

UDVALG AF
ENGELSKE DIGTERE

— BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS —

TIL BRUG FOR

GYMNASIET OG LIGNENDE UNDERVISNINGSTRIN

MED OPLYSNINGER OG FORKLARINGER

UDGIVET AF

ADOLF HANSEN



GYLDENDALSKE BOGHANDEL

NORDISK FORLAG

KØBENHAVN 1905 KRISTIANIA

Forord.

Hensigten med denne Bog er at give et mindre Udvalg af Digtninge af en Gruppe fremragende engelske Digtere fra en enkelt Periode. Bogen er beregnet til Brug ved den Undervisning i Engelsk i Gymnasiets Klasser, som den nye Skolelov af 24de April 1903 indfører, samt til Brug for Kursus-Elever og private Elever, der staar paa et lignende Standpunkt som Gymnasiets Disciple.

Udvalget tilstræber, trods dets ringe Omfang, dog at give Eleven en vis Forestilling om Arten af de tre valgte Digteres Poesi. Ogsaa ved de skematiske biografiske Oplysninger og ved de Forbindelseslinjer, der gennem Brudstykkerne af Shelleys to Digtninge **Julian and Maddalo** og **Adonais** er trukne fra denne Digter til hans ældre og yngre samtidige, Byron og Keats, er Bogens litteraturhistoriske Præg antydnet.

I de vedføjede Oplysninger og Forklaringer har jeg først og fremmest søgt at gøre de udvalgte Stykker i deres Helhed og i Enkeltheder saa gennemskuelige for Elevens Forstaaelse som muligt; ved Siden deraf har jeg givet saadanne sproglige Oplysninger, som maatte antages at passe for det Standpunkt, Bogen er bestemt for. Om jeg paa disse Punkter har været heldig, maa Tiden vise. Der udfordres noget af den Fantasi, enhver Lærer maa have for at kunne

sætte sig paa sin Elevs Standpunkt, til her at træffe det rette Valg.

Det var min Tanke, til Brug for den engelske Undervisning i Gymnasiet og paa tilsvarende Trin, senere at udarbejde andre lignende Udvalg af mindre Digtergrupper (som Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott; Tennyson, Browning, William Morris); men Udførelsen af denne Plan vil bero paa den Modtagelse, som nærværende Bog finder.

August 1905.

Adolf Hansen.

Indhold.

	Side
Byron	1
When We Two Parted	2
Well! Thou art Happy	3
The Dream	5
<i>From</i> Childe Harold's Pilgrimage	12
<i>From</i> Don Juan	16
'Tis Time	25
Shelley	27
The Poet	28
To Mary Shelley	28
<i>From</i> Julian and Maddalo	29
The Two Spirits	34
Summer and Winter	36
Autumn	37
Time Long Past	38
The World's Wanderers	39
To a Skylark	39
Song	44
Music	46
Liberty	46
Life May Change	47
<i>From</i> Adonais	48
Keats	51
Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil	52
La Belle Dame sans Merci	68

	Side
To Autumn	70
On the Grasshopper and Cricket	71
Udtalebetegnelse	73
Oplysninger og Forklaringer	75



BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON er født i London 1788 og arvede 11 Aar gammel efter en Grandonkel Lordtitlen og Herresædet *Newstead Abbey*. Han studerede i Cambridge, offentliggjorde, 19 Aar gammel, Digtsamlingen *Hours of Idleness*, rejste 1809—11 udenlands (Portugal, Spanien, Grækenland, Tyrkiet, Lilleasien) og udgav efter sin Hjemkomst de to første Sange af *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, en Digtning, der indeholder Skildringer og Indtryk fra Rejsen, og hvorved hans Navn straks blev berømt. I den følgende Tid skrev han forskellige romantiske Fortællinger paa Vers (f. Eks. *The Giaour*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*). I 1815 blev han gift; men Ægteskabet, som Byron havde indgaaet uden dybere Følelser for sin Hustru, blev ulykkeligt og opløstes Aaret efter. 1816 forlod han for stedse sit Fædreland, rejste gennem Belgien, langs Rhinen til Schweiz og opholdt sig de

følgende Aar i Italien. Fra den nærmeste Tid efter Skilsmis-
missen fra hans Hustru stammer bl. a. Digtninge som *The
Dream* og Dramaet *Manfred*. Til de to første Sange at
Childe Harold fejede han yderligere i denne og den følgende
Tid to Sange af betydeligere Værd; han skrev desuden Dra-
maer (som *Cain* og *Sardanapalus*) og forfattede sit store
Hovedværk *Don Juan* (ufuldendt, indeholder 16 Sange). Byron
døde 1824 af en Febersygdom i Missolonghi i Grækenland,
hvorhen han var rejst for personlig at understøtte Grækerne
i deres Frihedskamp.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

Ca. 1808.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well: —
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.

1808.

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest — and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass — Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would break;
 But when the unconscious infant smiled,
 I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it, — and repressed my sighs,
 Its father in its face to see;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
 While thou art blest I'll not repine;
 But near thee I can never stay;
 My heart would soon again be thine.

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride
 Had quenched at length my boyish flame;
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all, — save hope, — the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look;
 But now to tremble were a crime —
 We met, — and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there;
 One only feeling couldst thou trace:
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake:
 Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

THE DREAM.

1816.

I.

Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
 And a wide realm of wild reality,
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,
 They do divide our being; they become
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,
 And look like heralds of eternity;
 They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
 Like sibyls of the future; they have power —
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
 They make us what we were not — what they will,
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
 The dread of vanished shadows — Are they so?
 Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
 Creations of the mind? — The mind can make
 Substance, and people planets of its own
 With beings brighter than have been, and give
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

I would recall a vision which I dreamed
 Perchance in sleep — for in itself a thought,
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
 An curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last,
 As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
 Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs; — the hill
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing — the one on all that was beneath
 Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful:
 And both were young — yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him; he had looked
 Upon it till it could not pass away;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers;

She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
 Which coloured all his objects: — he had ceased
 To live within himself; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all: upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously — his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:
 Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
 Even as a brother — but no more; 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honoured race. — It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not — and why?
 Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved
 Another; even *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:
 Within an antique Oratory stood
 The Boy of whom I spake; — he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon

He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
 Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned
 His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
 With a convulsion — then arose again,
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written, but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
 The Lady of his love re-entered there;
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
 He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
 For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed
 From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
 And mounting on his steed he went his way;
 And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
 Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
 And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
 With strange and dusky aspects; he was not

Himself like what he had been; on the sea
 And on the shore he was a wanderer;
 There was a mass of many images
 Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
 A part of all; and in the last he lay
 Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
 Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
 Of ruined walls that had survived the names
 Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
 Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
 Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
 While many of his tribe slumbered around:
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
 That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Lady of his love was wed with One
 Who did not love her better; — in her home,
 A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
 She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
 Daughters and sons of Beauty, — but behold!
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
 What could her grief be? — she had all she loved,
 And he who had so loved her was not there
 To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,

Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
 What could her grief be? — she had loved him not,
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
 Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
 Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Wanderer was returned. — I saw him stand
 Before an altar — with a gentle bride;
 Her face was fair, but was not that which made
 The starlight of his boyhood; — as he stood
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
 The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
 That in the antique Oratory shook
 His bosom in its solitude; and then —
 As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, — and then it faded as it came,
 And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
 And all things reeled around him; he could see
 Not that which was, nor that which should have been, —
 But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
 And the remembered chambers, and the place,
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,
 And her who was his destiny, came back
 And thrust themselves between him and the light:
 What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Lady of his love; — oh! she was changed
 As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
 Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,
 They had not their own lustre, but the look
 Which is not of the earth; she was become
 The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
 Were combinations of disjointed things;
 And forms impalpable and unperceived
 Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
 And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
 What is it but the telescope of truth?
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,
 Or were at war with him; he was a mark
 For blight and desolation, compassed round
 With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mixed
 In all which was served up to him, until,
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
 But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
 Through that which had been death to many men,

And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
 And the quick Spirit of the Universe
 He held his dialogues; and they did teach
 To him the magic of their mysteries;
 To him the book of Night was opened wide,
 And voices from the deep abyss revealed
 A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
 It was of a strange order, that the doom
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
 Almost like a reality — the one
 To end in madness — both in misery.

From CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

1818.

— — My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
 And he and I must part, — so let it be, —
 His task and mine alike are nearly done;
 Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
 The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold
 Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
 Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine rolled

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years —
 Long, though not very many, — since have done
 Their work on both; some suffering and some tears

Have left us nearly where we had begun:
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
 We have had our reward — and it is here, —
 That we can yet feel gladdened by the sun,
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
 As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her!
 Ye elements! — in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted — can ye not
 Accord me such a being? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war —
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey

The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou; —
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time —
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Ieing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of Eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

My task is done — my song hath ceased — my theme
 Has died into an echo; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.
 The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit

My midnight lamp — and what is writ, is writ;
 Would it were worthier! but I am not now
 That which I have been — and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me — and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
 A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell!
 Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell;
 Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were — with *you*, the moral of his strain!

From DON JUAN.

1819.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,
 But he died early; and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said, »Heaven's will be done!
 I can do nothing,« and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;

But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
 And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
 Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
 Into his dying child's mouth — but in vain.

The boy expired — the father held the clay,
 And looked upon it long, and when at last
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
 He watched it wistfully, until away
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
 The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
 Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
 And all within its arch appeared to be

Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
 Waxed broad and waving, like a banner free,
 Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
 Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwrecked men.

It changed, of course; a heavenly chameleon,
 The airy child of vapour and the sun,
 Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
 Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
 Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
 And blending every colour into one,
 Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
 (For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

Our shipwrecked seamen thought it a good omen —
 It is as well to think so, now and then;
 'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
 And may become of great advantage when
 Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men
 Had greater need to nerve themselves again
 Than these, and so this rainbow looked like hope —
 Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
 Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
 And plumage (probably it might have erred
 Upon its course), passed oft before their eyes,
 And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
 The men within the boat, and in this guise
 It came and went, and fluttered round them till
 Night fell: — this seemed a better omen still.

But in this case I also must remark,
 'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
 Because the tackle of our shattered bark
 Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
 And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
 Returning there from her successful search,
 Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
 They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
 But not with violence; the stars shone out,
 The boat made way; yet now they were so low,
 They knew not where nor what they were about;
 Some fancied they saw land, and some said »No!«
 The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt —
 Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
 And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
 When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
 If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
 He wished that land he never might see more;
 And the rest rubbed their eyes and saw a bay,
 Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for
 shore;

For shore it was, and gradually grew
 Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
 And others, looking with a stupid stare,

Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
 And seemed as if they had no further care;
 While a few prayed — (the first time for some years) —
 And at the bottom of the boat three were
 Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,
 And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
 They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
 And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
 Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
 Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
 Because it left encouragement behind:
 They thought that in such perils, more than chance
 Had sent them this for their deliverance.

The land appeared a high and rocky coast,
 And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
 Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
 In various conjectures, for none knew
 To what part of the earth they had been tost,
 So changeable had been the winds that blew;
 Some thought it was Mount *Ætna*, some the highlands
 Of *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, or other islands.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
 Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
 Like *Charon's* bark of spectres, dull and pale:
 Their living freight was now reduced to four,

And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
 To heave into the deep with those before,
 Though the two sharks still followed them, and dashed
 The spray into their faces as they splashed.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
 Their work on them by turns, and thinned them to
 Such things a mother had not known her son
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;
 By night chilled, by day scorched, thus one by one
 They perished, until withered to these few,
 But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
 In washing down *Pedrillo* with salt water.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
 Unequal in its aspect here and there,
 They felt the freshness of its growing green,
 That waved in forest-tops, and smoothed the air,
 And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
 From glistening waves and skies so hot and bare —
 Lovely seemed any object that should sweep
 Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore looked wild, without a trace of man,
 And girt by formidable waves; but they
 Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
 Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
 A reef between them also now began
 To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
 But finding no place for their landing better,
 They ran the boat for shore, — and overset her.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
 Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
 And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
 Had often turned the art to some account:
 A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
 He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellespont,
 As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
 Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
 He buoyed his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
 With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
 The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
 The greatest danger here was from a shark,
 That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
 As for the other two, they could not swim,
 So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
 Which, providentially for him, was washed,
 Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
 And the hard wave o'erwhelmed him as 'twas dashed,
 Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
 The waters beat while he thereto was lashed;
 At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
 Rolled on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
 Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave.
 From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
 Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:

And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
 Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
 With just enough of life to feel its pain,
 And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
 But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
 And quivering hand; and then he looked for those
 Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
 But none of them appeared to share his woes,
 Save one, a corpse, from out the famished three,
 Who died two days before, and now had found
 An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
 And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
 Swam round and round, and all his senses passed:
 He fell upon his side, and his stretched hand
 Drooped dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
 And, like a withered lily, on the land
 His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
 As fair a thing as e'er was formed of clay.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
 He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
 And Time had nothing more of night nor day
 For his congealing blood and senses dim;
 And how this heavy faintness passed away
 He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,

And tingling vein, seemed throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquished, still retired with strife.

His eyes he opened, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wished it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seemed almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recalled his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillowed his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drenched by every storm;
And watched with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom — and hers, too.

'TIS TIME.

1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
 Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regrettest thy youth, *why live?*
 The land of honourable death
 Is here: — up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.



SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY fødtes 1792 i en velstaaende adelig Herremandsfamilje i Sussex. Hans Studieophold ved Universitetet i Oxford blev afbrudt, da han i 1811 bortvistest fra sit Kollegium, fordi han paa ungdommelig Maade havde agiteret for sine afvigende religiøse Meninger. Samme Aar blev han gift; men efter et Par Aars Forløb skiltes Ægtefællerne. Hans anden Hustru var Mary Godwin, der overlevede ham i 28 Aar. Fra 1814 levede Shelley for største Delen i Udlandet. Her traf han baade i Schweiz og Italien sammen med Byron og sluttede Venskab med den noget ældre Digter, som værdsatte Shelley højt for hans Karakters Renhed. Sine sidste Aar tilbragte Shelley i Italien, hvor han, knap 30 Aar gammel, omkom paa en Sejltur i Spezia-Bugten 1822. Shelleys Digtning er mest af lyrisk Art, omfattende en Mængde større og mindre Digte, der for en stor Del er Udtryk for hans Natur-

drømme, Frihedsdrømme og Verdensopfattelse. Ogsaa halvt fortællende, halvt lyrisk grublende Digte har han skrevet (som *Julian and Maddalo*). Et af hans Hovedværker er det lyriske Drama *Prometheus Unbound*; i et andet lyrisk Drama, *Hellas*, har han udtrykt sin Frihedskærlighed; et tredje Drama, *The Cenci*, har hentet sit Emne fra det 16de Aarhundredes Italien

THE POET.

1819.

Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.

TO MARY SHELLEY.

1818.

O Mary dear, that you were here
With your brown eyes bright and clear,
And your sweet voice, like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy-bower disconsolate,
Voice the sweetest ever heard!

Mary dear, come to me soon!

I am not well whilst thou art far;
As sunset to the sphered moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here!
The Castle echo whispers »Here!«

From JULIAN AND MADDALO.

1818.

I rode one evening with Count Maddalo
Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
Of Adria towards Venice: a bare strand
Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
Abandons; and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
Broken and unrepaired; and the tide makes
A narrow space of level sand thereon,
Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.
This ride was my delight. I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:

And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
 More barren than its billows; and yet more
 Than all, with a remembered friend I love
 To ride as then I rode; — for the winds drove
 The living spray along the sunny air
 Into our faces; the blue heavens were bare,
 Stripped to their depths by the awakening north;
 And from the waves sound like delight broke forth
 Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
 Into our hearts aerial merriment.
 So, as we rode, we talked; and the swift thought,
 Winging itself with laughter, lingered not,
 But flew from brain to brain, — such glee was ours,
 Charged with light memories of remembered hours,
 None slow enough for sadness: till we came
 Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.
 This day had been cheerful but cold, and now
 The sun was sinking, and the wind also.
 Our talk grew somewhat serious, as may be
 Talk interrupted with such raillery
 As mocks itself, because it cannot scorn
 The thoughts it would extinguish: — 'twas forlorn,
 Yet pleasing, such as once, so poets tell,
 The devils held within the dales of Hell,
 Concerning God, freewill and destiny.
 Of all that earth has been, or yet may be,
 All that vain men imagine or believe,
 Or hope can paint or suffering may achieve,
 We descanted; and I (for ever still
 Is it not wise to make the best of ill?)

Argued against despondency, but pride
 Made my companion take the darker side.
 The sense that he was greater than his kind
 Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind
 By gazing on its own exceeding light.

Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight
 Over the horizon of the mountains; — Oh,
 How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
 Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,
 Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy,
 Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the towers
 Of cities they encircle! — it was ours
 To stand on thee, beholding it: and then,
 Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men
 Were waiting for us with the gondola. —
 As those who pause on some delightful way
 Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
 Looking upon the evening, and the flood
 Which lay between the city and the shore,
 Paved with the image of the sky, — the hoar
 And aery Alps towards the north appeared
 Through mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
 Between the east and west; and half the sky
 Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
 Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
 Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
 Among the many-folded hills: they were

Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
 As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,
 The likeness of a clump of peaked isles.
 And then, as if the earth and sea had been
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
 Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
 Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
 Their very peaks transparent.

»Ere it fade,«

Said my companion, »I will show you soon
 A better station.«

So, o'er the lagune

We glided; and from that funereal bark
 I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
 How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,
 Its temples and its palaces did seem
 Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.
 I was about to speak, when —

»We are even

Now at the point I meant,« said Maddalo,
 And bade the gondolieri cease to row.

»Look, Julian, on the west, and listen well
 If you hear not a deep and heavy bell.«

I looked, and saw between us and the sun
 A building on an island, such a one
 As age to age might add, for uses vile, —
 A windowless, deformed and dreary pile;
 And on the top an open tower, where hung

A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung;
 We could just hear its hoarse and iron tongue:
 The broad sun sunk behind it, and it tolled
 In strong and black relief.

»What we behold

Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower,«
 Said Maddalo; »and ever at this hour
 Those who may cross the water hear that bell,
 Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,
 To vespers.«

»As much skill as need to pray
 In thanks or hope for their dark lot have they
 To their stern maker,« I replied.

»O ho!

You talk as in years past,« said Maddalo.
 »'Tis strange men change not. You were ever still
 Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel,
 A wolf for the meek lambs — if you can't swim,
 Beware of Providence.«

I looked on him,
 But the gay smile had faded in his eye.

»And such,« he cried, »is our mortality,
 And this must be the emblem and the sign
 Of what should be eternal and divine!
 And like that black and dreary bell the soul,
 Hung in a heaven-illuminated tower, must toll
 Our thoughts and our desires to meet below
 Round the rent heart, and pray — as madmen do
 For what? they know not, — till the night of death,

As sunset that strange vision, severeth
Our memory from itself, and us from all
We sought and yet were baffled.*

I recall

The sense of what he said, although I mar
The force of his expressions. The broad star
Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill,
And the black bell became invisible,
And the red tower looked gray, and all between,
The churches, ships, and palaces, were seen
Huddled in gloom;—into the purple sea
The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.
We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola
Conveyed me to my lodgings by the way.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

An Allegory.

1820.

FIRST SPIRIT.

O thou, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth, beware!
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire —
Night is coming!
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there —
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT.

The deathless stars are bright above;
If I would cross the shade of night,
Within my heart is the lamp of love,
And that is day!
And the moon will smile with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move;
The meteors will linger round my flight,
And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain?
See, the bounds of the air are shaken —
Night is coming!
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain —
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT.

I see the light, and I hear the sound;
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day:
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound;
My moon-like flight thou then mayst mark
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice

Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice

Mid Alpine mountains;

And that the languid storm, pursuing
That winged shape, for ever flies

Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aery fountains.

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
Which make night day:

And a silver shape like his early love doth pass,
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

1820.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon, and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, — the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds,
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old!

AUTUMN.

A. Dirge.

1820.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are
dying,

And the Year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves
dead,

Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,

From November to May,

In your saddest array;

Follow the bier

Of the dead cold Year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each
gone

To his dwelling;
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

TIME LONG PAST.

1820.

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of Time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last —
That Time long past.

There is regret, almost remorse,
For Time long past.
'Tis like a child's beloved corse

A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance, cast
From Time long past.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

1820.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

TO A SKYLARK.

-1820.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit —
Bird thou never wert —
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see — we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
 flowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
 the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard,
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
 pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SONG.

1821.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure;
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure;
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
 The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
 And the starry night,
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
 What difference? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee —
 Thou art love and life! Oh, come!
 Make once more my heart thy home!

Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

From ADONAIŠ.

1822.

I weep for Adonais — he is dead!
 Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow, — say: » With me
 Died Adonais! Till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity!«

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
 Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our
 despair.

Oh, weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,
 The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not, —
 Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,

But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn
 their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

*

*

*

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
 He hath awakened from the dream of life —
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings. — *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
 clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,

Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
 Which wields the world with never-weary'd love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.



KEATS.

JOHN KEATS er født i London 1795. Han nød ingen Universitetsundervisning. Som ganske ung begyndte han at udanne sig praktisk som Kirurg, men opgav 1817 helt dette Studium for Poesien, som han allerede fra tidlig Tid havde dyrket. I de sidste Par Aar af sit korte Liv var han angrebet af Brystsye. I Efteraaret 1820 rejste han for sit Helbreds Skyld til Italien og døde i Rom i Begyndelsen af 1821. Foruden større Digtninge, der behandler klassiske og romantiske Emner (f. Eks. *Hyperion*, *Isabella* og *St. Agnes' Eve*) har han skrevet en Del mindre Poesier, — alt i et udsøgt og lødigt digterisk Sprog.

ISABELLA; OR, THE POT OF BASIL.

1818.

Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!

Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
 They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
 Without some stir of heart, some malady;
 They could not sit at meals but feel how well
 It soothed each to be the other by;
 They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
 But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
 With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
 He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
 But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
 And his continual voice was pleasanter
 To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
 Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
 She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
 Before the door had given her to his eyes;
 And from her chamber-window he would catch
 Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
 And constant as her vespers would he watch,
 Because her face was turned to the same skies;
 And with sick longing all the night outwear,
 To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
 Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
 »To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
 »To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon.« —
 »O may I never see another night,
 »Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune.« —
 So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
 Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

Until sweet Isabella's untouched cheek
 Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
 Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
 By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
 »How ill she is,« said he, »I may not speak,
 »And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
 »If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
 »And at the least 'twill startle off her cares.«

So said he one fair morning, and all day
 His heart beat awfully against his side;
 And to his heart he inwardly did pray
 For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
 Stifled his voice, and pulsed resolve away —
 Fevered his high conceit of such a bride,
 Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
 Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

So once more he had waked and anguished
 A dreary night of love and misery,

If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
 To every symbol on his forehead high;
 She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
 And straight all flushed; so, lisped tenderly,
 »Lorenzo!« — here she ceased her timid quest,
 But in her tone and look he read the rest.

»O Isabella, I can half perceive
 »That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
 »If thou didst ever any thing believe,
 »Believe how I love thee, believe how near
 »My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
 »Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
 »Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
 »Another night, and not my passion shrive.

»Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
 »Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
 »And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
 »In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time.«
 So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
 And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
 Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
 Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

Parting they seemed to tread upon the air,
 Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
 Only to meet again more close, and share
 The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
 Sang, of delicious love and honeyed dart;
 He with light steps went up a western hill,
 And bade the sun farewell, and joyed his fill.

All close they met again, before the dusk
 Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
 All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
 Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
 Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
 Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
 Ah! better had it been for ever so,
 Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
 Enriched from ancestral merchandize,
 And for them many a weary hand did swelt
 In torched mines and noisy factories,
 And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
 In blood from stinging whip; — with hollow eyes
 Many all day in dazzling river stood,
 To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

How was it these same ledger-men could spy
 Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
 How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
 A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
 Into their vision covetous and sly!
 How could these money-bags see east and west? —

Yet so they did — and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

These brethren having found by many signs

What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she loved him too, each unconfines

His bitter thoughts to other, well nigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade designs,

Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

And many a jealous conference had they,

And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fixed upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay

Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant

Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent

Their footing through the dews; and to him said,

»You seem there in the quiet of content,

»Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade

»Calm speculation; but if you are wise,

»Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

»To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount

»To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;

»Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count

»His dewy rosary on the eglantine.«

Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,

Bowed a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

And as he to the court-yard passed along,

Each third step did he pause, and listened oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,

Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;

And as he thus over his passion hung,

He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

»Love, Isabel!« said he, »I was in pain

»Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:

»Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain

»I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow

»Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain

»Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.

»Good bye! I'll soon be back.« — »Good bye!« said
she: —

And as he went she chanted merrily.

So the two brothers and their murdered man

Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream

Gurgles through straitened banks, and still doth fan
 Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
 Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
 The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
 Lorenzo's flush with love. — They passed the water
 Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
 There in that forest did his great love cease;
 Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
 It aches in loneliness — is ill at peace
 As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:
 They dipped their swords in the water, and did
 tease

Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
 Each richer by his being a murderer.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,

Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
 Because of some great urgency and need

In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
 Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
 And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
 To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
 And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;

Sorely she wept until the night came on,
 And then, instead of love, O misery!

She brooded o'er the luxury alone:

His image in the dusk she seemed to see,
 And to the silence made a gentle moan,
 Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
 And on her couch low murmuring »Where? O where?«

In the mid days of autumn, on their eyes
 The breath of Winter comes from far away,
 And the sick west continually bereaves
 Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
 Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
 To make all bare before he dares to stray
 From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
 By gradual decay from beauty fell,

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
 She asked her brothers, with an eye all pale,
 Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
 Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
 Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
 Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
 And every night in dreams they groaned aloud,
 To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
 But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
 It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
 Which saves a sick man from the feathered pall
 For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
 Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall

With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

It was a vision. — In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
Lorenzo stood, and wept; the forest tomb
Had marred his glossy hair, which once could shoot
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
Had made a miry channel for his tears.

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:
Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moaned a ghostly under-song,
Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars among.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light,
The while it did unthread the horrid woof
Of the late darkened time, — the murderous spite
Of pride and avarice, — the dark pine roof
In the forest, — and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

Saying moreover, »Isabel, my sweet!

»Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
»And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
»Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed
»Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
»Comes from beyond the river to my bed:
»Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
»And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

»I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
»Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
»Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,
»While little sounds of life are round me knelling,
»And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
»And many chapel bell the hour is telling,
»Paining me through: those sounds grow strange
to me,
»And thou art distant in Humanity.

»I know what was, I feel full well what is,
»And I should rage, if spirits could go mad;
»Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
»That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
»A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss
»To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad;
»Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
»A greater love through all my essence steal.«

The Spirit mourned »Adieu!« — dissolved and left
The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;

As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
 Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
 We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
 And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil:
 It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
 And in the dawn she started up awake;

»Ha! ha!« said she, »I knew not this hard life,
 »I thought the worst was simple misery;
 »I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
 »Portioned us — happy days, or else to die;
 »But there is crime — a brother's bloody knife!
 »Sweet Spirit, thou hast schooled my infancy:
 »I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
 »And greet thee morn and even in the skies.«

When the full morning came, she had devised
 How she might secret to the forest hie;
 How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
 And sing to it one latest lullaby;
 How her short absence might be unsurmised,
 While she the inmost of the dream would try.
 Resolved, she took with her an aged nurse,
 And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

See, as they creep along the river side,
 How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
 And, after looking round the champaign wide,
 Shows her a knife. — »What feverous hectic flame

»Burns in thee, child? — What good can thee betide,
 »That thou shouldst smile again?« — The evening
 came,

And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;
 The flint was there, the berries at his head.

Who hath not loitered in a green church-yard,
 And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
 Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
 To see skull, confined bones, and funeral stole;
 Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marred,
 And filling it once more with human soul?
 Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
 When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
 One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
 Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
 Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
 Upon the murderous spot she seemed to grow,
 Like to a native lily of the dell:
 Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
 To dig more fervently than misers can.

Soon she turned up a soiled glove, whereon
 Her silk had played in purple phantasies,
 She kissed it with a lip more chill than stone,
 And put it in her bosom, where it dries
 And freezes utterly unto the bone
 Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:

Then 'gan she work again; nor stayed her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
Three hours they laboured at this travail sore;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

With duller steel than the Perséan sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kissed it, and low moaned.
'Twas love; cold, — dead indeed, but not dethroned.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calmed its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drenched away: — and still she combed, and kept
Sighing all day — and still she kissed, and wept.

Then in a silken scarf, — sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers plucked in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully, —
She wrapped it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And covered it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moistened it with tears unto the core.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast mouldering head there shut from
view:
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!

Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
 And touch the strings into a mystery;
 Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
 For simple Isabel is soon to be
 Among the dead: She withers, like a palm
 Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
 Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour! —
 It may not be — those Baalites of pelf,
 Her brethren, noted the continual shower
 From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
 Among her kindred, wondered that such dower
 Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
 By one marked out to be a Noble's bride.

And, furthermore, her brethren wondered much
 Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
 And why it flourished, as by magic touch;
 Greatly they wondered what the thing might mean:
 They could not surely give belief, that such
 A very nothing would have power to wean
 Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
 And even remembrance of her love's delay.

Therefore they watched a time when they might sift
 This hidden whim; and long they watched in vain;
 For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
 And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;

And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
 As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;
 And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
 Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot,
 And to examine it in secret place:
 The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
 And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face:
 The guerdon of their murder they had got,
 And so left Florence in a moment's space,
 Never to turn again. — Away they went,
 With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

Piteous she looked on dead and senseless things,
 Asking for her lost Basil amorously;
 And with melodious chuckle in the strings
 Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
 After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
 To ask him where her Basil was; and why
 'Twas hid from her: »For' cruel 'tis,« said she,
 »To steal my Basil-pot away from me.«

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
 Imploring for her Basil to the last.
 No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
 In pity of her love, so overcast.

And a sad ditty of this story born
 From mouth to mouth through all the country passed:
 Still is the burthen sung — »O cruelty,
 »To steal my Basil-pot away from me!«

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

Ballad.

Ca. 1820.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful — a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,

For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew,
 And sure in language strange she said —
 »I love thee true.«

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dreamed — Ah! woe betide!
 The latest dream I ever dreamed
 On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried — »La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!«

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke and found me here,
 On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

TO AUTUMN.

1819.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 S pares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oo zings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sal lows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

1816.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
 That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
 In summer luxury, — he has never done
 With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is, ceasing never:
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Udtalebetegnelse.

Udtalen, der er angivet ved de allerfleste af Gloserne, er tilføjet i Parentes efter det engelske Ord.

Akcenten (Trykket) er angivet ved Tegnet [^], som staar foran den Stavelse, paa hvilken Trykket hviler. Staar Tegnet foran to Stavelser i samme Ord, betyder det, at de begge har Tryk, eller at Trykket kan veksle.

Tegnet [·] efter et Lydtegn angiver Lydlængde; staar det i Parentes ([·]), betyder det, at Lyden kan udtales enten lang eller kort.

Staar andre Lydtegn i Parentes, betyder det, at de kan medtages eller udelades i Udtalen.

Kursive Vokaltegn angiver Vaklen mellem Vokalens fulde Lyd og den svækkede Lyd *ə*, f. Eks. **ambition** [äm[·]bifən], udtalt enten [äm[·]bifən] eller [əm[·]bifən]. Vaklen mellem Lydene *ʌ* og *ə* betegnes med *ə*, f. Eks. **subdue** [səb[·]dju[·]]: udtalt enten [səb[·]dju[·]] eller [səb[·]dju[·]].

Over de anvendte Lydtegnets Betydning findes nedenstaaende en forklarende Oversigt; de anvendte Bogstavtegn, der ikke er opførte i denne Oversigt (b, f, h, k, l, m, n, p, t, v), har deres engelske Lydværdi.

Vokallyde.

a [·] betegner Vokallyden i engelsk	calf [ka [·] f].
ai — — —	fine [fain].
au — — —	now [nau].
ä — — —	hat [hät].
e — — —	left [left].
e ⁱ betegner Vokallyden (endende med en svag i-Lyd) i engelsk	name [ne ⁱ m].
ə betegner en vaklende Udtale mellem e og i, som i engelsk	basket ['ba [·] skèt ə: 'ba [·] sket el. 'ba [·] skit].
ə [·] betegner Vokallyden i engelsk	burn [bə [·] n].

æ	betegner sidste Stavelses Vokallyd i engelsk	silent ['sailənt]
ə	betegner den samme Lyd svag, som i engelsk	far [fa'ə].
i	betegner Vokallyden i engelsk	keep [ki:p].
i	— — —	bit [bit].
ie	betegner Lyden i engelsk	ear [iə].
o ^u	betegner Vokallyden (endende med en svag u-Lyd) i engelsk	home [ho ^u m].
o	betegner samme Lyd svækket, som i første Stavelses Vokallyd i engelsk	botanic [bo'tänik].
oi	betegner Vokallyden i engelsk	boy [boi].
u	— — —	school [sku:l].
u	— — —	full [ful].
æ	betegner første Lyd i engelsk	air [æ'ə].
å	betegner Vokallyden i engelsk	call [kål].
å	— — —	lock [låk].
Λ	— — —	cut [kat].

Konsonantlyde.

d	betegner Begyndelseslyden i engelsk	down [daun].
ð	— — —	then [ðen].
p	— — —	thin [pin].
g	— — —	get [get].
j	— — —	yes [jes].
ŋ	betegner Slutningslyden i engelsk	sing [siŋ].
r	betegner Begyndelseslyden i engelsk	ring [riŋ].
s	— — —	see [si].
ʃ	— — —	she [ʃi].
z	— — —	zeal [zi:l].
ʒ	betegner Midterlyden i engelsk	vision ['viʒən].
w	betegner Begyndelseslyden i engelsk	we [wi].
hw*)	— — —	when [hwen].

*) Den saaledes betegnede Lyd udtales dog af mange med en w-Lyd.

Oplysninger og Forklaringer.

Byron.

Side 1.

Noel ['no^uəl].

Side 2.

When We Two Parted.

Broken-hearted sønderknust. — to sever ['sevə] for at skilles. — foretold | sorrow to this (hour) varslede om Sorg for denne (nuværende) Time. — it felt: it = my brow (Morgenduggens Isnen paa hans Pande ligesom varslede om hans Følelser nu). — warning Advarsel; her: Varsel. — light is thy fame o: du har Ry for Letfærdighed, du har Ord for at være letfærdig.

Side 3.

A knell to mine ear og det lyder som en Ligklokkes Klang i mit Øre (mine og thine bruges undertiden i Poesi foran Vokallyd i Stedet for de nu almindelige bundne Former my og thy). — who knew ... jeg, som kendte ... — rue [ru] thee græmme mig over dig. — I grieve, | that ... sørger jeg over, at

Well! Thou art Happy.

Byron havde i sin allerførste Ungdom, da han endnu var Skoledreng, været stærkt forelsket i en ung Pige, et Par Aar ældre end han, Mary Chaworth ['tʃā'wəp]; hun var en Godsejerdatter fra Herresædet *Annesley* ['änzli] Hall i Nærheden

af *Newstead Abbey*. Hun gengældte ikke hans Følelser og blev senere (1805) gift med en Mr. Musters. Hendes Ægteskab var ulykkeligt: hun blev efter nogle Aars Forløb skilt fra sin Mand og blev kort efter sindssyg. Nærværende Digt er skrevet nogen Tid, før Byron første Gang rejste bort fra England, efter at han i *Annesley Hall* havde været sammen med den unge Frue og dér set et af hendes Smaabørn.

Regards thy weal bekymrer sig om dit Vel. — blest lykkelig. — impart | some pangs volde nogle Smerter, volde nogen Smerte. — pass svinde hen, gaa bort.

Side 4.

Unconscious intet anende. — its father in its face to see ved at se dets Fader(s Træk) i dets Ansigt. — then it had: then: paa den anden Side, til Gengæld. — they were all to love and me: den noget tvungent udtrykte Mening er vistnok: de tilhørte helt Kærligheden og mig (be to med den sjældne og forældede Betydn.: belong to); — den naturlige Oversættelse: „de var Kærligheden og mig et og alt“ giver ingen ret Mening. — I must away: i forældet (og poetisk) Sprogbrug kan Betegnelsen af Bevægelsesbegrebet udelades mellem will, shall, must, let og et Adverbium; i moderne Talesprog vilde det hedde: I must go away. — while thou art blest: while her: saa længe. — deem mene, tro, tænke. — my boyish flame mine Drengesaars Glød. — my heart in all, — save hope, — the same at mit Hjerte var uforandret i alt undtagen (i) Haab. — were a crime vilde være en Forbrydelse. — shook som Perf. Partcp. er foræld. el. poet. — sullen calmness mørk Ro.

Side 5.

My early dream min Ungdomsdrøm. — Lethe's ['li:piz] fabled stream Lethes Strøm, som Sagnet melder om.

The Dream.

Denne Digtning er skrevet i Genf i Juli 1816, faa Maaneder efter at Byron for sidste Gang havde forladt England,

og medens hans Sind endnu var fyldt af den triste og bitre Stemning, der var en Følge af hans Skilsmisse og den offentlige Menings Raseri imod ham i den Anledning. Hans Tanker gaar i Digtet tilbage til hans glippede Ungdomskærlighed til Mary Chaworth (se Indledningen til det foregaaende Digt) og til hans og hendes senere Skæbne. Med fri digterisk Fantasi fastholder han i Form af Drømmesyner forskellige Situationer i deres Liv og skildrer deres Følelser: de unge Menneskers første Samvær, hans eget Rejseliv i Østen, den unge Piges Ægteskab og hans eget Bryllup, hendes Sindssyge og hans egen bitre Ensomhedsfølelse efter Skilsmissen fra hans Hustru.

I.

A boundary between the things misnamed | death and existence et Grænseomraade mellem de to, som man fejlagtig benævner Død og Tilværelse: Byrons Tanke er, at Navnene Liv og Død ikke passer til, hvad de skal udtrykke; thi Livet er kun Skin og Uvirkelighed, Døden er den sande Virkelighed. — a wide realm er ogsaa Objekt for det foregaaende hath. — in their development naar de helt udfolder sig (ikke afbrydes). — the touch of joy et Anstrøg af Glæde, et Præg af Glæde. — our waking thoughts ... | our waking toils vore Tanker i vaagen Tilstand, vor Møje i vaagen Tilstand. — they do divide our being de deler vort Væsen (nemlig i en Drømmetilstand og i en vaagen Tilstand; Tanken udføres videre i de følgende halvanden Linjer). — do divide digterisk for: divide; do har ikke udhævende Betydn. her; flere lignende Tilfælde vil forekomme i det følgende (de nugældende Regler for Brug af do som Hjælpeverbum fandtes ikke saa udprægede i ældre Engelsk og overholdes ikke altid af den nyere Tids Digtere). — look like heralds of eternity synes at være Budbringere om Evigheden (idet de — som det siges i de to følgende to Linjer — baade kan minde om den endeløse Fortid og varsle om den uendelige Fremtid). — pass drage forbi. — they speak | like sibyls of the future de taler som Sibyller, der spaa om (har at gøre med) Fremtiden (at henføre speak til of the future — „taler som Sibyller

om Fremtiden" — træffer næppe Byrons Tanke). — the tyranny of pleasure and of pain er sideordnet med det foregaaende power o: de har tyrannisk Magt til at volde os Glæde og Smerte. — shake us ryster os, forfærder os. — the vision that's gone by det (Drømme-)Syn, der er forsvundet o: Synet af det, der er forsvundet. — the dread of vanished shadows den Gru, der følger med forsvundne Skygger (Fortidens Skygger). — are they so? so = vanished shadows. — is not the past all shadow? ja, er ikke Fortiden blot og bar Skygge? — what are they? hvad er de da? — the mind can make | substance ja, Aanden kan jo skabe Stof (o: skabe); — denne og de fig. tre Linjer er et Slags Svar paa det foregaaende spørgende: creations of the mind? — planets of its own Planeter (Verdener), den selv har skabt. — brighter than have been mere straalende, end der nogensinde har været til (eksisteret). — breath Livsaande. — forms which can outlive all flesh: Byron tænker paa Digtingens og Kunstens uforgængelige Skikkelser (jvf. en lignende Tanke i Slutningen af Shelleys Linjer om *The Poet*, Side 28).

Side 6.

I would recall ... (vagt, konjunktivisk Udtryk): jeg vilde gerne (om det kunde lykkes mig) genkalde i min Erindring..., jeg vil forsøge at genkalde i min Erindring.... — perchance [pɜːtʃəns] (forældet) maaske, kanhænde. — in itself i og for sig. — a slumbering thought en Tanke i ens Slummer (jvf. S. 77: our waking thoughts). — capable of years i Stand til at omslutte Aar. — curdle ['kɜːdl] faa til at løbe sammen, stivne (om Mælk); overført Betydn. (om Blodet): faa til at stivne (af Rædsel og lign.); her: sammentrænge.

II.

A gentle hill en jævnt skraanende Høj (modsat: a steep hill). — of mild declivity [diˈkɪlɪvɪti] (samme Begreb som i det foregaaende gentle): med svag Hældning. — as 'twere (= as it were) som om det var, saa at sige, ligesom. — the last, | as 'twere the cape, of ... den sidste, ligesom Forbjergget, af ... — save that there was no sea ... kun at der

ikke var noget Hav ... (som ellers ved Forbjerge). — living levende, livfuld, bevægelig. — wave Bølgen, bølgende Bevægelse. — at intervals med Mellemrum, hist og her. — wreathing ['riːðɪŋ] smoke hvirvlende Røg (Subst. wreath ['riːp] Krans). — in circular array ordnet i en Rundkreds. — so fixed plantede saaledes, stillede saaledes. — sport Leg, Adspredelse; Idræt; her omtr. = Lune. — but (by the sport) of man. — all that was beneath alt hvad der laa udstrakt neden for (hende). — alike in youth lige unge. — as the sweet moon on the horizon's verge | the maid was on the eve of womanhood: Sammenligningen synes at være mellem Maanen, der lige dukker frem over Horisontens Rand for at gaa videre op over Himmelbuen, og den unge Pige, der just staar paa Grænsen af den modne Kvindes Alder. — on the eve of ... egentl.: (om) Aftenen før ... , dernæst: i Tiden umiddelbart før ..., paa Nippet til ..., paa Grænsen af ..., paa Tærsklen til ... — his heart had far outgrown his years hans Hjerter var langt ældre end hans Aar. — beloved [biˈlæɪvɪd, biˈlæɪvd], her: [biˈlæɪvɪd]. — till it could not pass away saa længe, at det ikke kunde svinde bort (fra hans Forestilling); saa længe, at han ikke mere kunde glemme det. — being Liv.

Side 7.

Trembled on her words skælvede, naar hun talte. — all his objects alt, hvad der var Genstand for hans Betragtning; alt, hvad han saa paa. — the ocean to the river of his thoughts, | which terminated all (hun var) det Hav, hvori hans Tankes Flod strømmede ud, og som optog alt (terminate egentl.: ende). — his cheek change tempestuously hans Kind skifte voldsomt Farve. — his heart | unknowing of its cause of agony, uden at hans Hjerter forstod Aarsagen til dets Kval. — were not for him gjaldt ikke ham. — even as a brother ganske som en Broder (even i denne Betydn. noget foræld. el. poet.). — the solitary scion [ˈsaɪən] det ensomme Skud, den eneste Ætling; scion egentl. = Pødekvist, Pøde. — a time-honoured race en gammel, agtet Slægt. — time taught him a deep answer — when she loved | another

Tiden (o: Fremtiden) gav ham et indholdssvangert Svar, da (han erfarede, at) hun elskede en anden. — afar (poet.) = far. — if yet om nu ogsaa. — and flew og fløj (fôr i flyvende Fart); Subjektet til flew er her lover's steed.

III.

The spirit of my dream: spirit = Aand, Væsensindhold, Indhold. — caparisoned [kə'pərisənd] fuldt opsadlet (med Sadel og Sadelækken (caparison)). — antique [alm. Udt. i Prosa: ɒn'ti:k, i Poesi ofte som her: 'antik] gammel (og ærværdig). — Oratory [læreteri] her: Bedekammer, Kapel. — spake (foræld. el. poet.) = spoke. — anon straks efter, saa atter.

Side 8.

Sate [set, sät] (foræld. el. poet.) = sat. — sate him down (foræld. el. poet.) = sat down. — traced words nedskrev (prentede) Ord. — guess of foræld., nu: guess at. — words which I could not guess of o: Ord, som jeg ikke kunde tyde. — fix fæstne, gøre ubevægelig, bringe i Ro; and (did) fix his brow | into a kind of quiet og fæstnede sin Pandes Udtryk til en Slags Ro (en vis Ro). — the Lady of his love hans Hjertes Dame. — re-entered [ri'entəd]: af dette Udtryk ses, at den unge Pige maa tænkes i Forvejen at have haft en Samtale med Ynglingen, hvorfra denne vel har forstaaet, at hun elskede en anden, hvad der har bevirket det heftige Sindsoprør, der beskrives i Begyndelsen af Afsnittet. — tablet ['tæblit] (lille) Tavle (til at gøre Notitser paa); kan her gengives ved: Tavleskrift. — from out ud af. — Hall her: Herresæde; Navnene paa de engelske Herresæder ender ofte paa Hall; her menes Annesley Hall (se Indledningen til det foregaaende Digt). — hoary ['hā:ri] (om Haar og Skæg) graa, hvid (af Ælde); ældgammel, gammel, gammel og ærværdig; graa, graahvid.

IV.

Fiery climes hede Himmelstrøg. — girt with omgivet af. — aspect ['æspekt] Udseende; her i den sjældne Betydning.

Syn (= det, der ses); med strange and dusky aspects menes rimeligvis de sælsomme fremmede Egne og de dunkeltfarvede sydlandske Skikkelser.

Side 9.

Himself udhæver Modsætningen mellem Omgivelserne og ham selv: Omgivelserne var sælsomme, og han selv var ikke, hvad han havde været. — there was a mass of many images [that*] crowded like waves upon me, but he was | a part of all: Meningen er, at et Mylder af Drømmebilleder strømmer ind paa Digteren, Billeder, hvori han stadig ser Ynglingens Skikkelse. — couched ['kaʊtʃt] liggende. — by his sleeping side: digterisk Frihed for: by his side while he was sleeping. — goodly smuk. — clad klædt (clad er en sjældnere Form (i Alm.: clothed); om Skibes Jernbeklædning er det staaende Udtryk iron-clad, baade adjektivisk og substantivisk: an iron-clad et Panserskib). — garb Embedsdragt; (poet. el. figurligt) Dragt; flowing garb folderig (bølgende) Dragt. — the while imidlertid (while er oprindelig, som her, Subst., men har tillige, som i det umiddelbart følgende Udtryk, udviklet sig til Konjunktion). — they were canopied ['kænəpid] by the blue sky deres Senghimmel var den blaa Himmel.

V.

Wed: Perf. Partcp. (foræld. og poet.) = wedded. — who did not love her better som ikke elskede hende højere (end Ynglingen). — begirt with growing Infancy omgivet af opvoksende Børn. — settled shadow fæstnet Skygge, stadig Skygge.

Side 10.

Ill-repressed slet behersket. — what could her grief be? — she had loved him not, | nor given him cause to deem himself beloved: altsaa kunde hendes Sorg ikke stamme fra Selvbetrydelse for hendes Opførsel mod den unge Mand. —

*) Efter there is og there was kan det relative Pronomen som Subjekt udelades.

nor could he be a part of . . . ej heller kunde han udgøre en Del af . . . (o: altsaa kunde han ikke osv.). — **prey upon** her: nage. — **a spectre of the past** er knyttet til det foregaaende **he** (Ynglingen): som et Genfærd fra Fortiden.

VI.

Was returned var vendt tilbage (= var atter hjemme): **be** som Hjælpeverbum ved Bevægelsesverber betegner Tilstanden efter Handlingens Udførelse. — **even at the altar** (even har udhævende Betydn.) ved selve Altret. — **aspect** her: Udtryk. — **shivering shock** Skælven. — **fitting** passende, rigtig. — **reeled about him** svimlede for ham. — **hall** her: Hal, Sal. — **all things pertaining to that place and hour**, | **and her . . . o:** den Scene, der er skildret i Afsnit III. — **thrust themselves between him and the light** skød sig ind imellem ham og Lyset (saa han ikke sansede, hvad der foregik omkring ham, — jvf. de tidligere Ord: **he could see | not that which was**). — **what business had they there . . . ?** hvad havde de der at gøre . . . ?

Side 11.

VII.

Was become var bleven (= var); jvf. **was returned** i Afsnit VI, med Anm. — **combination** Forbindelse, Sammenknytning. — **disjointed** løsrevet, usammenhængende. — **impalpable** uhaandgribelig, uvirkelig. — **unperceived of . . .** of poet. for by. — **frenzy** Vanvid, Afsind; nu sjældnere i Betydn. af den varige Sygdomstilstand; derimod bruges det om en voldsom og oprørt Sjælstilstand af Vrede, Raseri og lign., f. Eks. in a frenzy of despair. — **the glance of melancholy** o: det Blik, hvormed Tungsindet betragter Verden. Tanken i denne og de flg. 5 Linjer er: den tungsindige Vismænd ser med sit skarpe Blik Livet, som det virkelig er, ligesom gennem Sandhedens Kikkert (the telescope of truth), der ved at rykke Tingene nær til Synet berøver dem Afstandens Illusioner.

VIII.

The beings which surrounded him were gone: denne og de flg. 15 Linjer skildrer Byrons egen Stemning efter de stærke Fordømmelser og voldsomme Angreb, der rettedes mod ham i Anledning af Skilsmissen fra hans Hustru. — **he was a mark** | for blight and desolation han var et Maal for (ramtes af) Fordærv og Ødelæggelse. — **all which was served up to him** ordret: alt, hvad der blev stillet frem for ham, o: alt, hvad han nød. — **the Pontic monarch** o: Mithridates, Konge i Pontus, som i Følge Sagnet var upaavirkelig af Gift. — **live through** komme levende over (igennem). — **which had been death to . . .** som vilde have været Døden for . . .

Side 12.

Made him: i Poesi, som i ældre Engelsk, bruges undertiden det personlige Pronomen refleksivt (som i alm. moderne Sprog efter en Præposition: **I held the book behind me**). — **made him friends of mountains** gjorde sig Bjergene til Venner (ordret: gjorde sig Venner af Bjergene). — **quick** levende, rap. — **he held his dialogues** førte han Samtaler, talte han. — **be it so** lad det da være saaledes.

IX.

It was of a strange order o: det var en sælsom Skæbnebestemmelse (order egentl. her: Ordning). — **doom** (ulykkelig) Lod, (ulykkelig) Skæbne. — **trace out** her: afmærke, tegne; **be traced out** tegne sig.

From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

*Childe**) *Harold's* [tʃaɪld ˈhærold] *Pilgrimage* er en Sammenkædning af lyriske Digte, hvori Byron dels skildrer sine Rejseindtryk af Menneskeliv og Natur, dels nedlægger sine

*) Child(e) er en i engelsk Middelalder-Digtning brugt og her af Byron optaget Betegnelse for en ung Mand af ædel Byrd (Junker).

personlige Stemninger under den Iklædning, at han lader den livstrætte og tungsindige Junker Harold som en Art Pilgrim drage fra sin Hjemstavn gennem de skildrede Steder. De første to Sange gengiver Indtryk fra hans første store Rejse, de to sidste fra Belgien, Tyskland, Schweiz og Italien. Medens i Digtets Begyndelse Byron søgte at holde den digteriske Skikkelse Junker Harold sondret fra sin egen Personlighed, smelter den i de to sidste Sange mere og mere sammen med Digteren selv eller glider helt bort, saa det bliver Byron, der taler i eget Navn.

De her anførte Strofer, der giver et stærkt Indtryk af Byrons Havkærlighed, er Digtningens Slutningsstrofer (4. Sang, Strofe 175—186). Byron tænker sig her staaende paa Albaner-Bjergenes Top nær Rom, hvorfra han ser ud over det toskanske Hav.

The midland ocean ∴ Middelhavet. — breaks on him and me viser sig pludselig for ham og mig. — the Alban [ˈælben] Mount Albanerbjerget (det gamle Mons Albanus, nu Monte Cavo), det højeste Punkt i Albanerbjergene. — Calpe [ˈkælpɪ]: den romerske Oldtids Navn for Gibraltar. — which ... we followed on som ... vi fulgte. — the Euxine [ˈjuːksɪn] det sorte Hav. — Symplegades [simˈpleɡədiːz] Symplegaderne (Oldtidens Navn for to Klippeøer ved Indgangen til det sorte Hav i Nærheden af Bosporus). — when we | beheld it last etc. (de fig. tre Linjer): Byron tænker paa sin (og Childe Harold's) første store Rejse i 1809—10, hvis her omtalte Afsnit begyndte vestligst fra Gibraltar, gik gennem Middelhavet og endte østligst ved Sortehavet, i Konstantinopel.

Side 13.

Mortal race Livsløb, Livsbane. — it is here, — that ... ∴: den bestaar deri, at ... — trouble her: plumre. — that the Desert were ...! gid Ørkenen var ...! — minister (poet. og figurligt) Tjener, Tjenerinde. — love but only her: but only: et forældet (digterisk) Dobbeltudtryk; nu bruges i Alm. kun only. — stir Røre, Tummel; her omtrent = Liv. — ye [jiː] (foræld. og poet.) I, eder; (ye er den oprindelige gamle

Nominativform; det moderne you er dannet af den gamle Afhængighedsform). — accord tilstaa, skænke. — in deeming such inhabit ... ved at tro, at saadanne (Væsener) har Bo paa ... — converse [kənˈvɜːs] with her i den forældede Betydning: færdes med; moderne Betydn.: samtale med. — society [soˈsaɪti] Samfund, Samvær. — roar Brøl(en), Bulder, Brusen. — from these our interviews: from her: paa Grund af. — mingle with the Universe omtrent = synke hen i Alnaturen. — in vain ∴: uden Spor. — man marks the earth etc.: Digterens Tankegang fremhæver Modsætningen mellem the earth, hvor Mennesket hænger og ødelægger, og the watery plain, hvor Havet alene volder Vrag og Skibbrud.

Side 14.

Nor doth remain | a shadow of ... ej heller bliver der en Skygge (mindste Spor) tilbage af ... — man's ravage, save his own: fra det aktiviske Begreb ravage (Hærgning, Hærværk, Ødelæggelse) underforstaas efter his own et passivisk Begreb af samme Art, somf. Eks. destruction i Betydning: Undergang, Tilintetgørelse. — bubbling groan gurglende (rallende) Stønnen. — unknelled, uncoffined uden Klokkeklang og uden Kiste. — the vile strength he wields den usle Styrke, han øver. — spurn her i den oprindelige, nu forældede Betydn.: sparke (slænge, kaste); den moderne Betydn. er den figurlige: afvise, forsmå. — sky bruges ofte i Flertal med Enkelttals Betydning, særlig i Forbindelsen: (up) to the skies. — shivering ... howling er begge sideordnede med det foregaaende him (ham, der skælver ... og jamrer). — where her = wherever. — haply [ˈhæpli], foræld. el. poet., tilfældigvis, muligvis, maaske. — send'st him ... | ... to his Gods, where haply lies | his petty hope in some near port or bay: en noget løst sammenknyttet Forbindelse, hvis Mening antagelig er: sender ham op til sine Guder (med sine angstfulde Bønner om Redning), hvor nu end hans svage Haab (om Frelse) søger Støtte i en eller anden nærliggende Havn eller Bugt. — lay bruges vulgært for lie, men er i dannet Tale utilladeligt; Byron er bleven skarpt kritiseret for hans Brug af Formen paa dette Sted. — armament

[a'məmənt] Krigsmagt, Hær el. (hyppigst) Flaade; her: Hær. — **thunderstrike** (sjældent undt. i Perf. Partep.: **thunderstruck** (thunderstricken) lynslaaet) ramme med Lyn (o: beskyde, bombardere). — **the oak-leviathans** [li'vaipənz] Ege-Hvalerne (o: Orlogsskibene; leviathan egentlig et stort fabelagtigt Havuhyre). — **rib** betyder paa Engelsk baade Ribben og Skibsspant, og Ordet virker her med sin dobbelte Betydning. — **their clay creator** deres Skaber, som selv kun er (skabt af) Ler. — **snowy flake** Snefnug. — **yeast** [ji'st] Gær; Skum; **yeast of waves** skummende Bølger. — **the Armada** [a'meɪdə] den spanske Armada (1598). — **(the) spoils of Trafalgar** [alm. Udt.: træ'falgə; her fordrer Verset Udt.: 'træ-fəl'ga'] Byttet fra Trafalgar (efter Englændernes sejrige Kamp ved Trafalgar mod den fransk-spanske Flaade (1805) gik en Del af de erobrede Skibe under i Storm). — **alike ... or: i Alm. alike ... and. — changed in all save thee** o: forandrede i alt undtagen deri, at du beskyller dem. — **Assyria** [ə'siriə] Assyrien. — **Carthage** ['ka'pedʒ] Karthago. — **thy waters washed them power** ordret: dine Vande skyllede Magt ind til dem (them er Hensynsobjekt, power Objekt) o: dine Vande bragte dem Magt ved Søhandelen. — **many a tyrant** er ogsaa Objekt for **washed**: bragte dem mangan en Tyran senere (da Rigerne ikke længer var fri).

Side 15.

Save to ... undtagen med Hensyn til ... , undtagen i — **beheld**: underforstaaet **thee**. — **glasses itself** (ofte i Poesi) spejler sig. — **icing the pole** fyldende Polen med Is. — **even from out thy slime** af selve dit Dynd. — **wanton** ['wāntən] boltre sig, tumle, lege. — **freshen** egentlig om Vinden: friske op, tage til; **the freshening sea** omtrent = Havets voksende Vind. — **theme** Emne. — **it is fit | the spell should break of this protracted dream** det er rigtigt (det er paa Tiden), at denne lange Drøms (o: Fantasiidignings) Trolddom brydes.

Side 16.

Writ (foræld. og poet.) = **written**. — **would it were ...** ieg vilde ønske (gid) det var ... — **flit svæve**. — **palpably**

haandgribeligt, tydeligt. — **flutter** (om en Flamme) blafre, flakke. — **is fluttering, faint, and low** (faint og low er Adjektiver, der er sideordnede med Partep. **fluttering**): Billedet er taget fra den sluknende Flamme: flakker svagt og mat. — **ye**: se Anm. til S. 13. — **if on ye swell ...** hvis der svulmende hæver sig mod eder. ... — **shoon** gammel, nu kun poetisk brugt Flertalsform = moderne: **shoes**; **sandal-shoon** Sandaler. — **scallop-shell** ['skåləp-'fel, 'skåləp-'fel] Muslingeskal. — Pilgrimme gik med sandalklædte Fødder og Muslingeskaller fæstede paa Hatten. — **the moral of his strain** hans Kvads Lære, Kvadets Lære.

From Don Juan.

Medens Tonen og Stilen i det meste af Byrons anden Poesi er gennemgaaende mørk og højtidelig, er den i *Don Juan* [dån 'dʒuən] af en helt anden Art. Den er her stærkt skiftende og omfatter en Mangfoldighed af kraftige, vovede, satiriske, friske og fine Skildringer og en Vrimmel af Stemninger, Indfald og Tanker, farvede af overlegent Vid, let bevægelig Følelse og bidende Spot.

Det her optagne Afsnit er taget af 2den Sang og bestaar af Stroferne 87—114. I det foregaaende er det fortalt, hvorledes den 16aarige spanske Yngling Don Juan, efter et Kærlighedsforhold til en ung Frue, af sin Moder er bleven sendt bort med et Skib for sammen med sin Hovmester Pedrillo at foretage en længere Rejse. Under en Storm i Middelhavet lider de Havsnød, Skibet synker, mange omkommer, og Juan og Pedrillo med otte og tyve andre redder sig i Storbaa-den, der maa nøjes med en Aare til Mast og et Par Uldtæpper til Sejl. Efter flere Dages stormfuld Omtumlen og paafølgende Vindstille i brændende Solhede melder Hungersnøden og Tørsten sig saa voldsomt, at de ombordværende i Baaden, der stadig følges af to Hajer, beslutter for at opretholde Livet, at en af dem ved Lodtrækningskal udvælges til at tjene til Føde for de andre. Loddet træffer Pedrillo, der dræbes; Don Juan og tre—fire andre vægrer sig dog ved at spise af hans Kød; og mange af dem, der har været med til at for-

tære det og drukkert Saltvand til, der i afsindigt Raseri.
Et stærkt Regnskyl giver de overlevende nogen Lindring.

Hardy her: haardfør. — **sire** Fader (poet. i denne Betydn.; bruges i Tiltale i Betydn.: Deres Majestæt).

Side 17.

Bear up holde sig oppe, holde ud, holde Stand. — **hold aloof** holde borte. — **fate** Skæbne, ofte med Bibetydning af: Død. — **which the dull film half glazed**: dull her: glansløs, mat; **film** egentlig: Hinde, bruges ogsaa om Matheden i den døendes bristende Blik; **glaze** her: overtrække, dække, sløre (med en stivnende Hinde). — **roam** flakke om. — **wistfully** tankefuldt, grublende. — **rude** barsk. — **span** spænde over, hvælve sig over.

Side 18.

Hue [hju:] Farveskær. — **bend a bow** spænde en Bue. — **chameleon** [kə'miljən] danner ikke noget fuldstændigt Rim med **vermilion** og **pavilion**, der har kort i i anden Stavelse [və'miljən, pə'viljən]. — **bring forth** føde. — **molten** ['moultən]: gammelt Perf. Partop. af **melt**; bruges nu kun adjektivisk. — **a black eye** „et blaat Øje“ (fremkaldt ved Slag). — **muffle** ['mʌfl] Boksehandske. — **folks** [fouks] Folk (folks er et dagligdags Udtryk; hyppigere bruges **people**). — **nerve oneself** styrke sig, fatte Mod. — **webfooted** med Svømmehud mellem Tæerne, med Svømmefødder. — **oft** [ʌft] poet. = **often**. — **guise** [gaiz] Vis, Maade (denne Betydn. er foræld. el. poet.; bruges nu mest = Udseende, Ydre).

Side 19.

This bird of promise denne Haabets Fugl. — **tackle** Takkel, Tovværk. — **was not so safe for roosting as a church**: der er her et Ordspil mellem Talemaaden: **to be as safe as a church**, der er et Udtryk for fuldstændig Sikkerhed, og

den ligefremme Betydn. (Fuglen, der kan sidde trygt paa et Kirketag). — **it came on to blow** det begyndte at blæse. — **shine out** skinne frem. — **make way** gaa fremad. — **so low** saa medtagen, saa langt nede. — **they knew not where** (-about they were) nor what they were about de vidste ikke, hvor de var, eller hvad de skulde foretage sig. — **about the latter** angaaende det sidste Punkt (Kanonerne). — **sing out** (dagligdags Udtryk) raabe. — **shaped their course for** ... satte Kursen mod ...

Side 20.

As if they had no further care som om de ikke havde Sans for noget mere. — **hawk's bill** Karette (en Slags Skildpadde med en Mund, der ligner et Høgenæb. — **to their mind**: Eftertrykket ligger paa mind: for deres Aand var den endnu mere nærende. — **more than chance** noget højere end Tilfældet. — **drew toward it** nærmede sig det. — **set** sætte ind, drive. — **Candia** ['kændjə] Kandia. — **Cyprus** ['saiprəs] Cypern. — **Rhodes** [roʊdz] Rhodus. — **dull** her: trist.

Side 21.

Avail strække til, nytte. — **heave** her i den dagligdags Betydn.: kaste, hive. — **such things (that) a mother had not known** ... — **wash down** skylle ned. — **nigh** (poet.) nær; **draw nigh** nærme sig. — **unequal** ujævn. — **smoothed the air** gjorde Luften blød. — **glazed eyes** matte Øjne, brustne Øjne. — **a screen** | **from** ... en Skærm imod ... — **sweep away** forjage (her: fra Forestillingen). — **were mad for land** var vilde efter at naa Land. — **ran the boat for shore** styrede Baaden mod Land. — **overset** kæntre.

Side 22.

Native hjemlig, Fædrelands. — **Guadalquivir** [gwa'dəl'kwivə, gá'dəl'kwivə]. — **lave** [leiv] (foræld. og poet.) vaske, bade. — **wont** vant; **Udt.** er [wəʊnt] el. [want]; her maa vel helst siges [want]; mærk, at **Rimene** alligevel bliver daarlige: [ə'kaunt] og ['helispánt]. — **turn to account** drage Fordel af. — **he could, perhaps, have passed etc.**: i

Maj 1810 svømmede Byron sammen med en engelsk Marine-løjtnant Ekenhead [i'knhed] over Hellespont fra den evropæiske til den asiatiske Kyst (fra Sestos til Abydos), den samme Strækning, som efter Sagnet den unge Græker Leander tilbagelagde, naar han ved Nattetid besøgte sin elskede, Hero, der var Præstinde i Sestos. Det vanskelige ved Svømmeturen, som for Byrons og hans Ledsagers Vedkommende varede en god Times Tid, og som forevrigt voldte Digteren nogle Dages Sygdom, bestaar mindre i Afstanden end i den stærke Strøm. — **stark** stiv; bruges ofte om Lig i Forbindelser som **stark and cold, stiff and stark**. — **buoy** [boi] holde flydende, holde oppe; **boyish** unge; mærk den forsættelige, ordspilsagtige Klang-Lighed mellem **buoyed** og **boyish**. — **ply with** arbejde mod, kæmpe med. — **nor yet** heller ikke. — **providentially** egentl.: ved en Forsyns-Styrelse, ved et Under; omtr. = heldigvis, lykkeligvis. — **strike** her: gøre Svømmetagene, lange ud (i Alm. **strike out**). — **was washed** hører hen til **within his grasp**. — **sore** Adv. (poet.) saare, meget, stærkt. — **thereto** sjældnere Form; i Alm. to it. — **lash** surre, fastbinde, fastgøre. — **while** he thereto **was lashed** medens han holdt fast ved den.

Side 23.

A cliff-worn cave en i Klippen (af Bølgerne) slidt Hule. — **one, a corpse, from out** (ud af, blandt) **the famished three** en, et Lig, en af de tre, der var døde af Sult (se foran Side 20, L. 4—6). — **his dizzy brain spun fast**: Sætningen er dannet over Udtrykket: **my head spins** (snurrer rundt): det svimler for mig; Meningen er altsaa: det svimlede helt for ham. — **the sand | swam round and round, and all his senses passed** Sandet løb i eet for ham, og han tabte helt Bevidstheden. — **dripping** dryppende, drivvaad. — **jury-mast** Nød-mast (se Indledn. til Afsnittet, S. 87). — **aspect** her: Ansigt, Aasyn. — **damp** her i den forældede (og digteriske) Betydning: bedøvet, lamslaaet; **trance** Bevidstløshed; **damp** **trance** bedøvede og bevidstløse Tilstand.

Side 24.

Tingling vein bankende Aare. — **seemed throbbing back to life** syntes pulserende at vende tilbage til Livet. — **with strife under Kamp, kæmpende**. — **o'erwrought** [æ'v'rå't] (= **overwrought**) overvældet. — **his swimming eyes** hans matte Øjne; (**my eyes swim** det løber rundt for mig). — **the small mouth | seemed almost prying into his for breath** det var næsten, som den lille Mund spejdede ind i hans efter et Aandedræt. — **answering spirits** her omtr.: vaagnende Livsaander (de besvarede med Livstegn hendes Anstrengelser for at vække dem). — **soothe | to animation** lempelig at vække til Live. — **its gentle touch: its gaar tilbage paa the hand**. — **her cheek | pillowed his forehead** hans Pande hvilede mod hendes Kind (som mod en Pude).

Side 25.

'Tis Time.

Dette Digt er skrevet paa græsk Jordbund, i Missolonghi, paa Digterens 36-aarige Fødselsdag, den 22de Januar 1824. Om Formiddagen den Dag traadte han fra sit Sovekammer ind i et Værelse, hvor nogle Venner var tilstede, og ytrede smilende til dem, at de jo havde klaget over, at han aldrig skrev Digte mere; men nu, paa sin Fødselsdag, havde han lige skrevet noget, som han troede var bedre end det, han sædvanlig digtede. Saa viste han dem dette Digt. Han fik Ret i de Anelser, det indeholder, — ikke tre Maaneder efter var han død.

My days are in the yellow leaf o: mine Dage er komne til deres Løvfaldstid; — Linjen er en Reminiscens fra Shakespeares „Macbeth“ (V, iii), hvor Macbeth udbryder: **My way of life | is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf**. — **prey on f'rtære**. — **a funeral pile** et Ligbaal, som den er! — **exalted** [æg'zâ'ltid] ophøjet, ædel, fin. — **but (I) wear the chain**. — **where glory decks the hero's bier, | or binds his brow** hvor Æren enten smykker Heltens Baare eller omvinde hans Pande (med Sejrskrans). — **the Spartan, born upon**

his shield: spartanske Mødre sagde til deres Sønner, naar de spændte Skjoldet om sig for at gaa i Kamp for Friheden: „Enten skal du bringe dette tilbage, eller du skal bæres hjem paa det.“

Side 26.

She is awake: she is: Greece; — i Poesi (og i anden literær Stil) gøres ofte Landes Navne til Hunkøn (ved Indflydelse fra det latinske Navn, som i de fleste Tilfælde er Hunkøn). — track opspore, spore, følge Sporet af, følge efter, følge Vejen tilbage til. — think through whom | thy life-blood tracks its parent-lake: tænk paa, gennem hvem det er, at dit Livsblod kan spores tilbage til dets fædrene Sø (Udspring). Byron tænker her paa sine krigerske Forfædre, idet han regnede sin Slægt paa fædrene Side helt tilbage til Normandiet, til Tiden før Vilhelm Erobrerens Indtagelse af England; to af hans Slægt fulgte med Erobreren til England og bosatte sig der; en eller flere af de senere Baroner i Slægten skal have deltaget i Korstogene; i Slaget ved Crecy (1346) mod Fransk-mændene faldt to af Slægten, og andre deltog senere paa Karl I's Side i Kampene mod Puritanerne. I et af hans allertidligste Ungdomsdigte, endnu fra hans Drengesaar (1803), skrevet da han for en Stund rejste bort fra det fædrene Gods *Newstead Abbey*, byder han sine Forfædres Aander Farvel i Linjer, hvor den samme Tanke udtrykkes, som han optager her i sin Svanesang:

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting

New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

— strike home slaa til, slaa løs (saa det kan mærkes). — regret beklage Tabet af. — give away give hen.

Shelley.

Side 27.

Bysshe [bi].

Side 28.

The Poet.

Disse Linjer af Dramaet *Prometheus Unbound* sættes i Spidsen for Udvalget, fordi de antyder Arten af Shelleys egen naturelskende og fantasirige Digtning.

Feed on nære sig af. — aerial [e'i'riəl] æterisk, fin. — haunt [hå'nt, hæ'nt] dvæle i. — he will watch: will betegner den gentagne Handling: han iagttager (stadig, atter og atter). — the lake-reflected sun Solen, der spejler sig i Søen. — what things they be hvad det (i Virkeligheden) er for Væsener (be poet. for are). — nurslings of immortality (Skikkelser, der er) Udødelighedens Fosterbørn (is: som aldrig skal dø).

To Mary Shelley.

Mary Shelley er Digterens anden Hustru. Linjerne har Shelley under en midlertidig Fraværelse fra hende skrevet 1818 i Italien, hvorhen Ægteparret var rejst samme Aar. De er nedskrevne i en Villa i Nærheden af Este, som Byron, med hvem Shelley den Gang færdedes meget, havde lejet og midlertidig overladt ham.

That you were here gid du var her. — bower ['baue] Løvhytte, Løvhæng.

Side 29.

Sphered ['sfierid] kuglerund, rund (sjælden Form, i Alm. spheric ['sferik]). — as sunset to the sphered moon etc.: Tankegangen er: jeg føler mig lige saa stærkt knyttet til dig, som Solnedgangen er knyttet til Maanen, og som Tusmørket er forbundet med Stjernen. — beloved [bi'lavid]. — the Castle echo: med the Castle menes der en gammel Borgruin, der laa overfor Villaen, og som gav et stærkt Ekko.

From Julian and Maddalo.

Det optagne Uddrag danner Begyndelsen af Digtet *Julian and Maddalo* ['dʒuˈljən, 'mädelo], der fortæller om et Besøg i en Sindssygeanstalt ved Venedig. Shelley har skrevet dette Digt under Indtryk af sit Samvær med Byron, der paa den Tid boede i Venedig, og i Grev Maddalo har han søgt at tegne Byron, medens Julian, den fortællende, er ham selv. I den Prosa-Indledning, der ledsagede Digtet, skildrer Shelley Grev Maddalos, d. v. s. Byrons, Karakter og Væsen i Ord som disse: "...It is his weakness to be proud: he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men; and, instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other strength. His ambition preys upon itself, for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentrated and impatient feelings which consume him; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle patient, and unassuming, than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication; men are held by it as by a spell. He has travelled much, and there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries."

Bank of land her: (høj) Landstrimmel. — **Adria** ['eɪdriə] Adriaterhavet (poet. Form; det alm. Udtryk er: **the Adriatic** (Sea)). — **the bank of land which breaks the flow** | of **Adria** towards **Venice** o: Lidoen, der skiller Adriaterhavet fra Venedigs Laguner. — **heaped from** ... ophobede af ... — **matted with** ... indfiltret med ... — **from earth's embrace** ved sit Favntag med Jorden. — **ooze** [uːz] Slam, Dynd. — **stake** Pæl. — **level sand** flad Sandstrækning (i Modsætning til de lige nævnte Klitter: **hillocks, heaped from sand**). — **while day went down** medens Dagen hældede.

Side 30.

A remembered friend: remembered synes her at staa i Betydn.: uforglemmelig, dyrebar, kær. — **the living spray** det flyvende Skumsprøjt. — **along the air** gennem Luften. — **the blue heavens were bare** den blaa Himmel var nøgen (o: skyfri). — **stripped** afklædt. — **the awakening north** den vaagnende Nordenvind. — **harmonizing:** Verset kræver et svagt Tryk paa anden Stavelse, medens den alm. Udt. er: ['hɑːmənaɪzɪŋ]. — **aerial merriment** let Fryd. — **charged with** fyldt med. — **none slow enough for sadness** o: ingen dvælende saa længe, saa de kunde fremkalde Vemod. — **tame** mat. — **cheerful** fornøjelig. — **as may be** | **talk interrupted with** ... som Samtale kan være, der afbrydes af ... — **scorn** lade haant om, afvise. — **it would extinguish** den gerne vilde kvæle. — **'twas** forlorn den (Samtalen) var melankolsk (forlorn egentl.: fortvivlet, haabløs). — **such as once, so poets tell, etc.:** her sigtes til Miltons *Paradise Lost*, der indledes med en Skildring af Helvede, hvortil Satan og de andre Engle netop er nedstyrtede, og hvor de, fulde af triste Tanker, drøfter deres Kaar og Stilling. — **descant** [di'skænt] of gøre Bemærkninger om, tale om, drøfte (Brugen af of her er forældet; det alm. Udtryk er nu **descant on**; mærk, at Verset her, modsat den alm. Udt., fordrer Tryk paa første Stavelse i **descanted** ['des'kæntɪd]. — **for ever still:** for er Korjunktion (thi); **ever**, der yderligere forstærkes ved **still**, har den forældede og poetiske Betydn.: stedse, bestandig; **ever still** = stedse (og bestandig), altid.

Side 31.

Argued against... anførte Grunde imod..., iyrede imod ... — **but pride** | **made my companion etc.** (de fig. 3 Linjer): jvf. Shelleys Ord om Maddalo (Byron), anførte her i Indledn., S. 94. — **thou** *Paradise of exiles, Italy:* Shelley tænker her baade paa Byron og sig selv; — de følte sig begge paa en Maade landflygtige fra deres Fædreland. — **it was ours** det var vor Lod, det hændte os. — **gondola:** alm. Udt. er ['gændolə]; men her og i Afsnittets næstsidste Linje (S. 34)

synes Shelley at have tænkt sig det udtalt: [gåndole]. — the flood | which lay between the city and the shore o: Lagunen. — paved with the image of the sky: Himlen, der spejler sig nede i Lagunen, danner ligesom en Brolægning i dens Dyb. — hoar graa. — aery [æ'əri] (poet.) Luft-, luftig, let; her = Parallelformen airy i den poet. Betydn.: ragende højt op i Luften, høj. — an heaven-sustaining bulwark et himmelbærende (-støttende) Bolværk (an foran et udtalt h i Trykstavelse er forældet; derimod bibeholdes an endnu af nogle foran et udtalt trykløst h, — f. Eks. an historical novel). — emblazonry [em'ble'zənri] Vaabenmaleri; Farvepragt. — the steep west o: Himmelhvælvingens bratte Skraaning mod Vest. — even to lige til. — rent Kløft, Klippespalte. — many-folded hills vidt forgrenede Bjerge.

Side 32.

Euganean [ju'gæ'nien] hills euganeiske Højder (sydvest for Venedig). — as seen from . . . sete fra . . . (ordret: for saa vidt som de ses fra . . .). — Lido [li'do]. — harbour-piles Havneanlæg, Havn. — peaked [i Alm. pikt; her fordrer Verset: 'pikid] spids. — those mountains o: the Euganean hills. — the vaporous sun den dunstomgivne Sol. — the inmost purple spirit of light Lysets inderste purpurglødende Væsen. — ere [æ'ə] (foræld. og poet.) før (ofte, som her, med Konjunktiv). — station her: Stade, Sted at betragte den fra. — that funereal [fju'nieriel] bark hin Ligfærds-Baad o: Gondolen; — de sortmalede Gondoler med de sorte Forhæng og den kistelignende Overbygning vakte hos Shelley Forestillinger om Ligfærd; han sammenligner i et Brev fra denne Tid en Gondol med et stort Møl, som i Puppertilstand kunde tænkes at have været en Ligkiste. Byron havde skildret Gondolen paa lignende Maade: It glides along the water looking blackly | just like a coffin clapt in a canoe (*Beppo*, 1818). — fabrics of enchantment fortryllede Bygninger, Febygninger. — gondolieri (italiensk Pluralisform) Gondolierer. — as age to age might add, for uses vile o: som kunde tænkes at staa fra Slægt til Slægt, brugt i skændigt Øjemed (as er Subjekt, age Objekt).

Side 33.

In strong and black relief i skarpt og sort udhævet Omrids (o: idet den tegnede sig skarpt og sort mod den lyse Baggrund). — shall be the madhouse . . . : Brugen af shall her er besynderlig (det kan ikke paa almindeligt Engelsk betyde det danske skal = siges at . . .); man kunde have ventet: will be . . . = er sikkert . . . — belfry-tower Klokketaarn. — ever her: stedse, stadig, altid. — as much skill as need to pray saa megen Kløgt, som der behøves til at bede (need: i en Forbindelse som denne vilde det alm. Udtryk være needs). — Den naturlige Ordstilling i Linjerne: as much skill etc. vilde være: they have as much skill as need to pray to their stern maker in thanks or hope for their dark lot. — O ho! [oʊ hoʊ] oho! ej, ej! — ever still stedse, altid: se Oplysn. til S. 80. — if you can't swim, | beware of Providence: en spøgende Vending: Straffen for hans afvigende Meninger kunde f. Eks. i Form af en Kænting ramme ham her paa Lagunens Vand, og saa vilde det være slemt, hvis han ikke kunde svømme. — our mortality o: vore (vi dødelige Menneskers) Livsvilkaar. — toll ringe sammen.

Side 34.

As sunset (severeth) that strange vision (from our eyes). — severeth ['severip] from skiller fra, fjerner fra. — all | we sought, and (in which we) yet were baffled. — baffled hindrede, skuffede. — invisible [in'vizibl]: sidste Stavelse [-bl] danner et mangelfuldt Rim paa hill. — huddled blandede sammen (i eet). — conveyed me to my lodgings by the way bragte mig til min Bolig paa Vejen (Shelley (Julian) blev, inden Gondolen naaede Venedig, sat af ved den Villa, hvori han da boede (se Indledn. til det foregaaende Digt, S. 93)).

The Two Spirits.

Plumed with strong desire bevinget med den stærke Higen (paa den stærke Higen Vinger). — tracks thy flight of fire følger dig paa din Ildflugt. — it were (hypotetisk Konjunktiv) vilde det være.

Side 35.

If I would cross ... if her: selv om, om end (denne Betydn. er ikke ualmindelig, f. Eks. if he is poor, he is at any rate honest). — cross drage igennem. — bound Grænse; Pl. Grænseland, Egn; the bounds of the air Luftens Egne. — declining sun synkende Sol. — the clash of the hail den piskende Hagl. — stark her i den sjældne Betydn.: stærk, mægtig. — moon-like maanelignende. — mark iagttagelse, skue. — one een enkelt.

Side 36.

Frozen to ruin frossen til Døde. — winged ['wɪŋɪd]. — hoar branches graa Grene (berøvede deres Naale). — aye [eɪ] (poet.) stedse. — aery fountains Luftkilder (Forestillingen er den, at Stormen, naar den er træt, henter ny Kraft til Forfølgelsen paa dette øde, is- og snedækte Sted). — the death-dews sleep on the morass den giftige (skadelige) Dug slumrer (hviler) paa Mosen. — a silver shape en Skikkelse, lysende som Sølv (her menes The Second Spirit). — like his early love der ligner hans Ungdomselskede. — upborne by løftet højt paa.

Summer and Winter.

Floating mountains svævende Bjerge. — the willow leaves that glanced ... Pilebladene, som glimtede ... (idet de i Vinden skiftevis vender deres graa-hvide Underflade frem).

Side 37.

Translucent [tra'ns'l(j)u'sənt, trāns—] gennemsigtig. — which makes ...: which viser tilbage paa ice. — slime Dynd. — wrinkled clod rynket (furet, ujævn) Klump. — comfortable her: veltilfreds. — alas for — ve —! det er slemt for —!

Autumn.

Is failing taber sin Kraft, mattes. — and the Year | on the earth her death-bed, ... the Year er her personificeret

som Femininum; her death-bed er Apposition til the earth. — shroud Ligskrud. — leaves dead visne Blade. — come away (foræld. el. poet.) kom hid. — your saddest array eders tristeste Dragt. — watch by her sepulchre hold Vagt ved dets Grav (sepulchre udtales alm. ['sepəl'ke]; men Verset fordrer her et noget stærkere Tryk paa sidste Stavelse: ['sepəl'ke]). — the nipped worm is crawling den kuldebidte Orm ligger og kravler. — the thunder is knelling Tordenen lader Ligklokkerne runge.

Side 38.

Put on white, black, and gray klæd eder i hvidt (Vintermaanederne), sort og graat (Efteraarets og det tidlige For-aars Maaneder). — your light sisters eders lette (sorgløse) Søstre (o: Sommermaanederne). — ye, follow ... men I, følg I ... — make her grave green faa dets Grav til at grønnes (green er Adjektiv).

Time Long Past.

Ghost her: Aand. — so sweet (that) it could not last. — was it sadness or delight hvad enten det nu var Vemod eller Fryd. — each day a shadow onward cast hver Dag kastede en Skygge fremad (o: viste ud imod Fremtiden, holdt Fremtidsforventningen oppe). — beloved [bi'ləvɪd]. — corse [kɑ's] (poet.) = corpse. — 'tis like a child's beloved corse etc.: Tanken er den, at det døde Barn forskennes i Faderens Øjne, ligesom Erindringen, der knytter sig til den svundne Tid, forskennes.

Side 39.

The World's Wanderers.

Speed: her i den sjældnere, transitive Betydn.: føre (ilsomt) frem. — fiery ['faɪəri] Ild-, flammende, straalende. — close folde sig sammen. — homeless ['hoʊmləs] hjemløs. — wanderest ['wʌndərɪst]. — rejected forstødt. — on the tree: mærk Brugen af on ved tree, svarende til dansk: i.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee! (poet.) hil (være) dig! — bird thou never wert: Digteren hilser Lærken som en Aand: Fugl har den aldrig været. — profuse (alm. Udt.: [pro'fju's]; her fordrer Verset, at Trykket lægges paa første Stavelse) rigt strømmende, overstrømmende. — strain her: Tone. — unpremeditated [anpri'medite'tid] uovervejet, her omtr.: instinktmæssig, naturmæssig.

Side 40.

The blue deep thou wingest du flyver hen gennem det blaa Dyb. — soar [sɑː] hæve sig, stige, flyve højt op (pe). — are bright'ning farves straalende. — unbodied [ʌn'bɑːdɪd] legemløs (sammenlign Shelleys Betegnelse i Digtets Begyndelse af Lærken som en Aand). — race (Løb) slutter sig i Tanken til den foregaaende Linjes billedlige Udtryk: run. — even [i'ven] (poet.) Aften. — keen bruges baade i ligefrem Betydning (skarpt skærende el. stikkende; almindeligere i daglig Tale er dog sharp), om Lyden (skarp, gennemtrængende) og om Lyset (skarp, klar); her hører det til det i foregaaende Vers nævnte shrill delight: din skingrende (klingende) Fryd, der er skarp, som ... — the arrows (Straale-)Pilene. — sphere Kugle, Klode. — that silver sphere ˆ: Maanen. — intense lamp stærkt lysende Lampe. — narrows svinder ind, blegner. — we feel men dog føler. — is loud genlyder. — when night is bare naar Natten (Nattehimen) er skyfri. — rains out lader strømme ud.

Side 41.

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody som den Regn af Velklang, der strømmer fra det Sted, hvor du er. — (thou art) like a poet ...; thou art er ogsaa underforstået ved første Linje i hvert af de tre følgende Vers. — hymn [him] her: Hymne; hymn er ellers det alm. Udtryk for Salme (= gude-lig Sang); om »Davids Salmer« siges psalms [sa'mz], — unbid-den af egen fri Drift. — is wrought (af work) to sympathy with ... bringes til Samstemning (Samfølelse) med ..., brin-

ges til at føle med — it heeded not den før ikke ænsede. — soothe [suð] dulme, lette. — love-laden elskovstynget, kærlighedsfyldt. — which overflows: which viser tilbage paa music. — bower ['baʊə] (poet.) Jomfrubur, Kammer. — its aerial hue [hjuː] sit fine (Farve-)Skær. — embowered [em'baʊəd] in omgivet af. — by ... deflowered som plyndres af — sweet Sødme. — those heavy-winged ['hevi-'wɪŋɪd] thieves ˆ: Vindene, hvis Vinger er bleven tunge og matte af Rosens Duft, som de har ranet.

Side 42.

Pant forth fremstønne. — matched with stillet op imod, sammenlignet med. — shapes of sky or plain Skikkelser fra (den høje) Himmel eller (den lave) Slette. — love of thine own kind Kærlighed til din egen Slægt. — joyance ['dʒɔɪəns] (poet.) Fryd, Glæde. — annoyance [ə'noɪəns] Fortrædelighed, Utilfredshed. — satiety [se'taɪti] Lede.

Side 43.

Deem things more true and deep of ... dømme (tænke) mere sandt og dybt om ... — or how could ...? hvorledes kunde ellers ...? — we look before and after vi ser fremad og tilbage (after i denne Betydning poet.). — fraught [frɑːt] (mest poet. og i højere Stil): sammentrasket Partic. (egentlig freighted) af det nu forældede Præsens freight fragte (det moderne Ord er det regelmæssigt bejdede freight [freɪt]); fraught with fragtet med, tynget af. — if we could scorn ...; if we were things ...: if her: selv om, om end. — measures Vers, Rytmer. — thy skill to poet were vilde din Evne være for Digteren. — such harmonious madness etc. da vilde et saadant harmonisk Vanvid osv. — (that) the world should listen.

Side 44.

Song.

Weary her: besværlig, tung. — even the sighs of grief reproach thee: Tanken er: selv i de (ordløse) Suk, som Sor-

gen udstøder, ser du en Bebrejdelse. — **set ... | to a merry measure** sætte et lystigt Tempo (en lystig Rytme) til ... (jvf. **set ... to music** sætte Musik til ...). — **let me set my mournful ditty etc.**: Tanken er: jeg vil lokke dig til mig ved min Sangs lystige Tempo, og naar du saa er kommen for din Fornøjelses Skyld, vil du blive hos mig af Medlidenhed (Medlidenheden vil afhugge dine Vinger).

Side 45.

Lovest: alm. Udt.: [l'avist]; her fordrer Verset ogsaa Tryk paa sidste Stavelse: [l'avest]. — **not love them less** = et relativisk Udtryk: **the things I seek and not love less (than you)**.

Side 46.

Music.

Loosen [l'u:sn] løse, løsgøre, slippe løs, frigøre. — **herbless** [hə'bləs] planteløs (afsvedet). — **faint** (poet.) mattes, føle sig mat; **I gasp, I faint** stønner jeg mat. — **till they wake again: they = the notes**. — **has bound | upon my heart: upon** er gammeldags og sjældent i denne Forbindelse; man vilde snarere sige **to** (el. **round**). — **to stifle it for** at kvæle det (Hjertet). — **the dissolving strain** den smeltende Musik, de smeltende Toner.

Liberty.

The fiery mountains de ildflammende Bjerge (o: Vulkanerne). — **are echoed** kastes tilbage, genlyder. — **clarion** [klä'rien] (mest poet.) (Signal-)Trompet. — **Typhoon** [tai'fun] Tyfon, tropisk Hvirvelstorm. — **an hundred**: se Oplysn. til S. 31 (foran S. 96).

Side 47.

Deafenest [defn(i)st]. — **fen-fire** Moseild, Lygtemandssild, Lygtemand. — **damp** her: taaget. — **exhalation** [ekse'le'fən]: alm. Betydn.: Taagedunst; staar her i den forældede og poetiske Betydn.: Ildkugle, Meteor. — **dawning** Dagning, Daggry. — **tyrants and slaves etc.** o: det gaar Tyranner og

Slaver, som det gaar Nattens Skygger, naar Morgenlysets Fortrop drager frem.

Life May Change.

Linjerne er fra det lyriske Drama *Hellas*, skrevet af Shelley under Indtryk af Grækernes Frihedskamp, som Digteren omfattede med stærk Medfølelse.

Fly her: flygte bort. — **yet were life ...** dog vilde Livet være ... (ligeledes: **yet were truth ...** og **love were lust ...**). — **charnel** [tʃa'neɪl] Gravkapel, Gravhvælving. — **a sacred lie**: som højtidelig Bekræftelse af noget bruges hyppigt et Udtryk som: **this is sacred truth** (hellig Sandhed), — deraf Anvendelsen af **sacred** her ved det med **truth** samstillede **lie** (**yet were (sacred) truth a sacred lie**). — **lust** Sanselyst, Sansebegær. — **lent laante**, skænkede.

Side 48.

From Adonais.

Disse syv Strofer er tagne af det smukke, store Sørge-digt (55 Strofer), hvori Shelley besang Digteren Keats under Navnet Adonais [ädo'ne'is], da denne var død en tidlig Død i 25 Aars Alderen. Shelley beundrede Keats' Digtning, medens mange endnu lod haant om den eller ikke ænsede den; et Bind af Keats' Digte fandtes i Shelleys Lomme, da hans Lig var skyllet op paa Stranden. De valgte Strofer (1, 3, 9 og 39—42) kan her danne en Overgang til Udvalget af Keats' Poesi.

The frost which binds so dear a head den (Dødens) Frost, som har omvundet (lagt sig om) saa dyrebart et Hoved. — **thou, sad Hour** o: den Time, hvori han er død. — **obscure** [äb'skju:] her: ukendte. — **compeers** [kəm'piəz] Fæller (o: de andre Timer). — **with me** hos mig (o: indenfor min Tidsgrænse, mens jeg varede). — **echo** er nærmest Prædikatsord til **fate** og **light** til **fame**. — **unto** poet. for **to**. — **be | an echo etc.**

o: genlyde og lyse i al Evighed. — **melancholy Mother**: hermed mener Shelley Urania, rimeligvis opfattet som Sørge-sangens Muse. — **fiery tears** glødende (brændende) Taarer. — **loud heart** højt bankende (stormende) Hjerte. — **uncomplaining** klageløs. — **the amorous Deep** Dybet, der elsker ham ømt. — **the vital air** Livets Luft. — **feeds on** drager Næring af. — **quick rap, let.** — **passion-winged** ['pæsjən-'wɪŋɪd] lidenskabs-bevingede. — **Minister** her: Tjener. — **flocks** Hjorder. — **living streams** rindende Strømme. — **fed** lod drage Næring (han lod Digterdrømmene, der sammenlignes med Hjorder, drage Næring ved sin Aands rindende Strømme). — **its music: its = his young spirit's.** — (**the quick Dreams**) **wander not,** — | **wander no more from kindling brain to brain** (de lette Drømme) vandrer ikke, vandrer ikke mere fra den ene (begejstrings-)glødende Hjerne til den anden (o: ingen flere Digterdrømme vil opstaa hos den døde Digter og vække Begejstring).

Side 49.

Keep | an unprofitable strife fører en unyttig Strid. — **mad trance** Vanvids-Anfald. — **decay** her: raadne. — **convulse** ryste (krampagtigt), gennembæve. — **outsoar** [aut'sɔ:ə] svinge sig op over, hæve sig op over. — **slow stain** langsomme Besudlen (snigende Fordærv). — **can never mourn | a heart grown cold etc.** kan nu aldrig komme til at sørge over, at Hjertet er blevet koldt osv. — **in vain** uden Nytte. — **load** her: fylde.

Side 50.

Thou Air, | which etc.: der menes, at Luften havde hyllet Jorden i Taage. — **leave it bare | even to ...** blot den nu (alt) for ... (even brugt her (foræld. og poet.) som et vagt forstærkende Udtryk). — **smile on** smile til. — **its despair: its = the Earth's.** — **night's sweet bird** o: Nattergalen. — **a presence** et Væsen, en Magt. — **spreading itself where'er** [hvæ:ə'ræ:ə] **that Power may move** bredende sig overalt, hvor den Magt rører sig. — **wields** behersker. — **sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above** støtter (bæ-

rer) den forneden og giver den Lys foroven. — Den sidste Strofe indeholder en Antydning af Shelleys panteistiske Opfattelse af Guddommen som en Magt, der gennemtrænger hele Universet.

Keats.

Side 52.

Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil.

Digtet er noget forkortet her, idet 11 Strofer er udeladte, nemlig 12—13, 15—17, 19—20, 31, 49, 55 og 61.

Stoffet til Digtningen (der er det samme som det, H. C. Andersen har behandlet i sit Eventyr „Rosen-Alfen“) har Keats hentet fra den italienske Digter Boccaccios „Decameron.“

Isabella [izə'bela]. — **basil** ['bæzɪl] Basilikum (en Plante). — **Isabel** ['izəbel]. — **Lorenzo** [lo'renzɔ:]. — **in Love's eye** (poet.) for Kærlighedens Aasyn. — De to første Linjer nævner som i et Udraab Hovedpersonernes Navne. — **some stir of heart, some malady** ['mælədi] nogen Hjerteuro, nogen (Hjerte-)Ve. — **but feel (dream, weep)** uden at føle (drømme, græde). — **soothed** (her: ['su:ðɪd]) lindrede. — **the other by:** Prp. sat umiddelbart efter sin Styrelse (poet.). — **it soothed each etc.** det lindrede dem at være hinanden nær. — **to each other dream:** det alm. Udtryk for at „drømme om ...“ er **dream of ...**; men maaske er Vendingen her paavirket af et Udtryk som: **drink to each other** (drikke paa hinandens Velgaaende); det vilde i saa Fald altsaa omtr. være = drømme med venlige Ønsker for hinanden. — **morn** (poet.) = **morning**. — **eve** (dels poet., dels knyttet til kirkelige Fester, f. Eks. Christmas Eve) = **evening**. — **her full shape** hele hendes Skikkelse. — **his continual voice** hans stadigt lydende Stemme. — **noise** her (foræld. og poet.): Lyd (Træernes Susen eller den skjulte Bæks Rislen). — **she spoilt etc.:** idet hun stadig syede Lorenzos Navn ind paa sit Broderi. — **he would catch** opfangede han. — **farther** paa større Afstand. — **constant as her vespers would he watch,** | be-

cause her face was turned to the same skies o: ligesaa ufravigeligt som Tiden kom til hendes Aftenbøn (under hvilken hun vendte sig mod Øst), løftede han sit Blik (mod den østlige Himmel), fordi hendes Ansigt var vendt mod den samme (østlige) Himmel. — skies se Oplysn. til S. 14. — outwear her: tilbringe langsommeligt.

Side 53.

The break of June Junis Frembrud, Begyndelsen af Juni. — ask my lady's boon (poet.) bede om min elskedes Gunst. — if thy lips breathe not love's tune hvis dine Læber ikke nyrer Kærlighedens Melodi (o: hvis du ikke tilstaar din Kærlighed). — honeyless honningløs, uden Sødme, unyttet. — days and days Dag efter Dag. — fall sick sygne (hen) (fall undertiden = blive; jvf. det flg. fell thin). — within the rose's just domain ordret: indenfor Rosens retmæssige (Tids-) Omraade o: i den Tid, da Rosen har Ret til at herske; i Rosens fulde Blomstringstid. — lull Lullen. — how ill she is: opfattes maaske bedst som et Udraab: „Hvor hun dog er syg!“ — I may not jeg maa ikke. — if looks speak love-laws hvis Kærlighedsloven kan tydes af (læses i) Udtrykket o: hvis jeg af hendes Ansigtstudtryk kan slutte, at hun tilstaar mig en Elskers lovmæssige Ret. — drink her tears o: bortkysse hendes Taarer. — startle off bortjage. — the ruddy tide ... pulsed resolve away den røde (Blod-)Strøm ... jeg med sine Puksag hans Beslutning bort. — fevered his high conceit of ... tændte til Febergloed hans dristige Tanke om — so once more he had ... saaledes vilde han atter have — anguish lide Kval, lide (intr.); anguished her: [ængwifid].

Side 54.

Had not been wed (wed foræld. og poet. = wedded) to ... ikke havde været fængslet til, ikke havde hængt ved — wax (mest foræld. el. poet.) blive. — dead her (foræld. og poet.): gusten, ligbleg. — lisped (her: [lispid]) stammede. — quest Søgen, Forsken, Spørgen, Bøn, Bejlen. — half halvvejs. — speak ... into thine ear hviske ... til dig. — believe how

I love thee, believe how near | my soul is to ... = believe that I love thee dearly, believe that my soul is very near to — doom Undergang. — Læs med flg. Betoning: thy hand | by unwe | come pres | sing. — fear her (foræld. el. poet.) skræmme. — live [liv] og shrive [ʃraiv] er kun Rim for Øjet. — unfold udfolde sig, aabne sig. — its viser tilbage paa summer clime. — gracious her (foræld. og poet.): fager. — so said da dette var sagt. — erewhile [æ'e'hwail, her dog: 'æ'e'hwail] (mest poet.) tidligere, forhen. — poesied ['po'isid] with hers in dewy rhyme: et noget skruet Udtryk (poesied er et af Keats selv dannet Verbum), der kan gængives: duggede mødtes de (hans Læber) med hendes som Rim med Rim i et Digt.

Side 55.

Honeyed dart (Elskovs) honningsøde Pil. — joyed his fill frydede sig af Hjertens Lyst (man siger f. Eks. eat one's fill spise sig mæt, drink one's fill drikke tilstrækkeligt). — all close: close (Adv.) her og de andre Steder i denne Strofe i den foræld. (og poet.) Betydning: hemmeligt, dulgt. — unknown (= not known) of any: of ved Passiv, hvor moderne Sprogbrug har by, er foræld. eller poet. — tale: her omtr. = Sladder. — better = it had been better. — pleasure in forlyste sig ved. — enriched her udt.: [en'ritsid]. — ancestral [æn'sestrel] merchandize arvet Købmændsgods. — hand her: Arbejder, Mand. — swelt (foræld.) døje af Hede, vansmægte, svede. — torched [tə'etfid] mines fakkeloplyste Miner. — many once proud-quivered loins did melt | in blood from stinging whip mangel Lænd, der forhen var stolt omgjordet med et Kogger, strømmede nu af Blod under den snertende Pisk (her tænkes paa Neger-slaverne, der forhen havde været fri Krigere og Jægere). — the rich-ored driftings of the flood det rige Erts, som Strømmen førte med sig. — ledger [ledʒə] Hovedbog; ledger-men Kræmmersjæle. — spy udsponere. — how could they find out in Lorenzo's eye | a straying from his toil? o: hvorledes kunde de i Lorenzos Øje opdage, at hans Tanker ikke mere var helt optagne af hans slidsomme Arbejde? — hot Egypt's pest etc.! den hede Ægyptens Pest

ramme deres Syn, havesyge og snu, som de var! (covetous og sly er knyttet til det they, der ligger i their).

Side 56.

Every dealer fair hver ærlig Mand (det alm. Udtryk er: fair-daler el. plain-dealer, modsat: double-dealer), — brethren som Pl. i Betydn. af kødelige Brødre er foræld. el. poet. — unconfines aabenbarer (meget sjældent Ord, mulig dannet af Keats selv som Modsætning til confine (indeslutte); Perf. Partep. confined i Betydn. begrænset har som Modsætning unconfined (ubegrænset)). — well nigh (poet.) næsten. — fix upon bestemme sig til. — at the last (poet.) = at last. — cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone o: satte al Barmhøjertighed til Side. — resolved her: [ri'zålvid]. — he leant | into the sun-rise o: bøjede sig ud i Dagningens Luft. — bent their footing rettede deres Gang. — bestride bestige (en Hest), ride paa. — while cold is in the skies o: medens det endnu er køligt.

Side 57.

Ay [a'ji]: ja. — the Apennine ['äpinain] Apenninerne (i Alm.: the Apennines). — ere the hot sun count | his dewy rosary on the eglantine før den hede Sol faar talt sin Dugperle-Rosenkrans paa Kaprifolien (o: faar fjernet (tørret) Dugdraaberne paa Kaprifolien). — bowed a fair greeting to ... hilste med høvisk Buk — whine her: pibende Hvislen, Hvislen. — get in readiness gøre sig rede. — bracing huntsman's dress strammende (stram) Jægerdragt. — matin-song ['mätingsån] Morgensang. — I was in pain jeg var i Vaande. — when so fain I am to ... (foræld. Udtryk) naar jeg saagerne vil(de) — the amorous dark det til Kærlighed viede Mørke. — man Tjener, Betjent, Arbejder. — their murdered man: han var saa godt som myrdet.

Side 58.

Through straitened banks o: mellem tætliggende Bredder, gennem et snævert Leje. — the bream | keeps head against the freshets Brasen holder Stand imod Fersk-

vandsstrømmene. — flush blussende, rødrende. — bury in nedgrave, begrave. — ache [e'h] lide Smerte, lide. — is ill at peace har ingen Fred. — break-covert (poet.) fristedbrydende, fristed-ødelæggende. — did tease | their horses homeward, with convulsed (her: [køn'vålsid]) (krampagtigt hugget) spur o: styrede deres Heste hjemad, idet de hidsede dem ved krampagtigt at hugge Sporen i Siden paa dem. — each richer by his being ... hver med den Vinding, at han var ... — ta'en [te'n] = taken. — 'scape = escape. — 'scape at once from Hope's accursed [ø'kø'sid] bands søg straks at komme bort fra Haabets fordømte (ulykkelige) Skarer (o: opgiv straks alt Haab). — luxury o: Kærlighedens Lykke.

Side 59.

Made a gentle moan klagede sagte. — spreading her perfect arms upon the air bredende sine dejlige Arme ud i Luften. — couch [kaut] Leje. — the mid days of autumn de midterste Dage i Efteraaret, Efteraarets Midte. — eve se Oplysn. til S. 52. — the sick west (det matte Vest, den matte vestlige Himmel) er Objekt for bereaves. — a roundelay of death en Dødens Runddans. — dares to stray from ... vover sig ud af — from beauty fell tabte sin Skønhed. — pale her: mat. — dungeon ['dændʒən] Fangetaarn, Fangehul; dungeon climes Fængsels-Egne (de holdt ham som et Fængsel borte fra hende). — spake (foræld. el. poet.) = spoke; spake a tale kom med en Historie. — a smoke from Hinnom's ['hinønz] vale: i anden Krønikernes Bog, Kap. 28, fortælles det, at den israelitiske Kong Ahas efter hedensk Offerskik brændte sine egne Børn i Hinnoms Søns Dal. — drowsy ['drauzi] søvntung, døsigt, sløv. — deadly dark grufult uhyggelig. — a fierce potion en heftigt virkende Drik. — the feathered pall Ligklædet med Fjerbuskene (i England er ofte ved Begravelser baade Ligvognen og Ligklædet, der dækker Kisten, forsynet med sorte Fjerbuske i Hjørnerne). — Indian her: Indianer. — his cloudy hall hans Sky-Hal (som han drømmer om).

Side 60.

Pierce (meget sjældent som Subst.) Stik, Stød. — in the dull of midnight i Midnattens søve Ro (jvf. Udtrykket: in the dead of night i Nattens Stilhed). — shoot | lustre into the sun ☉: skinne (lyse) i Solen. — lute ☉: Lut-Klang. — lorn (poet.) forladt, her omtr. = trist. — past his loamed (her: [l'oumid]) ears ned forbi hans lerede (lerdækte) Ører. — Druid [druid] Druide (Betegnelse for en Præst eller Skjald hos de gamle Kelter). — unstrung med slappe Strenger. — sepulchral briars among: se Oplysn. til S. 52 under: the other by. — the while alt medens. — unthread optrevle, opløse. — the sodden turfed [t'æfid] dell den (gennemvæde) fugtige Grønsværdsdal.

Side 61.

Whortle-berry [hwe'tl-beri] Bøllebær. — heather-bloom [hedæblum] Lyngblomst. — human-nature (= humankind) Menneskehed. — knell her: klinge, tone. — fieldward: Endelsen —ward betegner Retningen henimod det, der er udtrykt i første Del af Ordet. — in Humanity i Menneskenes Verden. — that paleness ☉: (denne) din Blegthed. — abyss Afgrund, Dyb; her menes: Himmelfrum. — grows upon me øver sin Magt over mig. — left | the atom darkness in a slow turmoil [i Alm.: t'æ'moil, her: tæ'moil] ☉: ved Synets Forsvinden kom der ligesom et svagt Røre i de Atomer, hvoraf Mørket bestod.

Side 62.

Rugged [rægid] hours drøje Timer. — we put our eyes into a pillow cleft vi trykker vore Øjne ned i en Fordybning i Pudlen (☉: ned i Pudlen). — spangly gloom flimrende Mulm. — portioned us with ... tildelte os ... — thou hast schooled my infancy ☉: du har belært mig, Barn som jeg var. — latest her: sidst. — the inmost of the dream Drømmens Kerne. — hearse [hæ's] alm. Betydn. Ligvogn; her (foræld. og poet.) Grav; forest-hearse Grav i Skoven. — Dame her: Kvinde.

Side 63.

What good can thee betide, | that thou shouldst smile again? hvad godt kan der times dig, siden du smiler igen (hvad hun ikke har gjort længe)? — demon-mole Djævel-Muldvarp, Trolde-Muldvarp. — funeral stole Ligkaabe, Ligskrud. — this is holiday to ... dette er en Fest mod ... — a native lily of the dell (poet. for lily of the valley) en Liljekonval, der hørte hjemme dér. — sudden her Adv. (poet.). — turned up bragte frem. — soiled her: [soilid]. — whereon | her silk had played in purple fantasies ☉: hvorpaa hun med purpurfarvet Silke glad havde syet fantastiske Ornamenter. — dries | and freezes udtørre og isner. — dainties her (foræld.): Skatte (☉: hendes Bryster). — still stille, dæmpe.

Side 64.

'Gan (foræld. og poet.) = began. — nor stayed her care ej heller standsede hun sit Arbejde (care her = Genstand for ens Omhu). — core Kernehus; det inderste, Hjerterod, Kerne; — felt pity to the core følte inderlig Medlidenhed. — kneeled: sjældent Form, og da i Alm. udt. [ni'ld], her dog: [ni'lid]. — put her lean hands to the horrid thing tog med sine magre Hænder fat paa det grufulde Arbejde. — this travail (foræld.) [træve] sore dette tunge Arbejde. — Perséan [pæ'(')si'en]: Adj. dannet af Perseus (som med sit Sværd afhuggede Uhyret Medusas Hoved). — harps ☉: Skjalde. — immortal Lord som udødelig Herre. — impersonate [im-pæ'senét] personliggjort, legemliggjort. — if Love impersonate etc.: Tanken er: hvis Kærligheden nogensinde havde været legemliggjort, saa var det i Lorenzo's Skikkelse, og hvis den nogensinde var død, saa laa den nu død her, og Isabella kyssede den. — prize her: Fangst, Bytte, hvad de havde taget. — was all for Isabel var et og alt for Isabel (jvf. Oplysn. til S. 4: be all to (el. for ...) ... være alt for ...). — calmed ☉: glattede. — each eye's sepulchral cell hvert Øjes Gravelle (☉: Øjenhule, hvori det døde Øje ligesom laa Lig). — pointed gjorde spidst ☉: rettede, udglattede. — each fringed [i Alm. frin(d)g'd, her: 'frin(d)g'id] lash hvert frynse-

dannende (egentl. frynset) Øjenhaar, hvert Haar i Øjenhaarenes Frynse. — *drenched* skyllede, vaskede.

Side 65.

The dews | of precious flowers plucked in Araby : den dugfriske Essens af kostelige Blomster, plukkede i Arabien. — *Araby* ['ärebî] (poet.) = *Arabia* ['ärebjæ]. — *divine* [alm. Udt. di'vain, her (poet.): 'divain] herlig, liflig. — *come* (Perf. Partop.) with odorous ooze (= oozing) | through. ... som duftende er sivet igennem — *the cold serpent-pipe* det svale Slangørør (ved Destillation gaar undertiden Dampene gennem et slynget Rør, som, for ved Afsvaling at kunne fortætte disse, er anbragt i koldt Vand). — *garden-pot* Urtepotte. — *laid by* lagde hen, lagde ned, opbevarede. — *had no knowledge* vidste ikke. — *unto the core* her: til det dybeste, dybest ned (jvf. Oplysn. til S. 64). — *ever* her (foræld. og poet.) stedse, stadig. — *thin tears* : (langsomt) dryppende Taarer. — *casketed* ['ka'skitid] lagt i Skrin. — *perfumed* [i Alm. pø'fju'md, her: pø'fju'mid] duftende. — *leafit* ['li'fit]: et vistnok af Keats selv dannet Diminutiv af *leaf*; det alm. Diminutiv er *leaflet*. — *moan hither* lad eders Klage lyde hid. — *ye*: se Oplysn. til S. 13. — *ye syllables of woe* (poet.) I Sorgens Lyde. — *Melpomene* [mel'påmini:] Melpomene (den tragiske Muse).

Side 66.

Bronzed [i Alm. bränzd, her: 'bränzid] Bronze-. — *in tragic order* : i tragisk Rytme. — *touch the strings into a mystery* rør Strengene, saa de lyder med hemmelighedsfuld Klang. — *sound mournfully upon the winds and low* lydt trist og dæmpet i Vinden. — *a palm | cut by an Indian for its juicy balm* en Palme, hvori en Indier har skaaret for at faa dens Balsamsaft. — *chill isne*. — *Baalite* ['be'elait] Baalsdyrker, Baalstilbeder, Afgudsdyrker. — *pelf Rigdom*, Mammon. — *those Baalites of pelf* disse Rigdommens (Mammons) Afgudsdyrkere. — *dead eyes* matte Øjne. — *elf* egentl.: Alf; undertiden i lidt foragtelig Betydn. omtr. = Person, Skabning, Væsen, Sjæl; *many a curious elf* mangen nysgerrig Sjæl (Person, Væsen). — *marked out to be* ... udpeget til at

være — *drooping*: vistnok her: ludende, bøjet; figurl. kan det betyde: nedslaaet, forsagt. — *wean* vænne fra (om Børn ved Diegivning); *wean her from* (figurl.) drage hende bort fra. — *chapel-shrift* ['tjæpəl'srift] Skrifte i Kapellet, Skrifte.

Side 67.

Breast its eggs (poet. Udtryk) lægge Brystet mod sine Æg, ruge paa sine Æg. — *hen-bird* Hunfugl. — *(she) sat her* (foræld. el. poet.) = *(she) sat down*: (hun) satte sig. — *weeping through her hair*: i hendes bøjede Stilling falder Haaret ned over hendes Ansigt og vædes af Taarer. — *the thing* : det, de fandt deri. — *vile* her: hæsleg. — *amorously* ['ämerøslî] ømt, kærligt. — *chuckle* ['tʃʌkl] Klukken; undertrykt Lyd, dæmpet Lyd. — *lorn* her: trist, sorgmodig. — *cry | after* ... raabe efter — *the Pilgrim in his wanderings* den vandrende Pilgrim. — *overcast* (figurl.) formerket, fordunklet, ulykkelig. — *burthen* ['bæðen] (foræld. og poet.) = *burden* Omkvæd.

Side 68.

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

Digtets Titel („Den skønne, ubarmhjertige Dame“) er taget fra en engelsk Oversættelse fra det 15de Aarhundrede af et fransk, omtrent samtidigt Digt. Men det tilgrundliggende Motiv i Keats' Digt er Sagnet om Elverpigen, der lokker Ridderen og binder ham ved sin Elskov.

Knight-at-arms væbnet Ridder. — *loiter* vandre om. — *sedge* [sedʒ] Siv, Rør. — *woe-begone* (poet.) sorgramt, kummerfuld, sorgfuld. — *I see a lily on thy brow* : din Pande er bleg. — *with anguish moist and fever dew* klam af Sjæleangst og Feber-Dug. — *withereth* ['wiðerip]. — *fragrant zone* duftende Bælte (zone poet. i denne Betydn.); Bæltet var dannet af Blomster, ligesom Kransen og Armbaandene. — *as she did love*: as (foræld. el. poet.) som om. — *made sweet moan* klagede mildt, klagede blødt.

Side 69.

Manna dew Mannadug (her tænkes formodentlig paa en særlig Art af Mannaplanten, Tamarisk-Manna; efter Stikket af en vis Insektart kan der fra Grenene af denne Plante dryppe — som Dug — en velsmagende Saft i hvide, honningagtige Draaber). — true: her Adv.: trofast. — elfin grot Alfehule (grot poet.; i Alm.: grotto). — sore (poet.) smerteligt, tungt, saare. — lulled her: [lʌlɪd]. — betide [bi'taid] times, hænde; woe betide ...! Sorg ramme ...! her omtr. = Gud naade mig! — latest her: sidst. — thrall [θrɑ:l] Træl; Trældom. — gloam (sjælden, poet. Form, i Alm.: gloaming) Skumring, Tusmørke. — gaped her: [ge'pɪd]. — found me poet. for: found myself. — this is why ... dette er Grunden til, at ..., det er derfor

Side 70.

To Autumn.

Close her: nær, fortrolig. — conspiring with him how to ... som forener dig med ham om at — thatch-eves [ˈpætʃɪvz] (i Alm. staves det sidste Ord: eaves) (Straatagets) Tagskæg. — swell her transitivt: faa til at svulme. — set budding more, and still more, later flowers faa stedse flere og flere sene(re) Blomster til at knoppes. — o'er-brim [ə'vɪm] = overbrim: overfylde. — clammy [ˈklæmi] klæbrig. — thee o: Autumn (der her og i det følgende personificeres). — the winnowing wind Luftpustet fra Kornrensningen. — drowse [draʊz] gøre døsig. — fume Dunst, Duft. — hook her: Segl, Krumkniv. — swath [swɑ:θ] (Korn-) Skaar. — twined her: [ˈtwainɪd]. — gleaner [ˈɡliːnə] Akseanker. — thou dost keep! steady thy laden head across a brook holder du dit (med Kornstraa) belæssede Hoved stille, medens du gaar over en Bæk. — cyder-press (alm. stavet cider [ˈsaɪdə]) Æblevin-Presse. — oozing [ˈuːzɪŋ] Udsivning (af Æblesaften). — barred (her: [ˈbærɪd]) clouds sribede Skyer. — bloom her: kaste et rødt Skær over.

Side 71.

Wailful klagende, Klage-. — bourn [bəʊn] (foræld. el. poet.) Grænse; — Keats synes her at bruge Ordet noget vagt omtr. = Omraade, Egn; hilly bourn Højderne. — hedge-crickets Hækkens Faarekyllinger (Omskrivning for: Græshopper). — garden-croft Havevænge. — gathering swallows Svaleflokkke.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

Faint with ... matte af — take the lead føre an. — summer luxury Sommerglæderne. — when tired out with ... naar den er træt af — has wrought a silence har faaet alt til at tie. — there shrills skingrer (der), lyder (der). — warmth her figurl.: Varme, Inderlighed, Iver, Kraft. — ever her: stedse, stadig, altid.

Rettelser.

Side 1, Linje 5 f. n. *Carsair* læs *Corsair*.

” 6, ” 4 f. o. an læs and.

” 73, ” 1 f. o. de allerfleste læs en Del.
