

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Steen Steensen Blicher**

## **- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Steen Steensen Blicher(11 October 1782 — 26 March 1848)

Blicher was the son of a literarily inclined Jutlandic parson whose family was distantly related to Martin Luther.

He grew up in close contact to nature and peasant life in the moor areas of Jutland. After trying his hand as a teacher and a tenant farmer, he at last became a parson like his father and from 1825-1847 served in the parish at Spentrup.

As a clergyman he is said to have been less than inspired. He was once accused of alcoholism.[citation needed] His main interests were hunting and writing. Many struggles with his superiors led to his dismissal shortly before his death.

He had ten children, (seven sons and three daughters), with his wife Ernestine Juliane Berg whom he married on 11 June 1810.

## Prose

Blicher is known as the pioneer of the novella in Danish. From the 1820s until his death he wrote several tales that were published in local periodicals (mostly dealing with his home region), as well as historical and amateur scientific sketches. Much of this work is entertainment but as many as twenty or thirty pieces have been called masterpieces.

In these works he describes human fate in his home region in Jutland, He is often called a tragic and melancholic writer, but he is not without wit and humour.

The Diary of a Parish Clerk, his break-through story, tells of a poor peasant boy's troubled life with unhappy love, war, exile and an old age in resignation.

His sombre story The Hosier and his Daughter (twice filmed) that describes the mental breakdown of a girl because of unhappy love is a classic prose tragedy.

The Parson of Veilbye, the first Danish crime novel, deals with a wrongful conviction. It too has been filmed.

Tardy Awakening, a tragedy of adultery and suicide, is perhaps influenced by his own matrimonial life. [clarification needed]

E Bindstouw is a mixture of tales and poetry on the model of the Decameron, written in the Jutlandic dialect. Here he turns loose his humorous side.

Blicher's most noted literary skill lies in his descriptions of scenery, especially the Jutlandic moor landscape and its inhabitants: the long-suffering peasantry and "free" moor gypsies. [clarification needed]

Stylistically he alternates between his own detailed intellectual narrative style and the colloquial speech of peasants, squires and robbers.

## Poetry

Blicher wrote poetry from the years of the Napoleonic Wars until his death. Among his most important poems are the melancholic Til Glæden ("To Joy") from 1814, his interesting local patriotic song Kærest du Fødeland ("Dear are You, Fatherland") that shows his love for his home region, and his impressive winter poem Det er hvidt herude ("It is white out here").

The bluff and cheerful dialect poem Jyden han æ stærk å sej ("The Jutlander he is strong and tough") is from 1841.

More uncharacteristic is his collection Trækfuglene ("Birds of Passage") inspired by a serious illness. In this poem various symbolic birds express his personal situation.

## Political and social themes

Blicher was a man of far-ranging interests. Beginning as a conservative he developed into an eager critic of society, uniting the role of the enlightened citizen of the 1700s with modern liberalism. He tried to arrange national feasts in Jutland and proposed numerous laws and reforms, but he was never really accepted by the established liberal politicians.

Also something of an Anglophile, he translated British poetry, including Macpherson's Ossian and novels such as Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield – once he even tried to write poetry in English.

Though being a member of the first Romanticist generation of Danish writers, Blicher is in many ways unique. He is more of a realist, dealing with broken dreams and with Time as man's superior opponent. His religion is the old rationalist one.

He is a belated Danish pupil of the 18th century English epistolary style while, in his interest for dialect and peasants, he anticipates the regional writers who emerged around 1900, such as Johannes Vilhelm Jensen.

#### Present-day appreciation

Today he is regarded as the pioneer of the Danish short story and regional writing. Many of his verses have been set to music and his best novels have been reprinted many times.

He has never enjoyed international interest on the scale of Hans Christian Andersen or Karen Blixen but in Denmark he is almost just as well known. In 2006 his novel *Præsten i Vejlbys* was adapted in the Danish Kulturkanon, which means, officially one of the 10 Order of Merit novels in Danish literature.

## A Picture

I lay on my heathery hills alone;  
The storm-winds rushed o'er me in turbulence loud;  
My head rested lone on the gray moorland stone;  
My eyes wandered skyward from cloud unto cloud.

There wandered my eyes, but my thoughts onward passed,  
Far beyond cloud-track or tempest's career;  
At times I hummed songs, and the desolate waste  
Was the first the sad chimes of my spirit to hear.

Gloomy and gray are the moorlands where rest  
My fathers, yet there doth the wild heather bloom,  
And amid the old cairns the lark buildeth her nest,  
And sings in the desert, o'er hill-top and tomb.

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Adskillige Evigheder

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Aften

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Amors Udskrivning

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Anden Sang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Andet Døgn

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Angelica Catalani

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Araberen I Schveitz

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Aristarchos Autodidactos Eller En Kort Og Grundig Anviisning Til At Lære Sig Selv Det Æsthetiske Recensenterie

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Avertissement

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Bernstorff

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Bien Og Myggen

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Birckner

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Bjørnkjærs Ruiner

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Brushanen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Buhl

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Carl Fischer

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Christian Den Fjerde I Søslaget Ved Femern

Steen Steensen Blicher

# De Indmurede

Steen Steensen Blicher

# De Refsnæsdrenge, De Samsøpiger

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Den 15. Juni 1830 I Randers

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Den 28de Mai 1839

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Den Eenlige Brud

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Den Gamle Lærkes Efteraarssang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Den Sande Lykke

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Den Største Nar

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Den Unge Lærkes Foraarsang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Digterens Lyksalighed

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Digterrang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Din Skaal Og Min Skaal

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Doxologia

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Droslen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Dykkeren

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ellekongen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Drøm

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Gaade

Steen Steensen Blicher



# En Ganske Ny Vise Om En Kroermand Og Han Søn

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Ganske Ny Vise Om Tym Sællandsfa'R

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Have

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Jagt

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Krig

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Morgenscene Ved Vildsted Sø

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Reise

Steen Steensen Blicher

# En Seilads

Steen Steensen Blicher



# En Skole

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Epilog [ej Blot Til Lyst! Saa Sige Vi, Naar Lystig Skjemt]

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Epilog [god Aften Allesammen! Og Mange Tak For Sidst! ]

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Epilog [her Har Skyldfri Skjemt Sin Bolig]

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Epilog [snart For Indbildningen Det Trætte Forhæng Drages]

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Et Af Horatses Breve Til Mæcenæ

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Et Dansk Kløverblad

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Et Gæstebud

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Et Skuespil

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Et Spil

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Faderkjerlighed

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Falken

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Farvel Til Min Første Kjereste

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Farvel, Hans Christian!

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Femte Døgn

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Femte Sang

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Forsang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Første Døgn

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Første Sang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Gjenfærd

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Gjøgen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Glenten

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Griffenfeld

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hans Brøckner I Elbek

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Hedelærkens Velkommenhjem Til Nattergalen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hejren

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hiemvee

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Himmelbjergssange

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hjejlen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Holberg

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Holbergs Minde

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hollænderen I Norge

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Holm

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hornuglen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Horsegommen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Huroneren I Arabien

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hvo Har Ret?

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Hymne Efter En Sygdom

Steen Steensen Blicher

# I Dag Og Imorgen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# I En Ung Piges Stambog

Steen Steensen Blicher



# I Skanderborrig Enge

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Imorgen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ipsara

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Irrisken

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Jægersange

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Juletanker

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Jyden

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Kjædebrev

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Kjær Est Du Fødeland, Sødt Er Dit Navn

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Kjerlighed Og Whist

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Kjerlighedsdalen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Klaveerspillerinden

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Klintekorset

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Knud Henneberg

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Kong Frederik Den Sjette

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Krigssange

Steen Steensen Blicher



# La Cours Død

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Lærken

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Laternen Og Fyret

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Lyngspurven

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Midnat

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Min Yndlingsdal

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Mit Første Digt

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Mit Modersmaal

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Morgen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Morten Borup

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Motto

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Muusvaagen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Najaden

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Natten Før Slaget

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Nattergalen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Navarinoslaget

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Niels Ebbesen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Niels Og Jens Juel

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Nordmanden I Holland

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Nygrækernes Sejershymne

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Nytaarsmorgen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Nytaarsønsker

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ode Til Løgnen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ole Worm

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Ossians Svanesang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ouverture

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Over En Værdig Kone

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Peder Lykke

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Pfingsten

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Politisk Gnavpose

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Præludium

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Prelude

The time approaches for me to part!  
Now winter's voice is compelling;  
A bird of passage, I know my heart  
In other climes has its dwelling.

I have long known that I cannot stay;  
Though this is no cause for grieving,  
So free from care as I wend my way  
I sing at times before leaving.

I should at times have perhaps sung more –  
Or should perhaps have sung better;  
But dark days crowded oft to the fore,  
And gales my feathers did scatter.

In God's fair world I would fain have tried  
To spread my wings out in freedom;  
But I'm imprisoned on every side  
And can't escape from my thralldom.

From lofty skies would I fain have tried  
To blithely sing and not fretted;  
But for my shelter and food must bide  
A jailbird poor and indebted.

At times I make the consoling choice  
To let my gaze outward wander:  
And sometimes send my poor mournful voice  
Through prison bars yearning yonder.

Then listen, traveller, to this song;  
To pass this way please endeavour!  
It might, God knows, not last very long  
Before this voice fades for ever.

This coming evening, I can foretell,  
May see my prison bars breaking;  
For I will sing now a fond farewell,  
Perhaps my final leave-taking.



Steen Steensen Blicher

# Prinds Christian

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Prolog

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Provençalen I Engelland

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Qvistgaard

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Rang Og Fortjenester

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Robin Hood

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Rørdrummen

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Rylen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Sælsorten

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Saxo

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Schioldrup

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Schveitzeren I Paris

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Silkehalen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Sisgenen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Sjette Døgn

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Skibbrudet

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Skieløberen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Skjaldens Embede

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Skovduen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Skovplanteren

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Snedkersang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Sneeklokken

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Sneppen

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Snorro

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Sophie Amalie

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Søren Kanne

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Stæren

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Stambogsstykke

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Stengel

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Stillitsen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Storken

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Svalen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Svanen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ternen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# The Starling

Ah starling! Most welcome, you bird of good cheer!  
Are we to have all your pranks again here?  
Where have you stolen last winter your wine?  
Last time you dined down at Mosel and Rhine,  
Now you've most probably been at the Cape,  
And with Constantia sampled the grape;  
Or, flying salesmen, with tricks up your sleeve  
Frequented Madeira, perhaps Tenerife.  
By grapes enlivened, you'll maybe foretell  
That spring we've yearned for and wanted so well;  
Clack like the stork, chirp like swallows that wing,  
Or like the thrush and the nightingale sing.  
But, if I listen most carefully too,  
All's imitation and never quite you;  
Though you're no expert, I am even so  
Willing to give you the name of Pierrot.  
Though not the tail-end of copies by far  
With the original you're not on par:  
Yet you sweet memories of it provide,  
With dreams of spring you my heart do revive.  
And, as all know, a dream often can be  
Lovelier than any reality.

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Thomas I Gjørdet

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Tiden, Kjerligheden Og Venskab

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til Aftenstjernen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til B. S. Ingemann 1815

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Til Danmarks Ungdom

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til Det Gjenfødte Grækenland

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til En Ung Tungsindig Digter

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til Glæden

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til Maanen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til Mine Velgjørere

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til Solen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Til Sorgen

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Til Valmuen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Tode

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Tredie Døgn

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Tredie Sang

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Tyge Rothe

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Tygge Brahe

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ud Gaar Du Nu Paa Livets Vej

Steen Steensen Blicher

# V. Westen

Steen Steensen Blicher



# Vagtlen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ved Forestillingen Af En Forfatters Første Dramatiske Forsøg

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Vennen I Nød [en Hare Sad En Morgenstund]

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Vennen I Nød [forraadt, Bedraget Og Forladt]

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Viben

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Vildbassen Og Væderen

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Vise Til En Farvers Bryllup

Steen Steensen Blicher

# Ynglingen I Den Store Stad

Steen Steensen Blicher