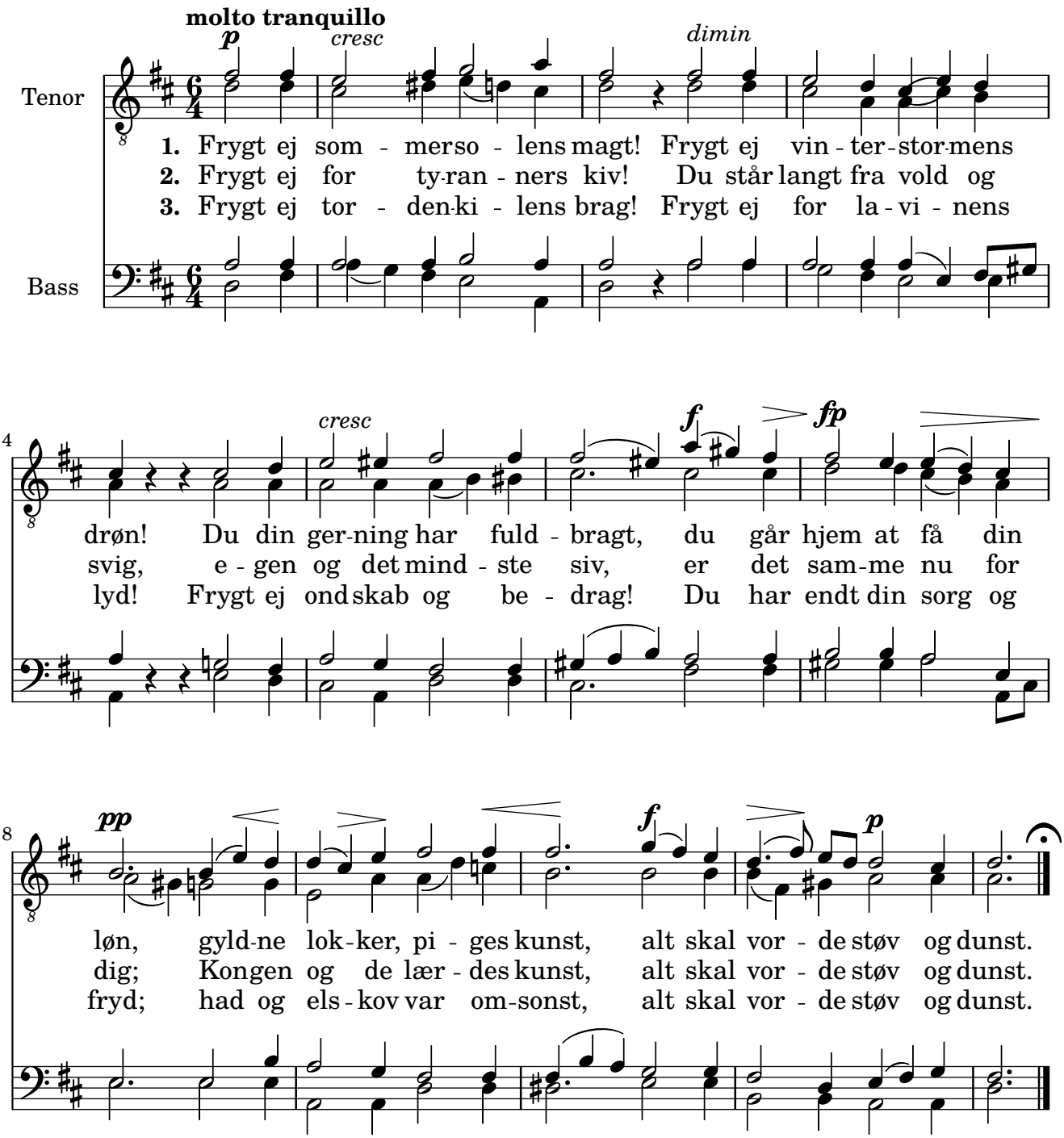
Gravsang af Shakespeare's Cymbeline

William Shakespeare

Danish Trans. Carsten Hauch

Peter Heise (1830-1879)



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Frygt ej sommersolens magt!
Frygt ej vinterstormens drøn!
Du din gerning har fuldbragt,
du går hjem at få din løn,
gyldne lokker, piges kunst,
alt skal vorde støv og dunst.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Frygt ej for tyranners kiv!
Du står langt fra vold og svig,
egen og det mindste siv,
er det samme nu for dig;
Kongen og de lærdes kunst,
alt skal vorde støv og dunst.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
all follow this, and come to dust.

Frygt ej tordenkilens brag!
Frygt ej for lavinens lyd!
Frygt ej ondskab og bedrag!
Du har endt din sorg og fryd;
had og elskov var omsonst,
alt skal vorde støv og dunst.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
The all dreaded thunder stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash;
Thou has finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
consign to thee, and come to dust.