

PETER HEISE

DYVEKES SANGE

NR.5

Lyrics by Holger Drachmann

THE SONGS OF DYVEKE

NO.5

English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen

NÆPPE TØR JEG TALE

Næppe tør jeg tale,
saa vinker han brat;
Kongen drømmer vaagen,
men værre dog ved Nat;
vilde saa gjerne sige ham,
hvad meest jeg tænker paa...

Jeg tænker paa svundne Dage;
Det kan han ej forstaae!

Jeg drømte, jeg var en Due
og sattes med Høg i Bur,
for Høgens funklende Øje¹
jeg flygted' med Skræk mod Mur;
saa bød han mig sikkert Lejde,
hvorhen jeg blot havde Lyst...

saa hugged han Næbbets Kaarde
igjennem mit hvide Bryst.

I HARDLY DARE SPEAK

I hardly dare speak,
before he suddenly waves,
The King dreams when awake
but even worse at night;
I would love to tell him
what occupies my thoughts,

I think of bygone days:
That he cannot comprehend!

I dreamt that I was a dove
and was placed in a cage with a hawk,
from the hawk's glittering eye¹
I fled with terror and hit the wall;
then he offered me safe conduct,
wherever I wanted to go..

then he thrust his beak's sword
through my white breast.

1ste udgave (WH): "Øjne" – Drachmann: "Øje"

1st Edition (WH): "eyes" – Drachmann: "Eye"



Vaage maa jeg stedse
ved Dag og ved Nat,
vender jeg mig fra ham,
saa vaagner han brat,
fatter mig i sit Favnetag,
som ville jeg fra ham gaae...

Hans Kys er glødende Lue;
jeg kan dem ej forstaa.

I must always keep vigil
at day and at night,
if I turn away from him,
he suddenly awakes,
grasps me in his embrace,
as if I would leave him.

His kisses are like ardent flames;
I do not understand them.