

PETER HEISE

DYVEKES SANGE

NR.5

SE, NU ER SOMMEREN KOMMEN

See, nu er Sommeren kommen,
Kirsebærfrugten er moden;
i Havens snirklede Gange
flytter jeg Silkefoden.

Silke har jeg mig spundet
ud af min Ungdomsglæde,
Silke fra Hoved til Foden
veed ikke, hvor jeg tør træde;

elsker de dyre Stene,
elsker de gyldne Spanger;¹
ligner vist Gyldenlakken,²
som med sin Armod pranger.

Holdes til Huse bundet,
vogtes mod snigende Slanger,
vilde saa gerne Snakke
lidt med de andre Fanger.

See, nu er Sommeren kommen,
Træernes Frugt er moden.
Sommeren har sine Storme,
Frugterne drysses for Foden.

THE SONGS OF DYVEKE

NO.5

LOOK, NOW THE SUMMER HAS ARRIVED

Look, now the summer has arrived,
the cherry fruit is ripe;
in the garden's tortuous paths
I move my silken foot.

I have spun silk for myself
out of the joy of my youth,
silk from head to toe
I know not where I dare to tread;

I love the precious stones,
I love the golden buckles¹
I probably resemble the golden enamel,²
which boasts with its poverty.

I am kept tied to the house,
being guarded against insidious snakes,
I would so much like to talk a little
with the other prisoners.

Look, now the summer has arrived,
the fruit on the trees is ripe.
The summer has its storms,
the fruits are strewn at my foot.

¹ *spange*: metalspænde

² *gyldenlak* – To betydninger:

- a. Gylden lak, som bruges i stedet for bladguld
- b. Gyldenlak: undselig blomst

¹ *spange*: metal buckle

² *gyldenlak* – Two meanings:

- a. Golden lacquer, used instead of gold leaf
- b. Gyldenlak: little flower



Fy, hvilke stygge Tanker.
Vinden faaer vifte dem ud,
vinden faaer slutte min Vise . . .
dér kommer Slotsherrens bud!

Shame, such ugly thoughts.
The wind must wave them away,
the wind must end my ballad...
there comes the Lord's messenger!