



PETER ERASMUS LANGE-MÜLLER

TRE DIGTE

OPUS 4 NR.2

Lyrics by Thor Lange

ÅKANDE

Du, min stille Lotusblomst,
fra Skovsøens Rand,
Du Svane, som paa Bølgen Dig vugger,
Siig, synker du om Natten
til Drømmenes Land?
Er det derfor, at Din Krone du lukker?

Er det derfor, Du sænker Dig
i Skovdybets Væld,
Naar Aftenstjernen over Dig blinker?
Ak, aaben mig Dit Bæger
blot en eneste Kvæld,
Det er Mere end Drømmen, som Dig vinker.

THREE POEMS

OPUS 4 NO.2

English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen

WATERLILY

You, my quiet Lotusflower,
from the shore of the forest lake,
you swan, who rocks on the wave,
say, do you sink at night
into the realm of dreams?
Is that the reason why you close your corolla?

Is that the reason why you lower yourself
into the domain of the deep forest
when the evening star twinkles above you?
O, open for me your chalice
just for one single evening,
it is more than the dream, which beckons you.