



EMMA HARTMANN

(FREDERIK H. PALMER)

MIN SKAT

Lyrics by Christian Winther

Hun er sød,
hun er blød,
hun er smal om sit Liv;
hun er bøielig
og føielig
og rank som et Siv.
Hendes Kind
er saa lind,
og som Rosen¹ saa varm;
hun er nysselig
og kysselig
paa Mund, Haand og Arm.

Ak, hvor net,
og hvor let
som et svævende Fnug,
kan hun neie sig
og dreie sig
paa Foden saa smuk.
Hvor hun stod
paa sin Fod,
hvor hun gik og hun sprang,
var hun nydelig
og frydelig
som Fløiternes Klang.

¹ Christian Winther: "rosens"

MY DARLING

English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen

She is sweet,
she is gentle,
she is slender around her waist;
she is supple
and docile
and straight as a willow wand.
Her cheek
is so soft,
and as warm as the rose;¹
she is dainty
and kissable
on mouth, hand, and arm.

Ah! How nicely
and how lightly
like a floating flake,
can she curtsey
and turn
on the beautiful foot.
Where she stood
on her foot,
where she walked and she skipped,
she was charming
and delightful
as the sound of the flutes.

¹ Christian Winther: "the rose's"



Og saa kjæk
som en Bæk
mellem Blomsternes Flok,
glimter Øiets Blink
fornøiet, flink
bag nødbrune Lok.
Hendes Røst
er min Trøst
midt i Sorgernes Nat; —
al den Herlighed
og Kjærlighed
er min søde Skat!

And as brave
as a brook
among the flowers in bloom,
twinkles the eye
amused and kind
from behind the hazel lock.
Her voice
is my comfort
in the midst of the night of sorrows;
all this magnificence
and love
is my sweet darling!