

TEKLA GRIEBEL WANDALL

FEM SANGE

NR.5

Lyrics by Jens Peter Jacobsen

GENREBILLEDE

Pagen højt paa Taarnet sad,
stirred' ud saa vide,
digted paa et Elskovskvad
om sin Elskovskvide,
kunde ikke faa det samlet,
sad og famled'
nu med Stjærner, nu med Roser —
intet rimed' sig paa Roser —
satte fortvivlet saa Hornet for Mund,
knugede vredt sit Væрге,¹
blæste saa² sin Elskov ud
over alle Bjærge.

¹ "væрге": "våben" eller "skjold"

² "saa": "således" eller "så"

FIVE SONGS

NO.5

English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen

GENRE PIECE/CONVERSATION PIECE

The page sat high in the tower
and gazed into the distance,
writing on a love poem
about his pangs of love,
he could not get it together,
he sat and faltered
with stars and with roses —
nothing would rhyme with roses —
then in desperation he put the horn to his lips,
angrily squeezing his weapon,¹
and thus² blew out his love
beyond all mountains.

¹ "væрге": "wepon" or "shield"

² "saa": "thus" or "then"