

CHRISTOPH ERNST FRIEDR. WEYSE

SOVEDRIKKEN

Lyrics by Adam Oehlenschläger

De klare bølger rulled

De klare Bølger rulled
mod dunkle Aftenlund,
det var saa tyst i Dalen,
høit fløited Nattergalen;
dens rene toner lulled'
mig ind i Søvnens Blund.
Da drømte jeg at skue
for mig en Yngling staae;
hans brune Lokker bølged,
hans Aasyn ei de dølged,
i Solens Rosenlue
han monne Lyren slaee.

Da lød hans hulde Stemme,
han nævnte ømt mit Navn.
O! sang han, lad din Læbe
til min med Ild sig klæbe,
og lad os alting glemme,
sødt klynget Favn mod Favn!
Da sank jeg glad og bange
med Skjælven til hans Bryst;
os friske Løv omsnoede,
Violer rundt os groede,
og Philomeles Sange
gjentog vor stumme Lyst.

THE SLEEP POTION

English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen

The limpid Waves rippled

The limpid waves rippled
towards the dim evening grove,
it was so quiet in the vale,
loud sang the nightingale;
its pure tones
lulled me to sleep.
Then I dreamt that I saw
a youth stand before me;
his brown wavy locks,
did not conceal his face,
in the rosy glow of the sun
he played the lyre.

Then his sweet voice resounded,
he tenderly mentioned my name.
“Oh!” he sang, “let thy lip
with ardour cling to mine,
and let us forget everything
huddled together in a sweet embrace!”
Then with joy and fear I sank
trembling against his breast;
the fresh foliage entwined us,
violets grew around us,
and the songs of Philomele
repeated our silent passion.