt, lad Hadet ej vanke med Ondskab i Pagt!

Let the hearts beat in time with Love; don't let hate be in alliance with spite!

Paa Danemarks Lykke I alle skal bygge med Glæde, med Tro og med Lyst.

With joy, faith and with delight, you all shall build on Denmark's blessings

Lad Saga optegne hver fuldkommen Daad!

Let saga record every completed deed.

Kun vaagne I hegne jert Land og jert Raad; det herligt skal klinge hvert folkeligt Ord,
naar Bud det vil bringe om Freden paa Jord.

*Only by being awake you can hedge your land and council; *every plain word *
shall ring splendidly when it brings the message of peace on earth.*

I Kalken skal tømme, strengt Herren vil dømme, om aldrig I stride mod Synd.

You shall empty the cup the Lord will judge you severely if you never will fight against sin.

Er Dagen oprunden med Solglans og Vaar, er Freden genvunden, fluks Arbejdet gaar.

*If day has dawned with sunlight and springtime, then peace has been regained, and
the work flies swiftly.*

Bed Herren da sænke sin Glæde paa Jord, vi ved, han vil skænke jer Kærligheds Flor!

*Then ask the Lord to spread his joy on earth; we know he will bestow blossoms of
Love on you!*

Ja, alle han kvæger af Livskildens Bæger fra Paradis' straalende Hjem.

Yes, he refreshes you all from the fountain of life's cup, from the radiant home of paradise.

Fra Himmels Sale vi sende jer Bud; vi digte og tale om Enigheds Skrud.

From heavenly halls we send you messages; we write and speak about unity's vesture.

Til Danmark vor Moder, til Hytte og Borg, til Søster og Broder, med Glæde og Sorg,
med Taarer i Øjet vi Blomster har føjet i Kranse om Evigheds Fryd.

*To Denmark our mother, to huts and to castle, to sister and brother, *we have formed*

*garlands of flowers, *with joy and with sorrow *with tears in eye, around Eternity's joy*

N.F.S. Grundtvig

1911

Digitets fire første Linier lød oprindelig som følger:

Til Danmark vi komme
med Sommer og Dag,
den himmelske Blomme
skønt pryder vort Flag...

men blev ved Fremkaldelsen omformet af den Aand, der havde navngivet sig som
Digteren Grundtvig, saa at de kom til at lyde som ovenfor gengivet, da Mediet ved
Nedskrivningen havde benyttet Entalsformen "vi kommer". Efter Digterens Ønske
blev det nedskrevne bibeholdt, skønt han i de øvrige Strofer benytter sig af de gamle
Flertalsformer.

Udg. Anm.

LIVETS MODER. MOTHER OF LIFE

I Ætærrummets Dybder farer en stor, en herlig Klodehær.

A huge and splendid army of planets is rushing through space.

Hvo skabte vel de Stjerneskarer, hvo gav dem Sølvets milde Skær?

Who created this host of stars who gave them the silvery mild glow?

Hvo lærte dem en Vej at finde paa Firmamentets dunkle Blaa?

Who taught them to find their way on the dark blue firmament?

Hvo mægted Kloderne at binde, saa rundt i evig Kreds de gaa?

Who managed to string together the planets so that they move in an eternal orbit?

Saa spørgende ved Aftentider vi se mod Stjerner Sølverpragt; vi følge Solen, naar den glider i Havet, svøbt i Purpurdragt.

At nightfall we, inquiring, gaze at the stars' silvery splendor; we follow the sun setting in the sea wrapped in purple robe.

Og alvorsfuld paa Himlens Bue der se vi Maanens blegd Segl; dens Lys er laant fra Solens Lue og straalér køligt fra dens Spejl.

And on the arch of the sky we solemnly watch the pale sickle moon; its light is borrowed from the sun's flame and shines coolly from its surface.

I Æterrummets Dybder farer en stor, en herlig Klodehær; hvo skabte vel de Stjerneskarer; hvo satte dem paa Himlen der?

A huge and splendid army of planets rushes through space; who created this host of stars who placed them there in the sky?

I Tusindvis her Sole gløde i mægtig Brand, i Flammebaal, og Tusinder er kolde, døde – hvad er vel deres sande Maal?

Here thousands of suns are glowing, in a mighty fire, in a blaze, thousands are cold and dead- what is their true purpose?

Saa spørger Tanken, medens Øjet ser op mod Nattens dybe Blaa; hvo har de Stjerner sammenføjjet, at alle samme Veje gaa?

While the eye is gazing at the night's deep blue the thought is asking: who has joined together those star so that they all go the same way?

Kan Rotationens Love binde Sol, Maaner og Planeters Hær, saa rundt i Kredse de kan finde i Universet fjernt og nær?

Can the rotation's law join together sun, moon and planets, enabling them to move around in their orbits in the universe, far and near?

Vor Jord vi se blandt Kloders Vrimmel kun som et usselt lille Frø; den svæver her paa samme Himmel i bunden Kreds, til den skal dø.

Our earth we see among the planet's multitude only as a tiny seed; it floats on the same sky, bound in its orbit until it dies.

Skal uden Liv de evig vandre kun for at lyse i vor Nat?

Shall they forever wander without life only to brighten our night?

Vor Tanke spørger: – og de andre blev de til Pryd paa Himlen sat?

Our thought asks: and the others! Were they only placed as ornaments in the sky?

Er Jorden da den hele Verden, og blev den skabt ved Ordet: ”bliv”? saa Tanken spørger i vor Færden, naar Liv vi se at skabe Liv.

Is the earth really the whole world and was it created by the word “let there be light”? So we ask, when we see life creating life.

Blev Livet fast til Jorden lænket kun ved et Dogmes snævre Baand?

Was life tightly chained to earth only by dogma's narrow bonds?

Er ikke Liv til alting skænket af Ham, der skaber ved sin Aand?

Hasn't life been bestowed on everything by He who creates by his spirit?

I Æterrummets Dybder farer Sol, Maaner og Planeters Hær.

Sun, moons and armies of planets are rushing through space.

Hvo skabte vel de Stjerneskarer, hvo gav dem Sølvet lyse Skær?

Who created these crowds of stars who gave them the bright silvery glow?

Vor Tanke spørger – kan ej fatte, at ene udvalgt blev vor Jord, blandt Universets Klodeskatte, til Liv at bære ved Guds Ord.

Our thought asks – cannot comprehend that the earth alone was chosen, among the universe's planet treasures, to bear life by the word of God.

Paa det vor Tanke stedse grunder; kan Gaaden ej vi opløst få?

On this our thought forever ponders shall the mystery never be solved?

I det vor hele Stræben bundet; kan aldrig vi Forklaring naa?

Our entire endeavor has its roots in this; can we never reach the explanation?

Liv skaber Liv i alle Tider, mod Lys alt søger, til det dør;

kun Jordens Slægt i Mørke lider, hyllet i Nattens Taageslør.

Life creates life at all times everything seeks towards light until it dies; only the earth's mankind suffers in darkness, wrapped in the night's veil of mist.

Af Jordens Slægt, der evig grunder, en Mand skal fødes, snar i Aand; og han skal læge Tankens Vunder, han løser Dogmers snævre Baand.

A man, quick in spirit, shall be born from the earth family who always ponders; and he shall heal the thought's wounds he shall loosen the dogma's narrow bonds.

Han gransker dybt Naturens Love og viser kalrt, at alt er Liv, at Jordens Hav og Mark og Skove blev ikke skabt kun ved at "bliv!"

He scrutinizes Nature's laws, and clearly shows that everything is life; that the earth's sea, the field and forest were not created only by "let there be light!"

Han lyser med sin Tankes Flamme i Universets Dybder ind; han spreder Tvivlens Taager klamme, han bringer Klarhed til vort Sind.

With his thought's flame he shines into the depth of the universe; he spreads the doubt's damp mist, he brings clarity to our mind.

Blandt Firmamentets Stjernekloder der søger han sin Gransknings Pol, og der han finder Livets Moder, er Flammebaal, en ukendt Sol.

He seeks the pole of his scrutiny among the firmament's starry planets and there he finds Life's mother, a blaze, an unknown sun.

Ved Ocularets Hjælp han skuer Solklodens flammerøde Brand, Coronas gyldne Straale luer i Syd ved Horizontens Rand.

Through the ocular he watches the sun's flaming red fire; Corona's golden ray is ablaze in the South at the edge of the horizon.

Han Parallaxen strengt udregner, og efter Mikrometrets Maal paa Himmelkortet han

indtegner den fundne Stjernes klare Baal.

He carefully calculates the parallax and by the micrometer's gauge he marks the discovered star's clear blaze on the celestial map.

Protuberansers Purpurtunger udslynge Ild med dumpe Brag, og Eruptioners Torden runger højlydt i Æterrummets Dag.

The protuberance's purple tongues hurl fire with hollow crashes, and thunderous eruptions resound aloud in space's day.

Og Livets Moder evig føder Solkloder og Planeters Hær, og aldrig Livets Baal udgløder, det straal'er i et blodrødt Skær.

And life's mother eternally gives birth to armies of suns and planets, life's fire never burns out it sparkles in a crimson gleam.

Af Jordens Slægt, der stedse grunder, en myndig Forskeraand udgaar.

A masterful inquiring mind shall arise from earth's mankind that always ponders.

Han løser Gaadens store Under, sin Gransknings høje Pol han naar.

He solves the mystery's big wonder he reaches his scrutiny's pole.

Hans Navn fra Mund til Mund sig svinger, han lyser med sin Flammeaand; han Jordens Folk at Dvale tvinger og løser Dogmers snævre Baand.

His name runs from mouth to mouth, he shines with his fiery spirit, he forces earth's people out of their slumber and looses dogma's narrow bonds.

Fra dunkle Jord blandt Kloders Vrimmel vi se mod Stjerner's Sølv'erpragt.

From the dark earth among the multitude of planets we gaze towards the stars' silvery beauty.

Fra Vinternattens høje Himmel de drage os med sælsom Magt.

From the winter night's high sky, they draw us with mysterious power.

Af Livets Moders gyldne Luer de slynges fjernt i Rummet ud,

By life's mother's golden flames, they are hurled far out in space,

i Kredse og Ellipsers Buer de tvinges ved Gud Faders Bud.

By God the Father's command they are compelled into circles and elliptical arches.

Thi *Han*, der binder Havets Vove, Han skabte Livets Moderskød; Hans Tanke er Naturens Love; Han leder alle Soles Glød.

Because He who binds together the sea's waves he created Life's womb: his thoughts are nature's laws; he leads the glow of all suns.

Han lærte dem en Vej at finde paa Firmamentets dybe Blaa – *Han* mægted Kloderne at binde, saa Livets Maal de alle naa.

He taught them to find their way on the firmament's deep blue – He was able to tie together the planets so all would reach Life's goal.

Allivets Skaber er og bliver, Han danned Alnaturens Færd.

he creator of all life exists and endures he formed nature's ways.

En evig Aand han Livet giver, Han leder opad Verdens Hær; og Trin for Trin skal Aanden stige højt op mod Himlens lyse Hal.

He gives Life an eternal spirit, he leads the worlds' armies upward; and step by step the spirit shall ascend to the bright hall of heaven.

Den aldrig kan tilbage vige, den stedse fremad drage skal!

It never can retreat, shall forever forward go!

Chr. K.F. Molbech.

1911

HEDEN.

The Heather.

Mørkebrune Hede med Moser og Kær, flikkede Klædning med Stolthed du bær;

Dark brown heather with bogs and ponds, you wear your patched clothes with pride;

milevidt du strækker din lyngklædte Arm, sandgul og nøgen er din mægtige Barm.

For miles you stretch your heathery arm, your mighty bosom is naked and yellow as sand.

Alle mine Længsler du ejed engang, alle mine Tanker, min Glæde og Sang.

Once you held all my yearnings, all my thoughts, my joy and song.

Herlig var Vint'rens og Sommerens Dragt, Sneens hvide Dække og Foraarets Pragt.

Winter and summer's vesture, snow's white cover and spring's splendor were all glorious.

Over Heden vandred jeg i Solskin og Regn, drømmende laa jeg bag vilde Rosers Hegn;

I wandered through the heather in sun and in rain. I lay dreaming behind hedges of wild roses;

Bierne summed, og Porsens ramme Duft blanded sig med Aftenens kølige Luft.

Bees buzzed and the acrid scent of bog myrtle mixed with the evening's cool air.

Skyerne maled Fatamorganas Land; blaanende Bjerge og blinkende Vand, dunkle

Pinjeskove og gyldne Druers Høst skimted jeg bag Bølgernes havgrønne Bryst.

The clouds painted mirages; mountains, faded into blue, sparkling water, dark pine forests and a harvest of golden grapes--that was what I glimpsed behind the waves' sea- green bosom.

Vingede Tanker mig bar til Sydens Land; grønne Lunde smiled paa klipperig Strand,

Winged thoughts carried me to the land of the South; green groves smiled on the rocky beach,

farverige Billeder i Skyen jeg saa, strømmende Floder og Himlens rene Blaa.

and I saw colorful pictures in the clouds, as well as flowing rivers and the pure blue sky.

Koglende Drømme! – til Taagens klamme Gus vækked mig af Tankernes svimlende Rus.

Bewitching dreams – in misty damp fog – woke me from my thoughts' giddy ecstasy.

Farverne sluktes med Solens sidste Glød, fjerne Klokketoner i Aftenen lød.

With the last glow of sun, the colors faded; in the evening, distant bells were ringing

Sanddækte Hede, din Bakke og Dal danne med Guds Himmel den herligste Sal.

Sand-covered heather, your hill and valley form a magnificent hall with God's sky.

Ensom har jeg staaet der i Stormenens Sus, lyttende til Søernes kogende Brus;

Lonely, I stood in the storm's whistle, listening to the waves' boiling roar;

rødlighvide flammende, takkede Lyn hvislende spruded og blænded mit Syn;

red-white flash lightning belched forward, sparkled, and blinded my sight;

Mørkets Aander hyled en Helvedes Sang, Tordenen drøned med brumlende Klang.
Spirits of darkness howled in a hellish song; thunder boomed with a rumbling sound.

Svimlende følte jeg den Mægtiges Haand, vældig Han løste Naturens Tungebaand.
Dizzy, I felt the Almighty's hand, powerfully he loosened Nature's tongue.

Uvejrets Rasen og Stormenes Stød, klagende Sukke fra alle Sider lød.
From all sides one heard the fury of bad weather, the storm's blasts and moaning sighs.

Ak, hvor jeg længtes mod Morgenens Skær, længtes efter Fuglenes fløjtende Hær;
How I longed for the glimmering of the dawn, longed for the crowd of singing birds;
kvidrende de hilse hver gryende Dag, vuggende i Luften paa bløde Vingeslag.
twittering, they greet every daybreak, swaying in the air with soft flapping wings.

Lynggroede Hede med Tuer og Krat, fløjtende Drosler og Raagers hæse Skrat,
Heather-covered moor with mounds and scrub, fluting thrushes, and the hoarse crowing of rooks,

ofte har jeg travet gennem Moser og Sand, vadet over Bækkenes rislende Vand;
often have I wandered through bogs and sand, waded through the brook's purling water;

Himmelbjergets Søer og Skoven ved Ry smilende lokked bag den disede Sky,
**Himmelbjerget's lakes and the forest near *Ry smilingly allured me behind the misty cloud.*

grønnende Enge med safrige Straa skued jeg ved Bredden af Karups blanke Aa.
*On the bank of *Krarup's shiny creek, I watched the greening meadows full of succulent straw.*

Høstlige Dage, naar Jagten gik ind, over Lyngen strejfed jeg med Bøssen ved Kind;
In autumn days when the hunt began, I roamed through the heather with a gun to my cheek;

ræddeligen flygtede Vildtet af Sted, springende og vejrende Hunden fulgte med;
The fearsome game was fleeing followed by jumping and sniffing dogs;

søgende gik det igennem Krat og Lund, gennem brune Moser til Aftenens Stund.
searching, we went through scrub and grove, through brown bogs until evening time.

Alle disse Tider for længst er forbi, endnu jeg mindes hver Bakke, hver Sti!
Of all these times, long forgotten, still I remember each hill and every path!

Sandede Hede med Moser og Kær, Fuglenes fløjtende, vingede Hær;
Sandy heather with bogs and ponds, winged armies of fluting birds;

ligeskøn var Høstens og Sommerens Dragt, Vint'rens hvide Dække og Foraarets Pragt!
equally beautiful was autumn, and summer's dress, as well as winter's white cover and the splendor of spring!

Mørkebrune Hede, min Længsel og Lyst, inderligen hvilte jeg ved dit stolte Bryst;
Dark brown heather, my yearning and joy, sincerely I rested in your proud bosom;
tusinde Tanker har jeg tænkt i din Favn, jublende Toner har priset dit Navn!
thousands of thoughts have I thought in your embrace; jubilant tones have praised your name!

St. St. Blicher.
1911

* Himmelbjerget, Ry and Karup are place names in Denmark.

MEMENTO.

Memento

En Daare jeg var, mens jeg leved paa Jord, mig fattedes Ungdom og Mod;
A fool I was while I lived on earth; I was lacking in youth and courage.

mit Liv var stakket, min Glæde ej stor, kun faa var mig venlig og god.
My life was brief, my joy not plenty. Not many were kind and good to me.

Jeg saa paa de andres sorgløse Færd med Uro og Harm i mit Sind,
Restless, and with anger in my soul, I watched the others' carefree life.

for mig var der intet forsonende Skær over Livets gøglende Spind.
For me there was no redeeming glow over life's delusive web.

Vel mange har troet, jeg ejed en Skat i Sangenes tonende Strøm;
Many might have thought that I possessed a treasure in the songs' melodic flow;
men Tanken var svag, og Ordet var mat, det hele blev kun til en Drøm.
but my thought was weak, and words were dull, everything became only a dream.
Nej aldrig jeg vandt mig et straalende Navn, jeg kæmped, men sejred dog ej;
No, never did I gain a splendid name; I struggled, but was never victorious,
tilbage blev kun et sviende Savn og Døgnlivets trælsomme Vej.
left with only a stinging need and every day's laborious road.

Jeg knytted min Haand i brændende Had mod Alverdens skabende Gud;
I clenched my fist in burning hate against the world's creating God.
thi aldrig jeg fik, hvor meget jeg bad, han sendte mig aldrig et Bud.
No matter how much I prayed, he never sent me a message.
Jeg sled og slæbte hver eneste Dag, jeg lukked knap Øjet til Blund;
I toiled and slaved every single day. I hardly closed my eyes or dozed;
det var ej saa let og lige en Sag at finde til Hvile en Stund.
it was not an easy matter to find a time to rest.

Jeg ribbed som Fuglen mit Bryst for Dun, til Huden var nøgen og bar;
Like a bird I ribbed my breast for down, until my skin was naked and bare.
en Rede jeg bygged saa blød og saa lun, ak Gud! kun ringe den var.
I built a nest so soft and warm. Oh God, it was so humble.
Snart banked Armod og Sult paa min Dør, thi Sygdom og Sorg var min Gæst;
Soon poverty and hunger knocked on my door; illness and sorrow were my guests.
jeg kunne ej hygge min Rede som før mod Uvejrets hvirvlende Blæst.
I could not, as before, make my nest comfortable against the revolving storm.

Da spurgte jeg bittert i Vrede og Harm; Hvem raader for Menneskers Vel?
Then in anger and ire I bitterly asked: who is the master of mankind's well-being?

Til Verden en fødes saa ussel og arm, han kender ej Lykke, ej Held;
One is born so miserable and poor he knows neither joy nor luck.
og en fik givet Rigdom og Magt, hans Liv gaar let some en Leg;
One was given riches and might his life was easy like play;
af Rangspersoner han ejer en Vagt, der fjerner al Strid fra hans Vej.
he had a guard of persons of rank that removed all struggle from his path.

Hist lyser en Mand, begavet med Vid, her virker en Kunstens Mæcen;
Here a man is sparkling, endowed with knowledge here a patron of the arts is at work;
som Herre en fødes, en anden med Slid maa hugge til Vejene Sten.
One is born a master; another must laboriously cut stones for the roads.
En danser saa fro over Hjerterne hen, er ikke til ringeste Gavn;
One is happily dancing across hearts being not of the slightest use;
en lever paa Borg, en sviger sin Ven, en dør med et skamskændet Navn.
One lives in a castle, and betrays his friend one dies with a shameful name.

Saa ofte jeg spurgte med Gru i min Sjæl: er Gud da alkærlig og god?
So often I asked with horror in my soul: is God then all-loving and good?
Hvi træder han selv sit Barn under Hæl, hvi skaber han Mænd uden Mod?
Why does he trample his child under foot? Why does he create men without courage?
Se, Klinten blandt Hveden vokser sig stærk, den spreder i Mulden sit Frø, og Ukrudtet
kvæler Guddommens Værk, saa Udsæd og Kerne maa dø!
Look, the tare among the wheat is growing strong, it spreads its seeds on the soil, and the weed stifles the divine work so that seed and grain must die.

Jeg grubled, jeg led, en Daare jeg var, kun Øde, kun Tomhed jeg fandt;
I pondered, I suffered, and a fool I was only waste and emptiness;
kun Flænger og Saar i Sjælen jeg skar, mens Dage og Aaringer svandt.
I found only gashes and wounds I cut in the soul while days and years faded away.

Da kom den lumske, den snigende Død til mit Hjem en vinterkold Dag.

Then came treacherous, sneaking Death to my home on a wintry cold day.

Hans Øje brændte med stingende Glød; da blev jeg saa ussel og svag.

His eyes were burning with stinging glow; then I became so miserable and weak.

Jeg klamred mig vildt i min sidste Stund til Livet, der ebbede ud.

In my last hours I frantically clung to the life that faded away.

Ak Gud, før jeg lukker mit Øje til Blund, da send mig *et eneste Bud!*

Oh God, before I close my eyes in rest, send me one single message!

Jeg ræddes for Tomhedens bælgmørke Grav, for alt hvad der venter mig hist;

I am frightened by emptiness' pitch-dark grave, by all that awaits me over there;

hvi tager du atter det Liv, du mig gav, ak, skænk mig en kortvarig Frist!

why are you taking back the life you gave me? Alas! Grant me a short respite!

Men Døden var ubarmhertig og kold, han ejer ej Mildhed i Sind.

But Death was merciless and cold he holds no softness in his soul.

Med Angest jeg gav min Sjæl i hans Vold, og stille jeg slumrede ind.

With fear I placed my soul in his power, and quietly I fell into a slumber.

Saa gik der en Stund i Dødssovnens Favn, kun langsomt til Klarhed jeg kom.

After some time in the embrace of Death's sleep, I slowly gained clarity.

Da hørte jeg Stemmer, en nævned mit Navn og stævned mig frem til min Dom.

Then I heard voices; one of them mentioned my name and summoned me to my judgment.

Nu talte Stemmen om Jordlivets Nød om Himmelens Hvile og Fred.

Now the voice talked about misery of life on earth, about heaven's rest and peace.

Den talte om Synd, om hvad jeg forbrød, og hvorfor jeg kæmped og led.

It spoke about sins, about those I had committed, and why I struggled and suffered.

Saa drog forbi mig i Billeders Flok mit hele usalige Liv;

Then my entire unhappy life passed before my eyes in a row of pictures;

jeg raabte: Ak Gud, nu er det vel nok! – men Stemmen mig svarede: ”Bliv!”

I shouted: “oh God, now it must be enough!” – but the voice answered me: “Stay!”

Og atter jog Syner mig lynsnart forbi, de viste mig selv, som jeg var;

Again visions were rapidly rushing by; they showed me as I was.

jeg stirred og sukked: Ak slip mig dog fri!— men ikke et eneste Svar.

I stared at them and sighed: “oh, set me free!” but not a single answer.

Jeg fulgte mig Liv fra Fødsel til Død, ej synlig en Haand hold mig fast.

I followed my life from birth to death no visible hand was holding me.

Med Anger og Gru min Synd jeg fortrød, og til sidst min Trodsighed brast.

With anger and horror I regretted my sin, and at the end my defiance broke.

Da hørte jeg Stemmer, en nævned mit Navn, den talte med Højhed og Ro:

Then I heard voices one mentioned my name it spoke with sublimity and calm:

”Du Menneskesjæl, kom hid i min Favn, jeg byder dig ind i mit Bo.

“You, human soul, come into my embrace; I welcome you to my home.

Du sendtes til Trældom paa Jorderig, du skulle jo højne din Aand,

You were sent to slavery on earth, you were to improve your soul;

men aldrig jeg leded dig fremad med Svig, du gik ej i Lænker og Baand.

Never I led you forward with deceit you were not kept in chains and ties.

Jeg viste dig Vejen, du selv maate se at finde den Sti, der var god,

I showed you the road. You yourself had to find the path that was good,

der fører igennem al Jorderigs Ve og giver til Vandringen Mod.

one that runs through all the earth's pain and gives courage to the wandering

Ja var end din Gerning saa tung og saa svær, med Arbejde, Sygdom og Nød,

Although your life was heavy and difficult with hard work, illness and misery,

du burde ej glemte, at jeg var dig nær og bød dig til Hvile mit Skød.

you ought not to have forgotten that I was near you and offered you rest in my lap.

Du bad ej med Tro, du *krævede* blot, og det er ej Vejen til Gud;
You prayed, not with faith you just demanded, and that is not the road to God;
 det nytted kun lidt, du byggede et Slot af Hovmod og Daarligheds Skrud;
it was of no use that you built a castle of haughtiness and clothed in wickedness.
 du skulle mig bedt med Tro og med Haab, *da* havde jeg opfyldt din Bøn.
You should have prayed with faith and hope, then I would have granted you your wish.
 Du Menneskesjæl, kom ind til din Daab, og modtag dit Jordelivs Løn.”
You, human soul, enter your baptism and receive the mortal life's reward.”

Chr. Wilster
 1911

CARACALLA ROMA INFERNALIS

Fjernt I Natten er der tegnet Skyggerids af Romas Stad;
Far away in the night, the silhouette of the city of Rome has been drawn;
 Verdens Herskerinde segned ned i Lasters Syndebad.
Earth's mistress has sunk down into a pool of vices.
 Faldne Aander Kvaler lide og mod Helveds Rædsler stride;
Fallen spirits suffer in agony, and struggle against hell's horrors;
 rundt de vade her i Blod, Brøden lænker deres Fod.
Around they wade in blood; guilt chains their feet.
 Ingen Sol og ingen Straaler, intet Lys i gyldne Skaaler trænger ned i Mørkets Skød.
No sun, no ray, no light in golden goblets penetrates this lap of darkness.
 Alle, der paa Jorden lukked Øjet for en Broders Nød, alle, der for Mammon bukked,
 han, der stjal og Udad øved, han, der plyndred, myrded, røved, vandrer her i
 Mørkets Ly.
*All who on earth closed their eyes to a brother's suffering, all who bowed to Mammon,
 he who stole and committed atrocities, he who plundered, murdered and robbed, all now*

wander under darkness' cover.
 Roma, stolte, faldne By!
Rome, proud, fallen city!
 Hist i Stadens snævre Stræder ile Skygger bandlyst frem.
There, in the narrow alleys of the city, damned shadows rush forward.
 Sorgens Taare evig væder Kinden her i Nattens Hjem.
Sorrow's tears forever moisten their cheeks here in night's home.
 Han, der blev af Herren kaaret til at herske over Jord, han, der blev af Kronen daaret,
 han, der ej fik holdt sit Ord, Straffen alle her maa lide, hver en Usling, Pjalt og Nar.
*He who was chosen by the Lord to rule the earth, he who was charmed by the crown, he who
 did not keep his word, every single wretch, coward, and fool all must suffer the punishment.*
 Han, der Kejserkaaben bar, vandrer her ved Slavers Side; klart paa alle Pander staar
 Mærket, som af Kain blev baaret.
*He who carried the emperor's robe wanders here next to slaves every forehead is clearly
 inscribed with the mark that Cain carried.*
 Gru og Rædsel alle slaar, aldrig Glæde de fornemme.
Fear and terror strike them all; joy they never feel.
 Herrens Straffe her de led – Mange Seklers Evighed.
The Lord's punishment they suffer here – for many centuries of eternity.
 Højt i Lysets Kongesale sidder alle Verdnens Gud.
High in light's royal halls sits all worlds' God.
 Aander lytte til Hans Tale, klædt i klare, gyldne Skrud.
Spirits, dressed in bright golden robes, listen to His speech.
 Længe Gud har grublet over, hvorfor endnu Roma sover; ingen Sjæl fra Dybet kom, naar
 Han kaldte den til Dom.
*For a long time God has pondered why Rome still is sleeping; no soul came up from the
 depths when he called it to judgment.*

Malmfuld Herrens Stemme toner Ned til Helveds mørke By; men i Nattens

Taagezoner skrækbetagne alle fly.

The Lord's sonorous voice rang down to the dark city of hell, but in the night's misty zones they all, horror-stricken, fled.

Da en Stund Gud venter rolig, mens et Sekel stille gaar;

For some time God calmly waited while a century quietly passed by;

atter ned til Helveds Bolig Herrens dybe Stemme naar, mildt den klinger, skøn og klar.

Again the Lord's deep voice reaches down to hell's home; mildly it rings, beautiful and clear.

Alt er stille, intet Svar.

Everything is quiet; no answer.

”Gabriel!” Gud Herren siger, ”du skal bringe Roma Bud; ned i Dybet nu du stiger, raaber højt mit Budskab ud.

“Gabriel!” the Lord says, “You shall bring a message to Rome; you will descend into the depths and loudly proclaim my message.

Frem du kalde Sjæle stygge, der i Helveds Mørke bygge; alle, der i Synd har lidt, alle, der mod Lys har stridt, hver en Nar, hver stakkels Taabe, dækket af en Kejserskaabe,

højt paa alle skal du raabe, kalde Sjæle til mit Hjem bort fra Dybets dunkle Gem.

Call out the wicked souls who are building in the darkness of hell; all who in sin have suffered, all who struggled against light, every fool, every poor simpleton covered by an Emperor's robe; to all of them you shall shout, and call souls to my home, away from the depths' dark hiding place.

Gabriel, husk, du skal sige, alle er for Herren lige, alle venter jeg med Smerte, der i Roma vandred om.

Gabriel, remember to say that all are equal in the sight of the Lord. I wait in pain for all who wander around in Rome.

Alle kalder jeg til Dom.”

Everyone I call to judgment.”

Gabriel i Dybet for, fulgt af Aanders høje Kor.

Gabriel rushes down into the depths followed by a choir of spirits.

Snart han staar i Taager sorte foran Romas faldne Porte. –

Soon he stands in black fog in front of Rome's fallen gates.

Gabriel Gud Herrens Bud højt i Staden raaber ud.

The Lord's message Gabriel loudly shouts unto the city.

Mægtig frem i Natten runged Ordet fra Kerubens Mund;

The word from the cherub's mouth forcefully resounds in the night.

Ekko svarer tusindtunget samme Ord i samme Stund.

In a thousand tongues the echo answers the same word at the same time.

Se, hvor Skyggerne sig skjule dybt i Lastens mørke Hule; skælvende de alle veg, da de hørte Englens Stemme.

See how the shadows hide in vices' dark cave; trembling, they all yield when they hear the angel's voice.

Klart de Herrens Bud fornemme, fyldt af Angst og Gru de skreg. –

Clearly they sense the Lord's message; full of fear and terror they shriek.

Atter Røsten til dem lød dybt i Nattens dunkle Skød.

Again the voice rings out to them, deep in the womb of the night.

Gabriel sin Haand udstrækker, rører Staden med sit Sværd.

Gabriel, stretching out his hand, touches the city with his sword.

Tordnens Buldren alle skrækker, Himlen staar i Flammeskær.

Thunder's rumbling frightens everyone; the sky is a fiery glow.

Søjler styrt, Mure vakler, fremad jage vilde Stakler; Lysets Aander nu i Hast

Pillars collapse, walls reel, wild wretches rush forward.

søge kærlig dem at standse, Skyggerne dog intet sanse, klamre sig i Dybet fast;

The spirits of light now quickly, lovingly, try to stop them; however, the shadows sense nothing, but clench strongly to the depths.

Herrens Lyn med Angst de skue overalt paa Himlen lue. –

In fear they watch the Lord's lightning that blazes everywhere in the sky.

Gabriel med Bæven tvinger Sjæle op af Helveds Gem;

In trembling Gabriel forces souls up from hell's hiding-place.

Lysets Aand hver Skygge bringer opad til Guld Faders Hjem.

The spirit of light brings every shadow up to God the Father's home.

Herren sletted evig ud Roma ved sit strenge Bud.

Forever the Lord has erased Rome with his stern message.

Taagens Slør sig atter sænker der, hvor Staden engag stod;

The misty veil settles again where the city once stood.

ingen mer paa Roma tænker, Himlens Engle den forlod. –

Nobody thinks of Rome anymore; Heaven's angels left it.

Ene staar fortabt tilbage end en Stakkel der med Gru; Caracallas Kejserdage svandt med Roma i et Nu.

Still, alone, one lost, wretched soul stands there in horror. Caracalla's emperor-days, in a flash, disappeared with Rome.

Intet Skjul han mer kan finde, styrtet er hans stolte Borg; rundt han famler her i Blinde, fuld af Rædsel, Angst og Sorg.

No hiding-place can he find; his proud castle has collapsed; blindly he gropes around, filled with horror, fear and sorrow.

Tabt er Kronen, Kejserkaaben hænger pjaltet, rød af Blod, brudt og bøjet er hans Vaaben. –

Lost is the crown; the emperor-robe hangs ragged, red from blood; broken and bent is his weapon.

Hvor han flytted frem sin Fod, den i klamme Taager gled.

Wherever he sets forth his foot it slips in damp fog

Caracalla Rædsler led.

Caracalla suffers in horror.

Hænderne i Gru han knytter, skræbtaget er hans Sind, ud i Natten tavs han lytter;

He clenches his fists in terror; horror-stricken is his mind; he silently listens in the night.

Caracalla helt er blind.

Caracalla is totally blind.

Da han hører Stemmer tone fjernt i Mørkets Taagezone; Kristus ned i Dybet for, fulgt af Aanders høje Kor.

Then, far out in the darkness' mist, he hears voices ringing. Christ descends into the depths followed by the spirits' loud choir.

Romas Imperator viger, Kristi Stemme til ham lød.

Rome's Emperor retreats. Christ's voice rings out to him.

Vredt da Caracalla skriger: "Hvo er du, der vover tale, førend Caracalla bød?"

Angrily Caracalla screams: "Who are you who dare to talk before Caracalla orders you?"

Mildt og kærligt Kristus siger: "Jeg din ældre Broder er, op til Himlens lyse Sale bær' jeg dig fra Helveds Nat!" –

Mildly and lovingly Christ says: "I am your older brother; I will carry you up to heaven's bright halls away from hell's night!"

Caracalla standser brat.

Caracalla stops abruptly.

"Ingen Broder mer jeg kender", svarer han og bort sig vender; dybt han føler Brøden stor, klart han skuer Getas Mord. Kristus atter paa ham kalder:

"No brother do I know anymore," he answers and turns away; he feels his immense guilt deeply; he sees Geta's murder clearly.

"Følger du ej Kristus nu, endnu dybere du falder; tusind Seklers vilde Gru fast i Helvede dig binder, fast til Dybets Klippeinder!"

Christ again calls to him: "If you do not follow Christ now, you will sink even deeper; a thousand centuries' wild terror will tie you to hell, to the rocky peaks of the depths!"

Kristus beder til Gud Fader: "Giv til Caracalla Fred!

Christ prays to God the Father: "Give peace to Caracalla.

aldrig mer du ham forlader, Fader, lær ham Kærlighed!

Never abandon him again. Father, teach him love!

Tilgiv, han som Kejser øved mangel Udaad, plyndred, røved, tilgiv hvert
et Brodermord!" –

*Forgive him who, as Emperor, committed many misdeeds, plundered and robbed; forgive
every brother-murderer!"*

Amen! svarer Aanders Kor.

"Amen!" the heavenly choir answers.

Caracalla stille bæver, synker ned for Kristi Fod.

Caracalla quietly trembles, sinks down at Christ's feet.

"Frels mig, Broder, mild og god!"

"Save me brother, mild and good!"

Kristus højt sin Fakkellæver: "Den skal lede os til Gud".

Christ raises high his torch: "It shall lead us to God."

Mørkets Nat for Lyset viger, højt mod Himlen Skaren stiger, svinger sig i Rummet ud.

*Darkness' night yields to the light; the crowd ascends towards heaven, swinging upward
in space.*

Snart ved Paradis de staa; skønne Aander dybt sig bøje, Porten de tilbage slaa; mangt et
taaredugget Øje følger Caracallas Gang.

*Soon they stand at paradise. Beautiful spirits bow deeply and open the gates; many
a teary eye follows Caracalla's walk.*

Mødt af Engles Jubelsang Kristus vandrer mild og rolig frem til Caracallas Bolig;
mange Sekler stod den tom.

*Met by angels' paean, Christ wanders, mild and calm, up to Caracalla's home; for
many centuries it stood empty.*

Kristus kalder: "Følg mig, kom!"

Christ calls: "Follow me; come!"

"Her min Broder, skal du bøje dybt dig for vor Fader ned; Herrens altid vaagne Øje
fulgte dig, og alt Han ved.

"Here, my brother, you shall deeply bow down unto our Father. The Lord's always

watchful eye followed you; everything He knows.

Søg, og du skal sikkert finde alt hvad du forbrød paa Jord; Herrens Lys skal klarlig skinne
over Synd og brudte Ord.

*Seek and you shall surely find everything that you committed on earth. The Lord's light
shall brightly shine over sin and broken oaths.*

Søg, at alting nøje stemmer, Herren intet Ciffer glemmer; og har Mindets Skaal du tømt,
er af Herren alt du dømt.

*Seek so that everything agrees; the Lord does not forget a single cipher; and once you have
emptied memory's goblet, you already will have been judged by the Lord.*

Dog han ved, hver Synders Hjerte tvættes rent i Taarers Daab; lyder til Ham Angrens
Raab, født af Syndens Sorg og Smerte, kærlig slettes Brøden stor."

*However, he knows every sinner's heart is cleansed by immersion in tears. If he hears shouts
of remorse born by sin's sorrow and pain, lovingly he will erase the grave misdeed."*

Amen! lyder Aanders Kor.

"Amen!" sounds from the heavenly choir.

Fr. Paludan-Müller.

1911

HØSTEN.

FALL

Sommeren svinder, Høsten er kommen, Bølgerne drives mod Land.

The summer is fading, fall arriving; waves are driven on land.

Vindene hvine, udslynge Dommen haanende over alt Liv.

The winds are howling, flinging out their verdict in mockery of all life.

Skovene suse, Bladene falde jagende henover Jord.

The forests are singing; the leaves are falling whirling over the ground.

Dagene rinde, Nætterne kalde Minderne frem i vort Sind.

The days are fleeing, the nights calling up memories in our minds.

Længslerne stige, vække vor Tanke, drømmende grunder vor Sjæl.

Our longings are rising, evoking our thoughts; our dreaming soul is meditating

Sjernerne blinke, straalende blanke, stirrende søge vi dem.

The stars are glinting, brightly shining; our staring eyes are seeking them.

Høsten er kommen, Døden os fanger, Stormene mejer os ned.

Fall has arrived, death catches us; the storms are mowing us down.

Blomsterne visne, Sommerens Sanger tiende søger et Skjul.

The flowers are withering, silence reigns as summer's singer seeks shelter.

Tankerne ældes, Hjerterne bæve sukkende under et Savn.

Our thoughts are aging, hearts shivering sighing under their cravings.

Evighedssløret aldrig vi hæve, Gaaderne løse vi ej.

The veil of eternity we never will raise, the riddles we never will solve.

Seklerne flyve, Tiderne følge, falmende synke de hen.

Centuries fly, times will follow, eventually fading away.

Slægterne glemmes, Gravene dølge, dækkende alt hvad vi led.

The graves of forgotten generations will conceal all our tormented sufferings.

Livet os daarer, intet vi sanse, Afgrunden ænse vi ej.

Life seduces us to live our lives unwittingly of the abyss.

Timerne ile, aldrig de standse, kædende Dage og Aar.

The hours rush on, never stopping, linking the days and years.

Menneskeorme krybe i Blinde, glemmende Evigheds Gud.

Humankind's worms creep blindly along, oblivious of eternity's God.

Døden vil komme, Høsten er inde, Aarene mejer os ned.

Death will come, the fall has arrived; the years are mowing us down.

Minderne vaagne, Hjerterne lide, gysende stirre vi frem.

The memories are awakening, the hearts suffering, in a shiver we are staring ahead.

Faderen kalder, ensomt vi glide, skælvende ind til vor Dom.

Our Lord is calling; lonely and shivering we approach the day of judgment.

J. C. Hauch.

1911

MIN UNGDOM.

MY YOUTH

Oftes mine Tanker gaa tilbage, Danmark, til din lave, brede Strand.

Often my thoughts return to Denmark with its low-lying, wide beaches.

Mens vi leve, længselfuldt vi vrage Fædrehjemmets travle Arbejdsdage, – Lysten bærer os til fremmed Land.

While living, we anxiously reject our ancestral home's busy workdays; the desire carries us to foreign lands.

Ingen Sinde jeg formaar at glemme Danmarks Kyster, mine Fædres Bo.

Never shall I forget Denmark's coasts, my ancestors' home.

Bøgeskovens Pust jeg kan fornemme, lifligt lyder Nattergalens Stemme, og jeg mindes Sommernattens Ro.

I sense the puff of wind from the beech forest, the nightingale sings delightfully, and I recall the summer's peace.

Lave er, o Danmark! dine Strande; fures Marken ej af Bjerg og Flod,

O, Denmark! With your low-lying beaches, your fields are not furrowed by mountains and rivers,

fagrest er du dog blandt Verdens Lande.

still you are the fairest among all lands in the world.

Dine Sønner gik med oprejst Pande, mangen stolt Bedrift de efterlod.

Your sons held their heads high; many deeds of valor they left.

Danmark, herlig er dine dybblaa Vove, selv naar Stormen pisker Bølgens Top,

Denmark, glorious is your deep-blue wave even when the storm is whipping the top of the wave.

ranke dine dybe, dunkle Skove, evig der de unge Troskab love, Elskov stiger sødt mod Himlen op.

Your dark, deep woods stand straight; there young people vow fidelity forever, love sweetly ascends toward heaven.

Ak, jeg mindes Hjemmets Blomsterhave ved min Faders lille, lave Hus,

Ah, I remember the flower garden of my home at my father's little, humble house, mindes sjunkne Kors og brudte Stave over Kirkegaardens faldne Grave, mindes Havets højtidfulde Brus.

Remember sunken crosses, broken staves over the churchyard's sunken graves, remember the sea's solemn roar.

Rosenklynger sig ad Muren ranker i mit skønne, elskte Barndomhjem;

Bunches of roses twine against the wall in the beautiful, beloved home of my childhood.
der jeg gik engang i dybe Tanker, Øjet fulgte Markens grønne Banker, Laagen ud til Engen stod paa Klem.

There I once walked in deep thoughts, the eye followed the field's green hills, the gate to the meadow was left ajar.

Morgentaagens Dug paa Straaet bæved, Fuglens Trille gennem Luften skar,

The dew from the morning mist quivered on the straw, birds' warble cut through the air,
hvide Skyer over Himlen svæved, Solen sig fra Horizonten hæved, Vinden Krydderduft fra Skoven bar.

White clouds sailed in the sky, the sun rose from the horizon, the wind carried an

aromatic fragrance from the forest.

Aldrig denne Dag mig gaar af Minde, Elskovs rige Løfter maate dø.

Never shall I forget the day when love's rich promises had to die.

Ak, jeg tænkte paa en elsket Kvinde, hendes hulde Blik jeg ingen Sinde fandt hos Sydens sprangetklædte Mø.

Alas, upon a beloved woman I thought; her lovely look I had never found among the colorfully dressed maidens of the South.

Falskhed findes der i alle Lande, alle Vegne er der braadne Kar:

Deceit you find in every land; there is a black sheep in every flock.

Danske Mø'r, med gyldent Haar om Pande, vokse'd op ved Øers aabne Strande, Troskabs Pris for alle Kvinder bar.

Danish maidens with golden hair grew up on islands' open beaches; the price of faithfulness they readily accepted.

Nordisk Mø sig aldrig før lod købe, den, hun elsked, gav hun glad sin Tro.

Never before was a Nordic maiden to be bought; to the one she loved she gladly pledged herself.
Fattig Mad hun forud ville søbe, fattigt Barn med Lyst hun ville svøbe, gyngede det paa Armen blidt til Ro.

In days of old, she ate humble food; with joy she swaddled her child, rocking it tenderly in her arms.

Falske Kvinde, du mig blodig krænkede, brød mit Hjertes højtidfulde Fred.

Deceitful woman, you insulted me gravely, broke my heart's solemn peace.

Elskovs Glæde du til Sorgen lænked, Nattens mørke Elverspind sig sænkede, søndret blev min Ungdoms Kærlighed.

The joy of love you chained to sorrow, the night's elfish web settled; broken was the love of my youth.

Aldrig kan jeg glemme denne Sommer, aldrig glemme Løftet, som du brød.

Never shall I forget this summer, never forget the promise you broke.

Aldrig Elskovs Vaar tilbage kommer, tavs jeg stod med Hjertets visne Blommer, ingen Klage fra min Læbe lød.

Never will love's spring return; silent I stood with my heart's withered flowers; no lament from my lips was heard.

Danmark, dine Døtre maa du lære Nænsomhed mod deres Bejler øm;

Denmark, you must teach your daughters gentleness towards their tender wooer;

selv om Verdens Rigdom, Guld og Ære bydes dem for Højhedsnavn at bære, lad dem aldrig svigte Elskovs Drøm!

even if worldly riches, gold, and honor are offered them to carry with a noble name, let them never betray Love's dream!

Ofte mine Tanker gaa tilbage, Danmark, til din lave, brede Strand;

Often my thoughts return, Denmark, to your low-lying, wide beaches,

mindes Ungdoms lyse Drømmedage, mindes falske Løfter, Hjertets Klage, – mindes dig, mit skønne Fødeland!

recalling my youth's bright, dreamy days, recalling false promises, my heart's lament, remembering you, my beautiful native land!

P. Martin Møller.

1911

BALLADE.

BALLAD

I støvede Arkiver, fra gule Pergamenter, paa ormeædte Hylder, de gamle Sagn man henter

In ancient archives, in yellowed parchments on worm-eaten shelves, you find the old legends

om stolte Adelsslægter, hvis møre Ben og Knokler smuldre i Gravkapeller paa brudte Murstenssokler.

on proud noble families whose mouldering bones are crumbling in burial vaults on broken brick foundations.

I mugne Riddersale ældgamle Ahner stirre fra brede, gyldne Rammer med Blik, der sært forvirre.

In musty banqueting halls long-gone forefathers are staring from broad, golden frames, their looks oddly confusing.

Fra Slottenes Ruiner man hører Suk og Klagen; der færdes blege Skygger, vikled' i Jordelagen.

From the castle ruins sighs and moaning are heard; pale shadows are roaming shrouded in winding sheets.

Paa en af Jyllands Borge Toner af Fløjter klinge, naar endt er Dagens Tummel og Midnatsklokker ringe.

From one of Jutland's castles flute music is ringing; when the day's turmoil ends midnight bells are sounding.

I Havens dunkle Gange, i Nattetimer sene, der ses en Ridderdame halvt skjult af Træers Grene.

In the dark walks of the garden, in late evening hours, a noble lady is seen half hidden in

the branches of the trees.

Og snart i Slottets Sale hun staar ved Vindveskarmen, de hvide, slanke Hænder hun folder tæt ved Barmen.

Soon after, in the halls of the castle, she is standing at the windowsill with her white, slender hands folded close to the bosom.

Og mangen natlig Vandrer kan høre Skrig og Sukke og ser i Slotskanalen et Lig paa Vandet vugge.

And many a nightly wanderer hears screaming and sighing, and sees in the moat of the castle a corpse rocking gently on the water.

Der fejres Fest paa Borgen i blomstersmykte Sale, med tonende Fanfarer, højroret Skæmt og Tale.

A banquet is held in the castle in halls abounding with flowers, amid sounding fanfares, noisy banter and talk.

I mørke Korridorer Vokskerter rødlig flimre, fra Murens Skydehuller Genskin i Natten glimre.

In dark corridors wax candles shine their reddish gleam: through the loopholes in the wall reflections flicker in the night.

Slotsherrens unge Datter, gudindeskøn og yndig, ægter en værdig Ridder, graahaaret, puklet, myndig.

The noble lord's young daughter, fair and beautiful, like a goddess, weds a dignified knight, grey-haired, hunched and confident.

Af adelsstolte Frænder Kontrakten underskrevet, med højfornemme Lader Fremtidens Aar skal leves.

By proud, noble kinsmen the contract was endorsed; with highly distinguished customs the future years must be lived.

Men hun, den unge Frøken, i vemodsblandet Kvide, stirrer bag Laagets Vipper paa Rid'ren ved sin Side.

But she, the young lady, with melancholy anguish, is staring behind her eye-lashes at the knight at her side.

Sølvblanke Taarer perle i Øjets Blomsterbæger, imens et Elskovsminde det unge Hjerter kvæger.

Silvery tears swell like pearls in the calyx of the eye, while a memory of love gives refreshment to the young heart.

En gyldenstykkets Hue, med brede Spænder lukket, Ansigtprofilen hæver, græsk, som i Marmor hugget.

A cap of golden fabric fastened with broad buckles enhances the profile of the face, as if Greek, in marble hewn.

Den grønne Slæbekjole det ranke Legem dækker, og Mundens Amorbue Tanker om Elskov vækker.

The green gown with a train is covering the erect body, the Cupid's bow of the mouth evokes thoughts of love.

Nu staar hun paa Altanen og lytter fremadbojet; en sagte Fløjten lyder – henrykt da straalere Øjet.

She now stands listening on the balcony, her body bent over; a low whistling is heard – enthused her eye is radiating.

I Havens dunkle Gange hun tyst sin Elsker møder; han hende fast omslynger, Læbe mod Læbe gløder.

In the dark walks of the garden, she silently meets her lover, he firmly embraces her body, lip to lip their love is glowing

I Støvet dybt han knæler i bitre Hjertekvaler. – Til Frankrig hun skal følge! – Han trygler, han befaler.

In dust he deeply kneels in bitter aches of the heart. To France she must follow! – He entreats, he commands.

Hun vakler, og hun skælver, angstfuld er hendes Nægten; Troskab til Døden loved hun nylig hele Slægten.

She wavers and she shivers, anguished in her refusal; faithfulness to death her promise was recently to her entire family.

Fra hendes blege Læber endnu et Kys han tager.

From her pale lips another kiss he takes.

Sorgfuld hun staar tilbage, – fredløs af Sted han jager.

Alone she stands in sorrow, restless off he rushes.

Vildt knuger hun mod Barmen Hænderne, hvide, slanke; iler mod Slotskanalen, – kun Død er hendes Tanke.

She wildly hugs to her bosom the hands so white and slender, rushing towards the moat of the castle, only death obsesses her mind.

Et Øjeblik hun standser, hun ser mod Himlens Stjerne; langt borte Hovslag lyde og svinde i det fjerne.

A moment she stops looking to the stars in the sky, hoof-beats sound far away and vanish in the distance.

Fra Volden ned hun springer i Gravens sorte Vande; et Skrig–og mudret Bølge kysser den blege Pande.

From the rampart she jumps into the black waters of the moat; a scream – a muddy wave kisses the pale forehead.

Til Staf hun nu maa vandre i Nattetimer sene paa Borgen og i Haven, halvt skjult af Træers Grene,

In punishment she now must wander in late hours of the night in the castle and the garden half hidden by branches of the trees,

mens Maanens blege Straaler dirre paa Vandets Flade, og Vindens Stormakkorder rasle i Parkens Blade. –

while the pale rays of the moon quiver on the surface of the water and the wind's storm chords rustle in the leaves of the park.

E. Aarestrup.

1911

AMOR.

CUPID

I Ungdoms Aar Gud Amors Pil os let og sikkert rammer; ved Pigers Blik og Læbers Smil vort Hjerte heftigt flammer.

In the years of our youth, the god Cupid's arrow hits us easily and surely; by a look from a girl or a smile from her lips our heart flares violently.

Vi Stakler, ak vi har det haardt, naar Amor Sceptret svinger, ad lønlig Vej vi lokkes bort paa Elskovs falske Vinger.

We, poor ones, our lot is tough; when Cupid swings his scepter on a secret path we are lured away on the false wings of love.

Og er end Manden snildt paa Vagt sit Hjerte at bevare, han falder dog for Kvindens Magt i Kærlighedens Snare.

And if the man is deftly on guard to retain his heart, he falls nonetheless for the woman's power in the snare of love.

Han blusser, naar han Pigen ser, der bryder Hjertets Panser;

He blushes when he sees the girl who breaks the armor of the heart.

Han blegner, naar den skønne ler og stolt forbi ham danser.

He blanches when the lovely one laughs proudly dancing by him.

Han sukker dybt sin Lægsel ud i søde Elskovsdrømme, han vugges til sin elskte Brud ad Fantasiens Strømme.

He deeply sighs with longing in sweet dreams of love, he rocks gently towards his beloved bride in the flows of the imagination.

Han flyver frem med fyrigt Mod den hulde at betvinge, -- ynker ned for hendes Fod med blodig, anskudt Vinge.

He flies ahead with flaring courage to conquer the fair maiden and sinks down at her foot with bloodstained, damaged wing.

Han klatrer til Parnasset op ad Digtets Himmelstige, og skuer der fra Bjergets Top Arkadiens gyldne Rige.

He climbs up to the Parnassus on the Jacob's ladder of poetry gazing from the mountain's peak at the golden realm of Arcadia.

Snart klimprer han paa Harpens Streng en vild, fortvivlet Klage, snart priser han den grønne Eng og snart de svundne Dage.

Soon he strums a wild distressful elegy, now he praises the green meadow now the days gone by.

Ja, Amor en en farlig Gud, en grum, en listig Jæger.

Yes, Cupid is a dangerous god, a cruel and wily hunter.

Vi lystre alle blindt hans Bud og tømme Elskovs Bæger.

We all blindly do his bidding emptying the cup of love.

En Sommeraftens klare Skin, en Sø, hvor Taagen svæver, en Skov med kølig Nattevind en Net om Hjertet væver.

The clear light of a summer evening, a lake with drifting mist, a forest with cool nightly winds weave a net around the heart.

Min Ungdom svandt paa samme Vis i Kærlighedens Drømme, med Sange til den skønnes Pris i Klage-toner ømme.

My youth vanished in the same manner in the dreams of love, singing out the praises of the fair maiden in tender elegies.

Jeg hende ser i Ungdoms Aar i Skønheds rige Fylde.

I see her in the years of youth, in the richness of her beauty.

De bløde Lokkers dunkle Haar den hvide Hals indhulle.

The dark curly hair, shrouding the white neck.

Et sjælfult Øjes ømme Blik og Solskinstanker klar hun alt i Vuggegave fik af Geniers Alfeskare.

The tender look from a soulful eye and clear sunny thoughts, she had been born with all this given by genies' host of elves.

Jeg styrtet frem med dristig Il og sværmeriske Sange, jeg blussede ved hendes Smil forvirret, sky og bange.

I charged ahead in daring haste with sentimental songs; I blushed, by her smile confused, shy and frightened.

Var Dagen hed og Aft'nen sval, vi drømte sammen stille og lyttede fra Skovens Sal til Nattergalens Trille.

Was hot the day, the evening cool we dreamed together in silence, listening to the warbles of the nightingale.

Hvor hastig gled den skønne Tid, en Dag hun var forsvundet; og Sorgens Kval og Nætters Strid jeg bittert havde vundet.

How hastily slid away delightful times, some day she had disappeared, and the anguish of grief and the struggles of nights I bitterly had won.

Beklemt og ene stod jeg der blandt Som'rens visne Blade; jeg mindedes vort Møde her en Kvæld ved Søens Flade.

There I stood, anxious and lonely, among the faded leaves of summer, I recalled our encounter here one evening by the surface of the lake.

Men Amor, ak, var snart paa Spil igen med lønlig Smiger, og modstandsløs jeg lytted til hans Ord om andre Piger.

But Cupid, alas, was soon at work again with flatter on the sly, and I listened unresisting to his words about other girls.

Han peged paa en Mø saa blid med Øjne nøddebrune, saa jomfruren, med lystigt Vid, et rigt og herligt Lune.

He pointed to a maiden tender with hazel eyes, so maiden pure, with cheerful wit, exuberant and delightful mood.

Jeg knælte ned for hendes Fod med nye Haab og Sukke, men voved ej med fyrigt Mod den skønne Blomst at plukke.

I knelt at her foot with new hopes and sighing, but never dared, with dashing courage, to pick the beautiful flower.

Ak aldrig helt vi blive fri for Amors Elskovsflamme; er Ungdomstiden længst forbi, hans Pil kan end os ramme.

Alas, we shall never quite be free of Cupid's flames of love; even though our youthful years are long gone his arrow may still hit us.

Trods Alderdommens hvide Haar kan Hjertet endnu gløde; af Kærlighedens dybe Saar vi ofte tavst forbløde.

Despite the white hairs of age the heart may still be glowing; we often bleed to death in

silence from the deep wounds of love.

Ludvig Bødtcher
1911

KRISTEN OG LISE *KRISTEN AND LISE*

Nær Skovens stille Vej, nær faldefærdigt Led, der ligger Godsets Smedje, og unge Kristen Smed

Near the quiet forest road, near a ramshackle gate lies the manor's smithy; young smith Kristen stands

ved Essens røde Luc, ved Hammer og Bolt nu tænker paa de Sorger, ham Lise har forvoldt.

at the forge's red blaze, next to hammer and anvil, thinking of the sorrows Lise has caused him.

“Grevindens Kammerpige er Lise, min Skat; men ikke jeg begriber hvordan hun har det fat;

“*The countess' chambermaid is Lise, my darling I can't understand what it is with her; da jeg om Bryllup taledede, saa drillende hun lo: du kan vel ej forlange, jeg skal i Smedjen bo!*

when I talked about our wedding she laughed teasingly: 'You can't mean that I should live in the smithy!'

Nej, Kristen, du skal bygge mig saa kønt et lille Hus; ret her saa skal det ligge under Træers stærke Sus,

“*No, Kristen you must build a pretty little house for me right here, where the wind sighs through the trees,*

hvor Skovstien snor sig mellem Bøgeløv og Krat, hvor Bækkens Bølger danse en munter Tagfat.

where the forest path is winding between beach leaves and shrub, where the creek's waves are dancing in a joyous game of tag!

En Have maa der være med Blomster i Bed, derude vil jeg sidde i de lyse Aftners Fred,
“*There must be a garden with flower beds, there I will sit in the light northern nights' peace;*
der vil jeg se paa Havet, naar Solens sidste Glød bag Bakkekammen svinder og farver Himlen rød.

from there I will watch the sea when the sun's last glow disappears behind the hill crest and colors the sky red.'

Og i den varme Stude ved min Rok jeg sidde vil, naar Vinterern er barsk og Stormen er paa Spil.

“I will sit in the warm room, at my spinning wheel, when the winter is rough and the storm plays games.

Et Køkken maa jeg have, to Stuer, lyse, smaa; paa Loftet Gæstekamret du ikke glemme maa! –

A kitchen must I have, two rooms, bright, small; don't forget the guestroom in the attic!

Saa bøjed hun med Ynde sin Hals saa hvid og slank: Paa Kistebunden har du jo mangan Daler blank!

Then she gracefully bent her white and slender neck: “Surely any a shiny coin you have put aside for rainy days!”

de mørke klare Øjne saa listelig slog Smut. Ja, saadan er min Lise, den søde lille Glut!
her dark bright eyes so cunningly sparkled. Yes, that is how my Lise is, the sweet little lass!

Nu har jeg hastig muret og tømret mig et Bo, og mente, jeg skulle i Sjælen faa Ro.

“Now I have hastily built a home and thought that I would get peace of mind.

Grevinden har mig lovet, at Lise min Brud skal vorde, før Som'ren er rundet

ganske ud.

The countess has promised that Lise will be my bride before the summer is over.

Dog naar jeg Lise beder bestemme en Dag, hun svarer kuns hastelig: det har jo intet Jag!

“However, when I ask Lise to set a date, she hastily answers: ‘there is no hurry!’

Hans Naades jydsk Tjener, Anders Jensen, det Skarn, jeg tror forvist har fanget min Lise i sit Garn.

The count's servant from Jutland, Anders Jensen, that brute, I think for sure he has caught my Lise in his net.

Men næste Gang hun kommer til Smedjen igen, jeg ganske sikkert spørger: naa, hvem er din Ven? –

“Next time she comes to my smithy again I will certainly ask: ‘well, who is your friend?’

Og er det Anders Jensen, den lumske Krabat, da fluks skal jeg tage med ham en Dravat”.
–

and if it is Anders Jensen, that crafty chap, I will rake him over the coals.”

Han hamrer og han banker paa den glødede Tang, alt medens han fløjter en Vise saa lang
He hammers and blows on the glowing tongs while he whistles a very long song.

I Aftenens Stilhed de stærke Slag genlød, fra Essen Luen flammed i den rødeste Glød.
In the quiet night, the heavy blows resound from the forge, the blaze glows bright red.

Men se! der er jo Lise i sin lyse Sirtses Dragt; den mørkebrune Fletning som en Krone er lagt

But look! There is Lise in her bright chintz dress; a dark brown braid winds as a crown omkring den høje Pande og Kindens bløde Rund, de dybe Smilehuller le omkap med hendes Mund.

around her head, and in her soft round cheek deep dimples race with her laughing mouth.

Hun løber og hun danser ad Markens smalle Sti. “Hun har vel ej i Sinde at gaa min Dør forbi!”

She skips and dances over the narrow forest path. “She won’t think of passing by my door!”
Saa Kristen han tænker, da Lise han bli’r var. Han kigger og han spejder ad Vindvets matte Glar.

So Kristen thinks when he discovers Lise. He watches and scouts through the doll pane.

Nu staar hun alt ved Døren og lytter derind. Han hamrer og han fløjter ved Luens klare Skin;

Now she is already standing, listening at the door. He hammers and whistles in the glare of the bright blaze;

med Haanden han stryger sit store, blonde Skæg og stirrer til Siden paa den sodede Væg.

he strikes his big blonde beard, and gazes to the side on the sooty wall.

”Hør Kristen, her jeg bringer hendes Naades Smykkeskrin, hun Nøglen ej kan finde—den lille er og fin;

“Listen, Kristen, I bring you the countess’ jewelry box; she cannot find the key - it is small and delicate.

hun lader dig sige, du Laasen aabne skal, hun Smykkerne skal bruge ved de unges Sommerball!”

She says that you shall open the lock; she is going to use the jewels at the young people’s summer party.”

Saa rakte Lise Skrinet ham med rødmende Kind, og kærligt hun saa ham i det klare Øje ind.

With blushing cheeks Lise passes him the box and lovingly she looks into his bright eyes.

Men Kristen han lirked i Laasen med List, imedens han skottede til hendes høje Vrist.

But Kristen slyly tries the lock while he glances at her high instep.

Hans Blikke Lise fulgte, og muntert hun lo. “Ja er de ikke kønne, mine sorte, blanke Sko?”

Lise follows his glances, and cheerfully she laughs. “Yes, aren’t they pretty my black, shiny shoes?”

Af Anders Jensen fik jeg dem ved sidste Julefest; det er de Sko, det siger han, der klæ’re mig allerbedst.”

I got them from Anders Jensen at the last Christmas party; he says these shoes become me the very best.”

”Ja vist, min kære Pige, der det nyskelige Sko, men Spændet, lille Lise, det er ej blankt mintro.

“Yes, certainly, my sweet girl, they are nice shoes, but the buckle, little Lise, is not even shining

Kom, sæt du her paa Stolen den lille Fod saa net, at ret vi kan betragte den stygge, mørke Plet.”

Come; place your pretty little foot here on the stool so we clearly can see the ugly black spot.”

Saa smisked Kristen listig og saa paa sodet Væg, med Haanden han trak i det store, blonde Skæg

Kristen smirks while slyly looking at the sooty wall; with his hand he pulls at his big blonde beard.

Fluks Lise satte Foden mod Træstolens Kant, og Kristen sig bøjedde, polisk og galant.

Straightaway Lise places her foot at the edge of the stool, and Kristen bends forward, cunningly and gallantly.

Men pludselig i Latter saa hjertelig han brast, han havde draget Skoen af hendes Fod i Hast.

Suddenly he bursts out in hearty laughter; he had hastily pulled the shoe off her foot.

“Hvad er det dog jeg ser—nej nu har jeg nok, din Taa, lille Lise, et Hul paa din Sok!”

“What is it I see — no, I must say, your toe, little Lise, a hole on your sock!”

Da satte Lise Foden mod Gulvet i Harm, vredt pressed hun Haanden mod den svulmende Barm.

In indignation Lise sets down her foot; angrily she presses her hand against her swelling bosom.

”Jeg hjulpet har Grevinden og syet den hele Dag, slet ikke har jeg siddet for mig selv i Ro og Mag!”

“The whole day I have helped the countess and have been sewing; I haven’t had any time in peace for myself!”

Men Kristen slængte Skoen paa Dørbrættet op, saa sprang han hen til Essen i et eneste Hop;

But Kristen flings the shoe up on the plank over the door; Then, in one leap, he is over at the hearth;

han trak i Blæsebælgen og pusted Luen klar, den skinned og straaled gennem Rudens matte Glar.

he pulls at the bellows and blows the blaze clear; it shines brightly through the dull pane.

I Lises mørke Øjne stod en Taare saa blank, hendes Hjerte stod stille, og Modet det sank.

Shining tears fill Lise’s dark eyes; her heart stands still and her courage sinks.

“Giv fluks mig nu Skoen!” –i Armen hun drog, hun trak i Skødeskindet, ham over Nakken slog.

“Give me, right away, my shoe!”-She pulls at his arm and at his leather apron while hitting him on his neck.

Men Kristen han hamred, det buldred og det klang, han fløjtede en lystig, en jublende Sang. –

But Kristen hammers; it rumbles and resounds; he whistles a gay and jubilant song.

“Gaa du til Anders Jensen, han er en Herre fin; hos ham du ej behøver at stoppe Uld og Lin!

“You should go to Anders Jensen; he is a noble gentleman; at his house you don’t need to mend wool and linen!”

En Smedekone, Lise, det ved du vel nok, maa altid kunne bøde en Hul paa sin Sok.

“A smith’s wife, that you must know Lise, must always be able to mend her socks.

Nej, ikke faar du Skoen, før du nævner den Dag, da ud du vil danses af Pigernes Lag!”

No, you are not getting the shoe back before you mention the day when you will be danced out of the maiden’s party!”

Saa lagde han Armen om hendes slanke Liv. ”Naar, Lise, vil du blive min egen søde Viv?” –

He then places his arm around her slender waist. “Well, Lise, when will you become my own sweet wife?”

I Haanden hun gemte sit Ansigt, bly og bleg, imedens hede Taarer ad Kinden sig sneg.

Bashful and pale she hides her face in her hands, while hot tears trickle down her cheeks.

”Ja, Kristen, lad os sætte den Dag til Sankte Hans, naar Egnens Piger binde af Blomster Somrens Krans;

“Yes, Kristen, let us fix the date for Midsummer Day when the local girls makes flower garlands;

naar Baalene de blusse i Nattens Mørke ud, da, Kristen, vil jeg blive din egen, din Brud”.

when the bonfires flare in the dark night; then, Kristen I will be your own, your bride.”

”Ret saa, lille Lise, nu stoler jeg derpaa”. Han kyssed hendes Mund og i Øjet hendes saa.

“Very well, little Lise, now I rely on that.” He kisses her mouth and looks into her eyes.

“Nu smisker du ej mere med Anders, den Nar, jeg troede, at hans Billed i Hjertet du bar!”

“Now you won’t leer any more at Anders, that fool. I thought that you were carrying his image in your heart!”

Ja saa fik Lises Skrinet og paa Foden sin Sko; de morede sig kostelig, og begge to de lo.

Then Lise gets the box and her shoe back on her foot; they are greatly amused and they both laugh.

Hun nikkede og vinkede, han smiled og sang; saa løb hun over Stien, hun dansede og sprang. —

She nods and waves; he smiles and sings; then she runs over the path; she dances and jumps.

Nu Kristen staar ene i Smedjens lave Dør. “Gid Lise dog vil hold sit Løfte, som hun bør!”

Now Kristen stands alone in the low door to the smithy: “I hope Lise will keep her promise as she ought to!”

Mildt Aftenklokken ringer sin Fred over By, og Solens sidste Straaler rødner den hvide Sky.

The evening bell rings peace over the town; the sun’s last rays reddens the white clouds.

Vinden sagte vifter om hans blussende Kind, han stirrer i Skovens det dybe Mørke ind.

A mild wind fans his blushing cheek; he gazes into the forest’s deep darkness.

Han lukker Smedjens Dør med Krog og med Laas, og styrer imod Byen sin sindige Kaas.

He closes the smithy’s door with hook and with lock, and, steadily, he sets course towards town.

Med Fest deres Bryllup skal fejres til Sankt Hans, naar Egnens Piger binde af Blomster Somrens Krans.

Their wedding will be celebrated with festivities on Midsummer Day, when the local girls make wreaths from the summer’s flowers.

Ja, lad os alle haabe, til Midsommerdag at lille Lise dances af Pigernes Lag!

Yes. Let us all hope that on Midsummer Day little Lise will be danced out of the maiden’s party!

Chr. Winther.

1911

ANDEGAARDEN.

THE DUCK YARD

I Andegaarden er Kam og Strid, Ænderne vrikker og snadrer;

In the duck yard there is fighting and strife, the ducks wriggle and grub;

hvad er i Vejen, hvem sætter Splid? Gæssene spørger og pjadrer.

“What is the matter; who is making trouble?” ask the geese and blather.

Røde i Kammen Hanerne staar, basker med Vingen og galer.

The cocks, with their red combs, flap their wings and crow.

I Aaleskindet Dyrene flaar, de slider, hiver og haler.

The animals tug and pull at an eel-skin with all their might.

Katten miauer et ynkeligt Raab; mens Hunden hyler og halser;

The cat meows a pitiful cry; the dog howls and bays;

hos alle lurer det samme Haab, om Skindet de trippende valser.

all are having the same hope while flocking around the skin.

Gasen tager et ordentligt Nap, den fanges af Hanens Sporer;

The gander has a go at it; he is caught by the cock’s spurs;

Hunden vil frem med et vældigt Snap— Katten ham river og klorer.

The dog leaps forward in a giant jump; the cat scratches and claws him.

I Miles Afstand høres den Kamp, thi ingen vil efter give;

The fight can be heard for miles since nobody will give in;

Fjerene ryger af Blod og Damp, paa Valen mange maa blive. —

f *eathers reek of blood and steam, many will remain on the battle field.*

Klimp, klamp —der lyder en Træskohæl, Dyrene fly’r fra hindanden — —

Clump, clump it sounds from a wooden shoe’s heel; the animals fly apart.

der kommer Manden, der er “han sæl”; paa Armen bærer han Spanden!

Here comes the man; it is he himself; on his arm he carries the bucket!

Manden standser –forfærdet han ser paa Striden og hele Hallojet;

The man stops up; in horror he watches the fight and all the uproar;

han løfter Spanden, saa lunt han ler: “I alt for længe har støjet,

he lifts the bucket with a shrewd laugh: “for too long you have been noisy,

men Vandet, Børnlil, se her, pladask – flyt jer, for ellers der vanker!”

But the water, kiddies-look! splash, splash— move on or you will get it!”

Det ramte saa fælt, det vaade Sjask, straks kom de paa andre Tanker.

It hit them so badly, that wet splash, that they at once thought better of it.

I Andegaarden endte den Strid, Vreden blev dæmpet af Badet;

In the duck yard, the fight had ended; anger had been dampened by the bath;

slet ingen fik den fede Bid, den glemtes i Kampen og Hadet.

Nobody got the fat morsel; it was forgotten in fighting and hatred.

Se saadan det just i Verden gaar, endog blandt finere Racer,

See, this is just the way it goes in the world; even among more noble races,

man blindt til højre og venstre slaar i Livets mangfoldige Facer.

one blindly hits left and right in life's manifold faces.

Mit Land, du ligner en Andegaard – hej, lystig Raabene gjalder! –

My country, you resemble a duck yard— hi, the shouts merrily resound!

alting saa skønt paa Hovedet staar, det gode vakler og falder.

Everything is pretty much upside-down; good things are reeling and falling

O, Danmark, grib i din egen Barm, jeg haaber, du heraf skønner,

Oh, Denmark, look nearer home; I hope you will realize

hvor styg den er, den megen Alarm, der hersker blandt dine Sønner! –

how ugly all this brawl is which prevails among your sons!

Saa tit jeg kaldte jer frem til Daad, jeg havde med jer min Hyre;

So often I have summoned you to action; I have had a lot of trouble with you;

forkaste man kan et velment Raad, har man Forstand paa at styre!

one can reject well-meant advice if one knows how to reign!

I Danmark er det blevet en Lyst, om alt at strides og kævles,

In Denmark it has become a delight to fight and bicker about everything,

og den, der slaar, faar rigest Høst, mens frem og tilbage der ævles.

and he who hits hardest gets the best harvest while they twaddle back and forth.

Ak Brødre, findes der ikke en Mand, der kan til Orden jer kalde?

Alas! brothers, is there not a man who can call you to order?

Her trænges til en mægtig Pøs Vand – til en, der la’r Pisken knalde!

Here a giant bucket of water is needed and also someone who cracks his whip!

Dog, Manden findes for Tiden ej, hvad nytter det, at jeg raaber

However, that man doesn't exist right now, so what does it help that I shout

saa trask da af Sted jer egen Vej, I dumme, forblindede Taaber!

so just trudge on in your own way, you stupid, blind fools!

H. V. Kaalund.

1911

TIL DANMARKS KVINDER.

TO THE WOMEN OF DENMARK

Fra Arilds Tid hver Kvinde god gik glad ved Mandens Side.

From time immemorial every good woman walked glad at her man's side.

I Hjemmets Fred i ”med og mod” hun sysled om paa lette Fod; hun gav ham kækt sit unge

Mod, hun lærte ham at stride.

In the peace of the hearth, in good times and bad light-hearted she performed her routines,

she cheerfully gave him her young courage and taught him to struggle.

Nu Kvinden gaar sin egen Vej, sit Hus og Barn hun vogter ej, vil bort fra Hjemmet glide.

In our day the woman follows her own path, her home, her child she does not guard, wants rather out from home.

I Danmarks Datter Ønsker bør lig Manden frem at stige; til dig jeg taler Alvorsord:

Denmark's daughters have wishes to succeed and prosper like the man to you I want to speak in earnest:

du Kvinde sattes her paa Jord at virke i en Gerning stor, men ej som Mandens Lige.

you, Woman, was entrusted with a task of great responsibility on earth but not as the equal of the Man.

Du Barnet tage skal i Favn, du smykkes skal med Modernavn i Hjemmets stille Rige.

You must embrace the child and be endowed with a mother's name in the quiet realm of the home.

Jeg ved, du føder helst en Søn, det er din første Tanke, derom du be'r til Gud en Bøn;

I know your foremost thought is to give birth to a son, of this you pray to God.

mens Barnet stolt du bær i Løn, du drømmer om en Fremtid skøn:

While proudly carrying the child unrevealed you dream of a grand future:

din Søn skal Laurbær sanke ved Studier og Granskerflid,

your son will reap laurels in studies and scrutiny

men helst ved Lærdom uden Slid og uden Maal og Skranke.

though rather through learning without toil and without goals or bounds.

Ak ve, du fik en Datterlil til Trods for dine Bønner.

O woe, you became mother of a little daughter in spite of your prayers.

Saa lunefuldt er Skæbnens Spil; hvad frem for alt vor Hu staar til, den aldrig ret os give vil, den ej vor Tanke lønner;

So capricious is fate, the strongest wishes foremost in our mind it never cares to grant us, our thoughts it does not reward,

det tyktes dig langt større Fryd at give Hjemmet skønnest Pryd, at føde Danmark Sønner.

it would have been a much sweeter delight for you to bless the home with the greatest ornament in bearing the sons of Denmark.

Snart farver Glæden dog din Kind, og Haanden Vuggen gynger.

Soon after, though, happiness blushes your cheek, the hand rocks the cradle.

Mens Barnet slumrer stille ind, din Tanke væver nye Spind, og Haabet bruser i dit Sind;

While the child quietly goes to sleep, your thought weaves new webs and hope swells up in your mind,

og Moderstolthed synger om Pigens Liv i Glans og Pragt, om Dans paa Eng og Skønhedsmagt, om Guld i store Dynger!

and a mother's pride sings about a glittering and glorious life for the girl, about dancing in the meadow, about beauty's power, about the greatest heaps of gold!

O, Moder, hør i denne Sag, hvad bedst dig her vil baade:

Oh, listen Mother, in this matter the better path to follow is:

Du bør ej drømme bort din Dag, ej være Taabe, blind og svag, ej tro, du løse kan i Mag en Fremtids dunkle Gaade.

not to dream away your days, being no fool, nor blind or weak, not believing you can solve in time the unknown riddle of a future.

Nej, send en Bøn til Livets Gud, der reder alle Skæbner ud, og støt dig til Hans Naade.

No, send a prayer to the God of Life who is the planner of all fates, and find solace in His grace.

Du, Kvinde, blev af Herren sat at vogte Barnets Veje.

Woman! You were destined by the Lord to guard the steps of the child.

Du lære skal din kære Skat, at Livet ej er let og glat, at skelne Dagen klart fra Nat, og aldrig dumt at neje for Verdens Glimmer, Tant og Fjas, for Gods og Smykker, Fjer og Stads og for de onde Veje.

You must teach your dear treasure that life is never light and easy, to see day clearly distinguished

*from night, to never curtsey foolishly before the world's vain foolery and splendor; its goods
and gold, feathers and frills or its wicked ways.*

Lad Barnet gaa i Ledebaand, ej famle om i Blinde.

Let the child remain under your guidance not letting it grope in the dark.

Du danne skal dets unge Aand;

You must mold its young mind.

med kærligt Ord og nænsom Haand du bøje skal den unge Vaand og fostre frem
en "Kvinde".

*With loving words and gentle hands you must bend the young spirit and raise from
it a "woman".*

Lær hende blive Hjemmets Sol og ikke fra Katedrets Stol sit Lys at lade skinne!

*Teach her to become the sun of the home and not to let her light shine from a teacher's chair
at school.*

Du danske Kvinde skal staa Vagt i Hjemmets Kongerige;

The Danish woman must be the guardian of the realm of the home;

hersk der med mild og stille Magt, pynt aldrig dig med Narredragt, men giv paa alting
kærlig Agt, da Mørkets Skygger vige.

*rule it with a mild and gentle might, never dress in fool's garb but watch everything with care
so the shadows of darkness will recede.*

Ja, har du opfyldt Herrens Bud, da kan du trygt i Renheds Skrud opad mod
Himlen stige!

*Yes, have you done the Lord's bidding then you can safely ascend to Heaven in the
robes of purity.*

Chr. Richardt.

1911

AARETS TIDER.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR

En straalende Sol fra Himmels Blaa nu kalder til Live de knoppede Blade og klæder
med Grønsvar Markerne graa.

*A glorious sun in the blue sky is now calling the budding leaves into being and dressing
the fields in green grass.*

Hist kruser Vinden Skovsøens Flade og hvisler i Breddens fjorgamle Siv.

The wind ripples the forest lake's surface and whistles in the bank's rush of yesteryear.

Paa Engen staar færdig Blomsternes Skare og følger med Undren det spirende Liv,

*In the meadow an abundance of flowers are in full bloom; astonished, they watch the
budding life*

mens Spurvene tage sig ængstelig i Vare for Stærenes Hug og kradsende Klo.

while the sparrows anxiously are on guard against the starlings' slash and scratching claw.

Hver Aar Hver Aar maa de værne den dunede Rede, de bygged i Kassens
skærmende Bo;

Every year they must protect their feathered nest, which they build in the shielding nesting box;

til sidst dog Fjenderne slaa sig til Ro og glemme den rasende Vrede!

in the end the enemy will settle down and forget its frenzied anger!

Nu synger Fuglen fra Træets Gren og lokker for sin kvidrende Mage;

Now a bird sings from the tree branch; he entices his chirping mate;

undselig hun hopper fra Sten til Sten, vist ikke hun hører hans trillende Klage.

Bashfully she hops from stone to stone; she doesn't hear his warbling lament.

Paa Skovsletten hviler det nyfødte Lam; mens Hinden det slikker, urolig hun snøfter

*On the forest plain, the newborn fawn is resting; while the hind is licking it she
anxiously sniffs*

og lytter til Rævenes støjende Glam, der klinger saa hult fra Bakker og Kløfter.

and listens to the foxes' loud baying which resounds so loud from hill and canyon.

Ved Fuldmaaneskær bag den hængende Pil, der klart sin Stamme i Skovsøen spejler,
*In the light from the full moon, behind the hanging willow with its trunk clearly reflected
in the forest lake,*

de elskende søge et drømmende Hvil, og Pigen lover med salige Smil at følge den
trofaste Bejler.

*two lovers are taking a dreamy rest, and the girl, blissfully smiling, promises to follow the
faithful suitor.*

Saa drager Sommeren ind over Land med skinnende Sol over støvfylde Veje.

Then summer sweeps over the land as the sun shines upon dusty roads.

Nu blaaner Havet, der skyller mod Strand, mens Dønninger rulle, og Sejlerne neje for
Sommerens muntre, legende Blæst.

*Now the bluish sea washes towards the beach while swells run and sailboats sway in
summer's gay, playful wind.*

Med hungrige Maager og Terner i Følge hist Dampskibet sejler fjernt imod Vest i
duvende Fart over skumhvide Bølge.

*Followed by seagulls and terns, a steamer sails, with pitching speed, over foam while waves
far away towards the west.*

Men Fiskeren ror med sindige Tag sin Kvase ind, hvor Stenmolen strækker en
skærmende Arm mod Vandenes Slag;

*Yet the fisherman, with steady strokes, rows his boat into the place where the jetty stretches out
a protective arm against the water;*

han støder mod Broen med skurende Brag, mens Drengen ham Tovet rækker.

he hits the bridge with a thunderous crash while the boy throws him the rope.

Snart alting blomstrer i Skov og Hegn, og Duften spredes i bølgende Strømme ved
Aften hen over den disede Egn og vækker i Sindet de skønneste Drømme, der fylde
vort Hjerte og rødme vor Kind.

*Soon everything is blooming in the forest and hedge; in the evening, the fragrance flows
in wavy currents over the hazy meadow, awakening the beautiful dreams, which fill our*

heart and reddens our cheek.

Nu modnes Kornets guldgule Rader; kan Bonden dog blot faa Sæden kørt ind, før
Regnskyllet kommer og Afgrøden skader!

*Now the golden rows of grain are ripe; if only the farmer can get the crop inside before
the downpour can harm it!*

For Leerne segner det kortunge Væld; flinkt Karlene meje, mens Pigerne binde og sætte i
Traver fra Morgen til Kvæld;

*Under the scythes an abundance of ripe grain falls; the men diligently reap, while the girls
tie it up and set it in tufts from morning to evening;*

men Kusken han slaar for Hestene Smæld, mens langsomt mod Hjemmet de vinde.

The coachman cracks his whip over the horses while slowly returning home.

Ved Aften mødes bag Ladens Mur de unge fra Landsbyens Huse og Gaarde.

In the evening, young people from the village houses and farms meet behind the barn.

I smilende Øjne staar Skælmen paa Lur, mens Karlen lokker for Pigen at daare.

In smiling eyes mischief lurks as the chap entices and charms the girl.

Ak, stol dog aldrig paa fagre Ord, der hviskes i Øret ved Midsommertide;

Alas! don't ever trust fair words whispered in the ear at Midsummer time;

i Ordene ofte en Falskhed bor, der bringer Hjertet den tungeste Kvide. –

often falseness resides in the words which causes the heart such heavy pain. –

Har Natten sænket sin stille Ro med Søvn til alle i Gaarde og Hytter,

When night has peacefully fallen and brought sleep to everyone in farms and huts,

fra Engen høres en Hvisken af to, der sværger hinanden en evig Tro, mens Kvæget
undrende lytter.

*Then from the meadow a whisper is heard from the two who vow to each other eternal faith
while the cattle listen in wonder.*

Saa drage de lyse Nætter bort og glide stille mod nordlige Egne,

Then the light nights retreat; quietly they drift towards the north.

for Tusmørkets Skygger de komme til kort, det straalende Skær maa slukkes og blegne.

They can't keep up with dusk's shadows; the brilliant light will die out and fade.

Tilfreds for i Aar med den herlige Høst nu Bonden har sanket Kornet i Lade;

The farmer, content with this year's harvest, has brought the grain to the barn.

og Fuglene pudse det fjedrede Bryst, de hoppe saa travlt bag Kviste og Blade.

The birds are cleaning their feathered breasts; they busily hop among twigs and leaves.

Parat til Rejsen med prøvende Kast de vugge sig frem paa udspilte Vinge;

Ready for the voyage, they heave and set on spreading wings;

ved Kæret de holde den sidste Rast, saa lette de alle i susende Hast, af Sted mod Syden de svinge.

by the pond they take their last rest, then they take off in great haste; towards the south they swing

Da falder stille det brune Løv, det drysser tæt over Stier og Veje,

Now the brown foliage quietly falls; it slowly sifts down over path and road.

og Regnen ælter det graalige Støv, mens Stormene hen over Markerne feje.

The rain muddies the grey dust while storms sweeps the fields.

Ved Vangeledet en Pige staar, hun følger tungsindigt den dampende Taage, der bølgender let over Engene gaar.

A girl is standing at the gate; she sadly watches the steaming mist that waves lightly over the meadow.

Fra Stranden hun hører den skrigende Maage, den varsler saa stygt om kommende Vejr.

From the beach she hears the shrieking gull; it forebodes such bad weather.

Hun bøjer sit Hoved, og sagte hun græder; mens Regnen pisker mod Blade og Træ'r,

She bends her head and quietly cries while rain lashes against leaves and trees;

hun sukker og tænker paa Sorgen, hun bær' i Mindet om Sommerens Glæder.

she sighs and thinks of the sorrow she carries in recollection of the summer's joy.

Der runger Brøl fra den nære Skov, to Hjorte i Brunst om Hinderne stride,

Roars boom from the nearby forest; two rutting stags are fighting

de stange og hugge med Takker og Klov, de slaas, til den ene i Gæsset maa bide;

They butt and strike each other with their antlers and hoofs; they fight 'til one bites the dust;

men Sejerherren i springende Hop de opskræmte Hinder hisende følger fra Dalens Sænkning til Bakkernes Top i Krattet ind, til Mørket ham dølger.

In jumping leaps, the winner agitates and pursues the scared hinds from the bottom of the valley to the top of the hill into the thicket until the darkness hides him.

Nu blæser Vinden med stormende Klang, de sidste Blade fra Grenene falde og spredes i Flugt over Marker og Vang.

Now the wind blows with a stormy sound; the last leaves fall from the branch and spread over field and meadow.

De svindende Dage i vedmodig Sang forgæves paa Sommeren kalde.

The fading days, with wistful song, try in vain to call back the summer.

Snart hvirvler Sneens de hvide Fnug i legende Dans over Øer og Lande;

Soon snow whirls its white flakes in a playful dance over island and land.

Naturen drager et klagende Suk, mens Snesløret skjuler dens furede Pande.

Nature heaves a lamenting sigh while a veil of snow furrows its forehead.

I Vinterens mørke, frostkolde Stund mod lysere Dage og Tider vi længes;

In winter's dark, frosty and cold times, we long for brighter days;

vi mindes tungsindigt den grønne Lund, mens Dagskæret svinder og Vinteren strenges.

We sadly recall the green grove while twilight dwindles and winter grows harder.

Dog herlig er Sneens florlette Spind af klare Krystaller lig ædle Stene,

However, the snow's gauzy web is beautiful; its clear crystals sparkle like precious stones

der funkler i Solens straalende Skin, og glitre med Glans i den isnende Vind, der gynger Træernes Grene.

in the sun's brilliant light; they brilliantly sparkle in the ice-cold wind which rocks the branches on the trees.

Til dig, mit herlige, esklede Land en Hilsen jeg sender med venlige Tanker;
To you, my precious, beloved country, I send a greeting with kind thoughts;
 jeg mindes endnu din blaanende Strand, de duftende Skove og grønklædte Banker.
I still recall your bluish beaches, the fragrant forests and green banks.
 Jeg mindes Vaarens jublende Lyst og Havets rullende, skumhvide Bølge;
I recall spring's jubilant delight and the sea's rolling, foam-white waves.
 jeg ser i Tanken din skovkranste Kyst, de skrigende Maager med Terner i Følge, der
 flakkede over det glitrende Sund;
In my mind I see your wood-embosomed coast, the shrieking seagulls followed by terns; they
flutter over the sparkling Sound.
 jeg mindes din Sol, din blomstrende Have og Sommerens friske, herlige Stund.
I recall your sun, your flower garden, and summer's wonderful, refreshing times.
 Jeg mindes de dodes fredfyldte Lund med tavse, snedækte Grave.
I recall the dead people's peaceful grove with its silent, snow-covered graves.

Henrik Hertz.
 1911

FADER VOR. **OUR FATHER**

Fader vor i Himlens høje Sale, send din Fred og Ro til alle ned!
Our Father in Heaven's tall halls, send down your peace and calm to us all!
 lær os lytte til Naturen Tale, thi den viser os din Kærlighed!
Let us listen to Nature's voice; it shows us your love!
 Lær os alle trygt til dig at bede: giv os Livet i vor Frelzers Navn!
Teach us to pray with confidence: give us life in our Savior's name!
 Fader vor, du vil os alle lede, til vi samles i din aabne Favn.
Our Father, you will lead us all 'til we gather in your embrace.

Lad din Engel vandre ved vor Side, naar vi glide paa den trange Sti!
Let your angel walk beside us when we slide on the narrow path!
 Lad os alle sikkert faa at vide, at ej alt med Livet er forbi!
Let us all know for certain that not everything is over when life comes to an end!
 Fader vor, du kender vore Veje; naar vi saares af den skarpe Tjørn, send din Naade til vort
 Sygeleje, vaag du trofast over dine Børn!
Our Father, you know our ways; when we are wounded by sharp thorn, send your mercy
to our sickbed; faithfully watch over your children!
 Fader vor, vi alle til dig længes, kald i vore Sjæle Troen frem!
Our Father, we all are longing for you; bring forth the faith in our souls!
 lad ej koldt og dødt vort Hjerter stænges ud fra Evighedens lyse Hjem!
Do not let our cold and dead hearts be excluded from eternity's bright home!
 Lad de Ord, vi i vor Barndom lærte, af en elsket Moder, om din Søn, lyse for os som en
 Haabets Kerte, naar vi sukke frem vor stille Bøn!
Let the words of your son, which we in our childhood learned from a beloved mother,
shine before of us like hopes' candle when we sigh forth our silent prayers!

Fader vor, naar Dødens Klokke ringe, kalde os fra Livet her paa Jord, lad vor Sjæl mod
 Himlen højt sig svinge did, hvor Evighedens Lykke bor!
Our Father, when death's bells toll, call us up from life here on earth; let our souls rise
high towards heaven, where eternity's happiness resides!
 Frels os, naar de vilde Storme bruse, og vi angre, hvad vi her forbrød!
Save us when wild storms roar and we regret what wrongs we have committed!
 Lad os høre Englens Vinger suse, naar vi mødes af den stærke Død!
Let us hear the beating of angels' wings when we are met by stern death!

H. C. Andersen
 1911

EPILOG.

EPILOGUE.

Lurens Toner gjalde over Hav og Land, gyldne Tiders Skjalde gæste Danmarks Strand.

The sounds of the lure blare out over sea and land, scalds of golden times visit Denmark's beach.

Sjælens fagre Drømme flyve fra vort Hjem, Himmeldybets Strømme bære Tanken frem.

The beautiful dreams of the soul fly away from our home, the flows from the skies bring forward our thoughts.

Svunde Dages Minde kalder og til Jord, brudte Baand vi binde, bryde Tyvedragts Ord.

Memories of bygone days call us to the earth, broken ties we bind breaking the words of discord.

Soles slukte Luer sank bag Tidens Hav, døde Mænd du skuer rejse sig af Grav.

Burnt-out flames of suns set behind the sea of time, dead men you see rising from their graves.

Aanders stolte Skarer fylked' for dig staa fjernt fra Mørkets Farer skal vi Maalet naa.

Proud flocks of spirits standing in masses before you, far away from the dangers of darkness we shall fulfill our goal.

Gennem Nattens Taage flammer vidt vor Bavn, Danmarks Sønner vaage, hviske

Danmarks Navn!

Through the mists of night are flaming wide our beacon, Denmark's sons keep guard while whispering Denmark's name!

P. C. Plough

1913