

Classic Poetry Series

Johannes Carsten Hauch

- poems -

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Johannes Carsten Hauch(1790-1872)

Johannes Carsten Hauch (May 12, 1790 - March 4, 1872), Danish poet, was born of Danish parents residing at Frederikshald in Norway.

In 1802 he lost his mother, and in 1803 returned with his father to Denmark. In 1807 he fought as a volunteer against the English invasion. He entered the university of Copenhagen in 1808, and in 1821 took his doctors degree. He became the friend and associate of Steffens and Oehlenschläger, warmly adopting the romantic views about poetry and philosophy.

His first two dramatic poems, *The Journey to Ginistan* and *The Power of Fancy*, appeared in 1816, and were followed by a lyrical drama, *Rosaur* (1817); but these works attracted little or no attention. Hauch therefore gave up all hope of fame as a poet, and resigned himself entirely to the study of science. He took his doctors degree in zoology in 1821, and went abroad to pursue his studies. At Nice he had an accident which obliged him to submit to the amputation of one foot.

He returned to literature, publishing a dramatized fairy tale, the *Hamadryad*, and the tragedies of *Bajazet*, *Tiberius*, *Gregory VII*, in 1828-1829, *The Death of Charles V* (1831), and *The Siege of Maestricht* (1832). These plays were violently attacked and enjoyed no success.

Hauch then turned to novel-writing, and published in succession five romances *Vilhelm Zabern* (1834); *The Alchemist* (1836); *A Polish Family* (1839); *The isle on the Rhine* (1845); and *Robert Fulton* (1853).

In 1842 he collected his shorter Poems. In 1846 he was appointed professor of Scandinavian languages in Kiel, but returned to Copenhagen when war broke out in 1848. About this time his dramatic talent was at its height, and he produced one admirable tragedy after another; among these may be mentioned *Svend Grathe* (1841); *The Sisters at Kinnekullen* (1849); *Marshal Sag* (1850); *Honour Lost and Won* (1851) and *Tycho Brahe's Youth* (1852). From 1858 to 1860 Hauch was director of the Danish National Theatre; he produced three more tragedies: *The King's Favourite* (1859); *Henry of Navarre* (1863); and *Julian the Apostate* (1866). In 1861 he published another collection of *Lyrical Poems and Romances* and ~fl 1862 the historical epic of *Valdemar Seir*, volumes which contain his best work.

From 1851, when he succeeded Oehlenschläger, to his death, he held the

honorary post of professor of aesthetics at the university of Copenhagen. He died in Rome in 1872, and was buried at the Cimitero acattolico.

Hauch was one of the most prolific of the Danish poets, though his writings are unequal in value. His lyrics and romances in verse are always line in form and often strongly imaginative. In all his writings, but especially in his tragedies, he displays a strong bias in favor of what is mystical and supernatural. Of his dramas *Marshal Stig* is perhaps the best, and of his novels the patriotic tale of *Vilhelm Zavern* is admired the most.

See Georg Brandes, *Carsten Hauch* (1873) in *Danske Digtere* (1877); F Rønning, *J. C. Hauch* (1890), and in *Dansk Biografisk-Lexicon*, (vol. vii. Copenhagen, 1893). Hauch's novels were collected (1873–1874) and his dramatic works (3 vols., 2nd ed., 1852–1859).

Afsked Fra Verden

Det er paa Tiden, bort jeg vandre maa,
Den blege Død har lammet mine Kræfter,
Det dunkle Eventyr jeg skal bestaae,
Som Sjælen frygter og dog længes efter.

5 Hvad meest jeg elsked, fandt i Graven Skjul,
Og ingen Ungdomsven jeg har tilbage,
Jeg stod i Verden som en fremmed Fugl,
Hvis Sang kun var et Suk fra svundne Dage.

Hvad jeg har virket, har jeg fast forglemt,
Det spredtes rundt som Løv for kolde Vinde,
Kun Eet jeg veed, det har mit Hjerte gjemt,
Min Barndoms Tro, den gik mig ei af Minde.

Og jeg har forsket rundt i mangen Bog,
Og jeg har siddet ved de Viises Side,
Trods deres Ord dog blev jeg lige klog
Paa det, som allerhelst jeg vilde vide.

Thi Jordens Kløgt ei give kan Besked
Om hvad der skimtes gjennem Gravens Rifter,
Og hvad enfoldig Fromhed her ei veed,
Det sees ei heller i de Vises Skrifter.

Dog var der Een, hvis Øie længer saae,
Hvis Ord skal staae, naar Jordens Kløgt forsvinder,
»Hvo ikke bli'er som en af disse Smaa,«
Saa talte han, »ei Himlens Veie finder.«

Du Frelsens Aand, forlad da Du mig ei!
Og tag den Kundskab bort, der mig forvilder!
Udslet min Synd og led Du mig paa Vei,
Igjenem Dødens Nat til Livets Kilder!

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Afskedssang Til Academisterne I Sorøe

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Aftensang [intet Blad Sig I Skoven Rører]

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Aftensang [sig Maanen Langsomt Hæver]

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Bekiendelse

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Bernhard Severin Ingemann

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Birken

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Bøn

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Christiane Oehlenschläger

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Consolation In Adversity

WHEN happiness turns from you,
And all seems unrepaid,
And you are scorned by enemies,
Even by friends betrayed;

Then think but little of it,
And be not self-deceived;
We are sent here for labor,
Though joy rests unachieved.

But there, where spirits gather
On the Milky Way's vast wave,
Where the white swans of the living
Soar out of Time and Grave,

You shall see revelation
On that irradiant coast:
He holds the greatest happiness
Who has endured the most,

For grief is but the wrong side
Of the flaming robe of bliss;
The eternal light is shadowed
In the dim springs of the Abyss.

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Da Jeg Var Syg

Johannes Carsten Hauch

De Stridige Veie

Johannes Carsten Hauch

De To Øxer

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Death's Genius

Oh you who weep, brush all your tears aside!
And you who mourn, recall grief won't abide!
For you'll know rest when your heart beats no more,
Death's angel you from all your wounds will cure.

Though in the grave a prince's robes will fade,
Though only worms royal power can parade,
Be not afraid, when with a humble mind
Through that dark portal your way is assigned.

For all your efforts in your finest hour,
What the maid senses in the murky bower,
What's woken by the organ's deep rich sound,
What child intuits in its dream profound,

And every word that offers solace here,
Each fine resolve, each joy that's pure and clear,
Each sweet repose on love's arm that one takes,
Each lovely image that a poet makes,

They are but seeds that in my lap unfold,
And that when you are dead you shall behold,
That stand as flowers in a lasting wreath,
While the grave's wave adds lustre from beneath.

For of those tears that in dust's land were shed
There form refreshing waters in their stead,
The dew of which refreshes my small flowers,
Whose clear waves no fierce storm or gale devours.

In them sweet recollection is renewed,
In them is ancient time restored to youth,
So every maiden bathes there with a sigh
Of rapture, saying: It is sweet to die.

Rising from out the depths are shores of sand,
Where gentle glances wave you to the land,
There does the lover sit right close to love,
The best dreams are dreamed as there above.

And every friend for whom you shed a tear
Even the loved one who was not found here
You will discover where death's wave smiles free,
And, if you will, you'll never parted be.

And 'neath the rose's thorns the elves all play,
The tiniest happy children – these are they,
Whose gaze I put out ere they learned to look,
Whose mouth I closed ere it with laughter shook.

And hosts of youths, ancients with shadows grey,
Babes long forgotten, girls as bright as day,
Races of heroes from a time long gone,
By countless paths I join them every one.

And men and women, spread from south to north,
Tremendous spirits from another earth,
And those who latest leapt out of time's stream,
They meet here with antiquity's first dream.

Night images behind the mountain wall,
Wild nature's unborn embryos so small,
And pallid larvae who no soul-life feeds,
They fl utter here like mists among the reeds.

But your creations, which by art were made,
That here seemed but the play of light and shade,
Here in my heaven are a starry host
That gains new life, while earthly glory's lost.

Though with no sign of ending is death's way,
Not even distant worlds cause it to stay,
In eternity's ring it's lost from view,
And but its entrance can I show to you.

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Den Elskede

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Den Estiske Sangers Qvad

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Den Forgangne Tid

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Den Forladte

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Det Vaagnende Foraar

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Dyvekes Sang I Vilhelm Zabern

Johannes Carsten Hauch

En Erindring

Johannes Carsten Hauch

En Ung Piges Klage

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Fædrelandssang

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Fisken Fra Fjeldsøen

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Frederiksborg

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Gravsang

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Gustav Adolph

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Hellebæk

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Hjemmet

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Home

I remember a far place, where I would gladly be;
There, hours glided slowly, silently,
As clear as silver pearls, strung on a golden wire,
And gentle as the words of first desire.

The birds played there all day among the maple boughs ;
I lived as they in one long mad carouse.
In my romping I would scour the meadows everywhere,
And what the neighbors said, I did not care.

And from the window gazing at the high trees above,
In later days I dreamed of him I love;
And when I heard his foot-steps hastening to me,
My heart rose in a silent ecstasy.

Beside the hedge of roses, we sat beneath the moon,
And listened to the rivulet's rippled tune.
Our words, half in earnest, half in fun, flew to and fro ;
Which you may have forgotten long ago.

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Høsten

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Hunden Til Maanen

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Julesang For De Nordiske Kunstnere I Rom

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Kanefarten

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Længsel [naar Svanen Drømmende Paa Strømmen Bølger]

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Længsel [om Dagen Jeg Søger Dig Fiern Og Nær]

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Magnus Og Knud Lavard

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Mindedigt Over J. P. Mynster

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Naturforskeren

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Pleiaderne Ved Midnat

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sang Af Bajazet

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sang Af Hamadryaden

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sang Af Marsk Stig

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sang Til Adam Oehlenschläger Den 14. November 1849

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sang Ved Naturforskermødet I Kjøbenhavn, I Sommeren 1860

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sangfuglen

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sløret

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Sveitseren

Johannes Carsten Hauch

The Pleiades At Midnight

We are the nightly weavers
who gather the invisible threads
from the Milky Way's outmost ring
where the end of the loom stands.

Hovering apparitions, unwearied, wingless,
whose flight no bird can ever equal.

For us, Time hardly has begun,
although the ephemerae of worlds, newly spawned,
streaming atoms in the immense ether,
dream of aeons and eternities;
and think that the end is come,
though not yet have they completed a single orbit
round the firmly linked Daughters of Atlas, the bright-eyed
whose glance gleams through the veil,
and who carry the weight of innumerable worlds unaware;
and who are like to swelling grapes
from which streams the wine of life.

What you call a thousand years
is hardly a cloven second
too short for the glance of our eyes thereby
to reach the nearest among our daughters
circling in the ring of the Milky Way.

For us your longest sorrow
is barely one beat of an ephemera's wing
before quick death.

Yet we are also the children of Time,
and even the longest courses
in which shining worlds revolve
count as nothing
against the invisible circle of Eternity
which the hours never draw near;
and although we measure them
as millions of years,
they are only a stream

dried by a hot summer's day
compared to the unfathomable Ocean of Infinity
in the realm of the uplifted spirits
released from the weight of Time.

Johannes Carsten Hauch

The Wild Hunt

When they thought that Denmark's king
Soundly in the graveyard slumbered,
Words incredible, unnumbered,
Through the land crept whispering.

Rumor said: 'The king hunts nightly
Stag and doe on Sjaelland's isle
With a company unsightly
Through the country mile on mile.'

They saw the Childe at the head of his hosts;
In the moonlight they heard the racket
Of his train of terrible shadows and ghosts
With the hawk and the sable brachet.

Fables deep in Time's abyss
From oblivion resurrected,
Champions in their rest ejected
From the dim necropolis,

Women from their hidden prison,
Heathen kings from the sepulchre,
All (the peasants said) had risen
Forth to ride with Valdemar.

Like wings the sound over woods was borne,
In terror the dwarf dug deeper,
While overhead a mad hunting-horn
Aroused the horrified sleeper.

Volmer's eyes with anguish blazed,
Never found he rest and quiet;
Ever in this awful riot
Must he hurry on half-crazed.

Nearest him, of all the shadows
Coursing over lake and glade
Through the night-mist of the meadows,
Was a pale and slender maid.

Her long hair flickered in the midnight blast,
She sighed with sighs inhuman;
On snow-white horse she galloped fast,
The fairest of all women.

Over castle and lofty house,
Falcon, raven, birds of evil,
Unknown fowl from Night primeval,
Fat, enormous flittermouse,

Over forests, fields, and ditches,
Clustering pallid flare on flare,
Wolves with hundred feet, and witches
Sailed the river of the air.

The hunters' shouts, the thunders' crash,
Roared high in the lust of slaughter,
Through horses' whinnies, the snap of the lash,
Above the livid water.

Just before them, roe and hart
Flew as if on hidden pinions
From the ghost-king and his minions,
Cleaving the slow mists apart.

At their head there flitted, leading,
Tall and white, a wounded hind
Stuck with many arrows, bleeding,
Shaking, in the midnight wind.

The peasants who saw the chase sweep by
Swore, to all who would hear it,
That out of the hunted hind's wild eye
There peered Queen Helvig's spirit.

As in an enchanted space,
Trees stood in the vapor rootless,
While the stag flew onward, footless
Yet unwearied by the chase.

Then the black snake coursed the meadow,

The red dragon rose unwombed,
While the storm wailed like a shadow
To eternal anguish doomed.

The full moon, like a bleeding troll,
Unheeding the earth's ire,
Cruelly charmed each tortured soul
From out the Abyss's fire.

Often when the autumn brought
Wheeling gusts of phosphorescence
In this dismal chase, the peasants
Whispered, pallid and distraught:

'Save us, Christ and Maid of Heaven,
From this evil by thy grace !
Save us from the infernal levin;
Save us: 'tis King Volmer's chase!'

They thought that his doom was sealed for aye,
By no prayers to be diminished:
To hunt until the last Judgment Day,
Till World and Time were finished.

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Trøst I Modgang

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Vaaren

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Ved Det Skandinaviske Naturforskermøde

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Ved Min Tilbagekomst Til Norge I Aaret 1851

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Ved Prof. Christian Lütkens Død

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Vinteren

Johannes Carsten Hauch

Vossevangen

Johannes Carsten Hauch