

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

*the plumed insects swift and free,
like golden boats on a sunny sea,
laden with light and odour, which pass
over the gleam of the living grass;*

*the unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
then wander like spirits among the spheres,
each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;*

*the quivering vapours of dim noontide,
which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
in which every sound, and odour, and beam,
move, as reeds in a single stream;*

*each and all like ministering angels were
for the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.*

*And when evening descended from Heaven above,
and the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
and delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
and the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,*

*and the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
in an ocean of dreams without a sound,
whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
the light sand which paves it, consciousness;*

*(only overhead the sweet nightingale
ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
and snatches of its Elysian chant
were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant); –*