

LYRICAL POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649015351

Lyrical Poems by Henrik Ibsen

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HENRIK IBSEN

LYRICAL POEMS

LYRICAL POEMS
BY HENRIK IBSEN

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

0

LYRICAL POEMS

BY HENRIK IBSEN

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED

BY R. A. STREATFEILD

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

1902

Scars 7683.7

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENT

18

NOTE

Nine of the following translations have already appeared in *The Outlook*. They are here reprinted by the kind permission of the Editor.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Minstrels - - - - -	7
Building Plans - - - - -	9
The Miner - - - - -	11
The Eiderduck - - - - -	14
Burnt Ships - - - - -	16
A Duet - - - - -	18
With a Gift of Water Lilies - - - - -	20
A Bird Song - - - - -	22
A Cradle Song - - - - -	24
Gone! - - - - -	25
The Power of Memory - - - - -	26
Bird and Birdcatcher - - - - -	28
A Swan - - - - -	30
To the Survivors - - - - -	32
A Poet of the Night - - - - -	33
Thanks - - - - -	36
Epilogue - - - - -	38

Minstrels

THROUGH the long bright nights of summer
In spirit to her I clave,
But the way, it led by the torrent,
Where the gloomy alders wave.

“Ho, know'st thou the terror and music
Can thrall the soul of a maid,
Through the mighty halls and temples,
To follow thee unafraid?”

I drew the sprite from his cavern,
His music bewitched my life,
But ere I had learnt his secret,
The maid was my brother's wife.