



JOHANN PETER EMILIUS HARTMANN

LÆR MIG!

Lyrics by Christian Richardt

Lær mig Nattens Stjerne
at lyde fast og gjerne!
Ej at vige fra den Vej,
Himlens Gud tilmaalte mig!
Lær mig Nattens Stjerne!

Lær mig Markens Blommer
at bie paa min Sommer,
midt i Verdens dybe Vee
at spire under Vintersnee!
Lær mig Markens Blommer!

Lær mig golde Hede,
Du brune Lærkerede,
nøjet med en fattig Høst,
at huse Sangen ved mit Bryst!
Lær mig golde Hede!

Havets Bølge-Hære,
lær mig mit Aag at bære,
og som I, naar Sol gaar ned,
at spejle lidt af Himlens Fred!
Havets Bølge-Hære!

Lær mig grønne Lunde
at skygge, om jeg kunde,
hver som kommer mig forbi,
Ven og Fjende paa min Sti!
Lær mig grønne Lunde!

Sol i Aftensvale,
lær mig den Kunst at dale!
Kun mod Nattens Dyb at gaa,
for nyfødt atter at opstaa!
Lær mig Sol at dale!

TEACH ME!

English translation by Eva Hess Thaysen

Teach me star of the night
to serve firmly and willingly!
Not to swerve from the path
which Heaven's God allotted me!
Teach me, star of the night!

Teach me flowers of the meadow,
to wait for my summer,
in the middle of the woes of the world
to sprout underneath the snow of winter!
Teach me flowers of the meadow!

Teach me barren moor,
you brown lark's nest,
content with a meagre crop,
to harbour the song in my heart!
Teach me barren moor!

Surge of the ocean,
teach me to carry my burden
and, like you, when the sun goes down,
to reflect a glimpse of Heaven's peace!
Surge of the ocean!

Teach me green groves,
to give protection, if I could,
to all who pass me by
on my path, be they friend or foe!
Teach me green groves!

Sun in the cool of the evening,
teach me the art of descending!
Only to walk towards the depth of night,
so as to rise again as newborn!
Teach me sun, to descend!