



EMMA HARTMANN

(FREDERIK H. PALMER)

MISMOD ¹

Lyrics by Christian Winther

I Skovens Høisale Falken graa
tør boe med trøstigt Mod;
men jeg har ikke en Qvist, hvorpaa
jeg hvile kan min Fod.

Bag dunkle Buske, saa luunt i Løn,
sig lægger Hjort hos Hind;
men jeg har ikke den Tue grøn,
som svale kan min Kind.

Naar Blomsten græder, i Luftens Strøm
dens Smerte vorder saa kort;
Til mig der naaer ingen Aande øm
som veirer Taaren bort!²

¹ Christian Winters titel: "I Skovens Høisale Falken graa"

² Christian Winther: "For at veire min Taare bort!"

DESPONDENCY ¹

English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen

In the arbour of the forest the grey falcon
dares to live with trusting courage;
yet I do not have a twig on which
I can rest my foot.

Behind dark bushes, so cosy and in secret
the deer lies down with the hind;
yet I have not the green tuft,
which can cool my cheek.

When the flower weeps, in the stream of the air
its pain be so short;
to me comes no tender breath
which can waft away my tear!²

¹ Christian Winters title: "In the arbour of the forest the grey falcon"

² Christian Winther: "in order to waft away my tear!"