



# HILDA SEHESTED

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## SANGE

(1893)

NR.3

*Lyrics by Axel Juel*

### 3. KYS

Et svigtende, bristende — bliv —  
og den dør, den sælsomme Blomst  
aandedraglangt er dens Liv.

Den dør i et skælvende Gys,  
der sitrende stiger fra Kalkens Bund,  
dog endnu den lever en stakket Stund,  
lever i Øjnenes Lys.

Og Læberne mødes som før,  
mødes, og Kyssets sælsomme Blomst  
fødes —  
fødes — og aander — og dør.

## SONGS

(1893)

NO.3

*English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen*

### 3. THE KISS

A failing, bursting – stay –  
and it dies, the mysterious flower  
only the length of one breath is its life.

It dies with a quivering shiver,  
which trembling ascends from the bottom of the chalice,  
yet it still lives a brief hour,  
lives in the light of the eyes.

And the lips meet like before,  
meet, and the mysterious flower of the kiss  
is born –  
is born – and breathes – and dies.