



# CARL NIELSEN

## SEKS SANGE TIL TEKSTER AF LUDVIG HOLSTEIN OPUS 10 NR 3

*Lyrics by Ludvig Holstein*

### SOMMERSANG

Fyldt med Blomster blusser  
Æbletræets Gren.  
Atter blaaner Himlen  
dyb og varm og ren.  
Over Markens Blommer  
brummer Humlebien,  
honningtung og ør — —  
Ak, saa blev det Sommer!  
Vandrer du langs Stien  
drømmende som før?

Blomsters blide Dufte  
bæres vidt om Vang.  
Gøg fra fjerne Skove  
kukker Dagen lang.  
Hørte du i Dalen,  
hvor de klare Kilder  
klinger gennem Krat,  
Sang af Nattergalen,  
lange Løb af Triller  
i den lyse Nat?

Vestens Brise bruser  
gennem Korn og Græs.  
Slettelandets Bølger  
lover rige Læs.  
Himlens milde Byger  
deres gyldne Grøde

## SIX SONGS TO TEXTS BY LUDVIG HOLSTEIN OPUS 10 NO 3

*English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen*

### SUMMER SONG

Filled with flowers flush  
the branch of the apple tree.  
Again the sky becomes blue  
deep and warm and pure.  
Over the flowering field  
the bumblebee hums,  
heavy with honey and dizzy — —  
Alas, it is summer!  
Do you wander along the path  
dreamy as always?

The gentle fragrances of flowers  
travel far over the meadow.  
The cuckoo from distant woods  
calls all day.  
Did you hear in the valley,  
where the limpid springs  
resound through the brush,  
the song of the nightingale,  
the long runs of trills  
in the light night?

The breeze of the West rushes  
through grain and grass.  
The waves of the plains  
predict a rich crop.  
The mild showers of the sky  
bring their golden growth



bringer fjernt og nær — —  
Blomsterstøvet ryger,  
dufter dig imøde<sup>1</sup>  
over Rug, som drær.

Ak, saa blev det Sommer!  
Smægtende paany  
Skønhedsdrømmen stiger  
op mod Himmelens Sky.  
Svanehvid den svømmer  
som et dejligt Smykke  
i det dybe Blaa — —  
Hele Jorden drømmer  
om et Dyb af Lykke,  
som den ej kan naa.

far and near — —  
The pollen fumes,  
and welcomes you with its scent  
over the flowering rye.

Alas, it is summer!  
Yearning anew  
the dream of beauty ascends  
towards a cloud in the sky.  
Swan-white it swims  
like a lovely jewel  
in the deep blue—  
The whole earth dreams  
of a profound happiness,  
which it cannot reach.

---

<sup>1</sup> L.Holstein: "i Møde"