

Forfatter: Claussen, Sophus

Titel: Udrag fra PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY THE SENSITIVE PLANT DEN FØLENDE BLOMST

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Anvendt udgave: Sophus Claussens Lyrik Bd. 8: Lyrikoversættelser

CONCLUSION

*Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that  
which within its boughs like a Spirit sat,  
ere its outward form had known decay,  
now felt this change, I cannot say.*

*Whether that Lady's gentle mind,  
no longer with the form combined  
which scattered love, as stars do light,  
found sadness, where it left delight,*

*I dare not guess; but in this life  
of error, ignorance, and strife,  
where nothing is, but all things seem,  
and we the shadows of the dream,*

*it is a modest creed, and yet  
pleasant if one considers it,  
to own that death itself must be,  
like all the rest, a mockery.*

*That garden sweet, that lady fair,  
and all sweet shapes and odours there,  
in truth have never passed away:  
'tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.*

*For love, and beauty, and delight,  
there is no death nor change: their might  
exceeds our organs, which endure  
no light, being themselves obscure.*