

Forfatter: Claussen, Sophus

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

Citation: Claussen, Sophus: "Sophus Claussens Lyrik Bd. 8: Lyrikoversættelser", i Claussen, Sophus: *Sophus Claussens Lyrik Bd. 8: Lyrikoversættelser*, Det Danske Sprog- og Litteraturselskab ; Gyldendal, 1982-, s. 126. Onlineudgave fra Arkiv for Dansk Litteratur: <https://tekster.kb.dk/catalog/adl-texts-claussen10val-shoot-idm139718457581264/facsimile.pdf> (tilgået 17. april 2024)

Anvendt udgave: Sophus Claussens Lyrik Bd. 8: Lyrikoversættelser

*were all paved with daisies and delicate bells  
as fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
and flow'rets which, drooping as day drooped too,  
fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,  
to roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.*

*And from this undefiled Paradise  
the flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes  
smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
can first lull, and at last must awaken it),*

*when Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
as mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
shone smiling to Heaven, and every one  
shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;*

*for each one was interpenetrated  
with the light and the odour its neighbour shed,  
like young lovers whom youth and love make dear  
wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.*

*But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit  
of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
received more than all, it loved more than ever,  
where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver,*

*for the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;  
radiance and odour are not its dower;  
it loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,  
it desires what it has not, the Beautiful!*

*The light winds which from unsustaining wings  
shed the music of many murmurings;  
the beams which dart from many a star  
of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;*